Nov. 25, 1996

THE NEW YORKER

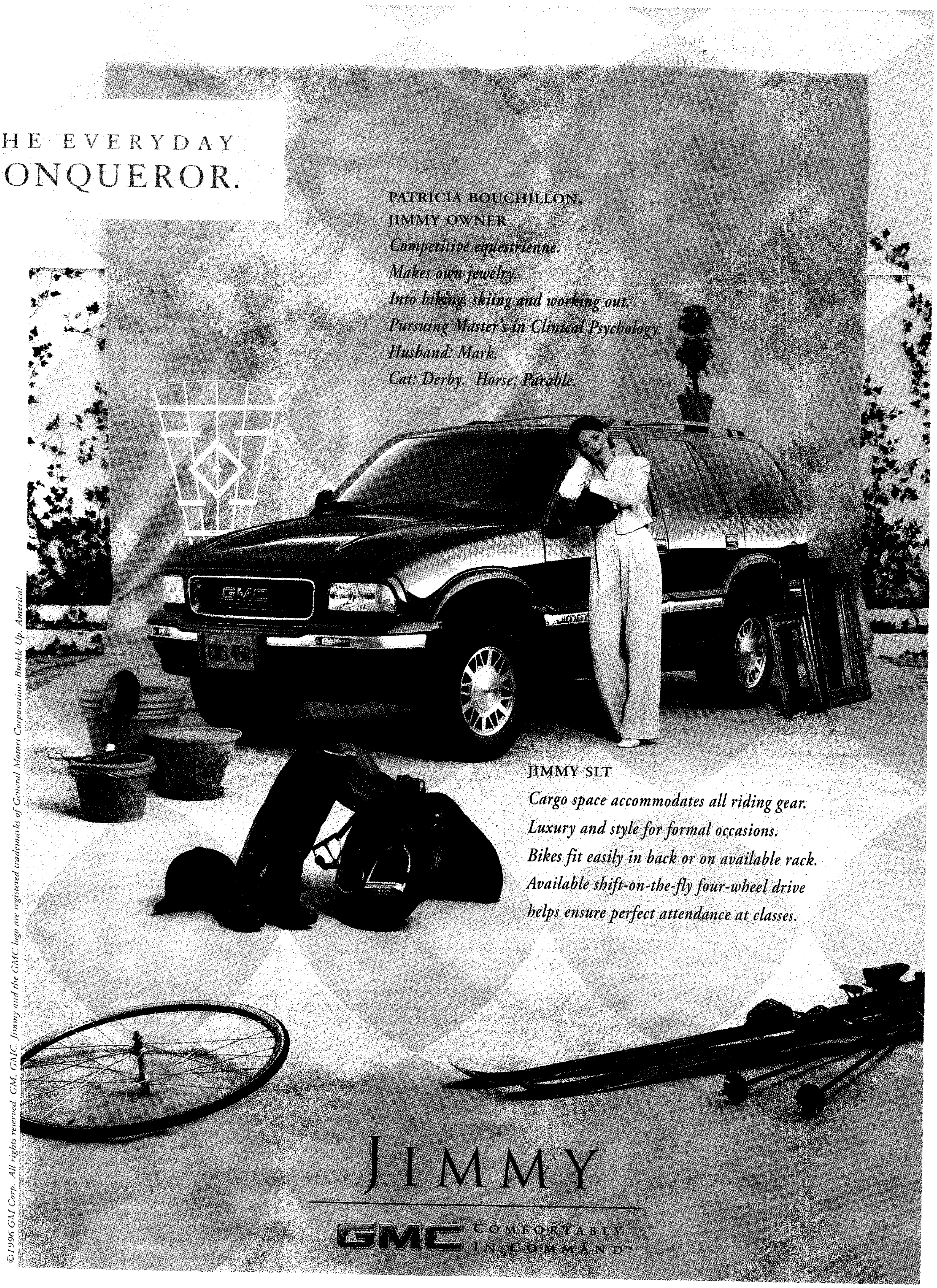
Price $2.95

sempé.

#BXBCMCJ********* 3-DIGIT 757
#SABA0000081 8#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR UNIV FEB 24 97
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU4
PO BOX 111 #7942
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

THE DREADED
"TO-DO" LIST.

To Do
~~Bike tuneup~~
- Call Hunt Club - 2:30 Sat.
- treats for Parable
- Homework
~~Farmers' Market~~
~~Buy hollis~~
- Derby to Vet
~~* Bead store~~
~~- Pickup artwork~~
- Theater tickets
-



THE EVERYDAY
CONQUEROR.

PATRICIA BOUCHILLON,
JIMMY OWNER
Competitive equestrienne.
Makes own jewelry.
Into biking, skiing and working out.
Pursuing Master's in Clinical Psychology.
Husband: Mark.
Cat: Derby. Horse: Parable.

JIMMY SLT
Cargo space accommodates all riding gear.
Luxury and style for formal occasions.
Bikes fit easily in back or on available rack.
Available shift-on-the-fly four-wheel drive
helps ensure perfect attendance at classes.

JIMMY

GMC COMFORTABLY IN COMMAND™

©1996 GM Corp. All rights reserved. GM, GMC, Jimmy and the GMC logo are registered trademarks of General Motors Corporation. Buckle Up, America!

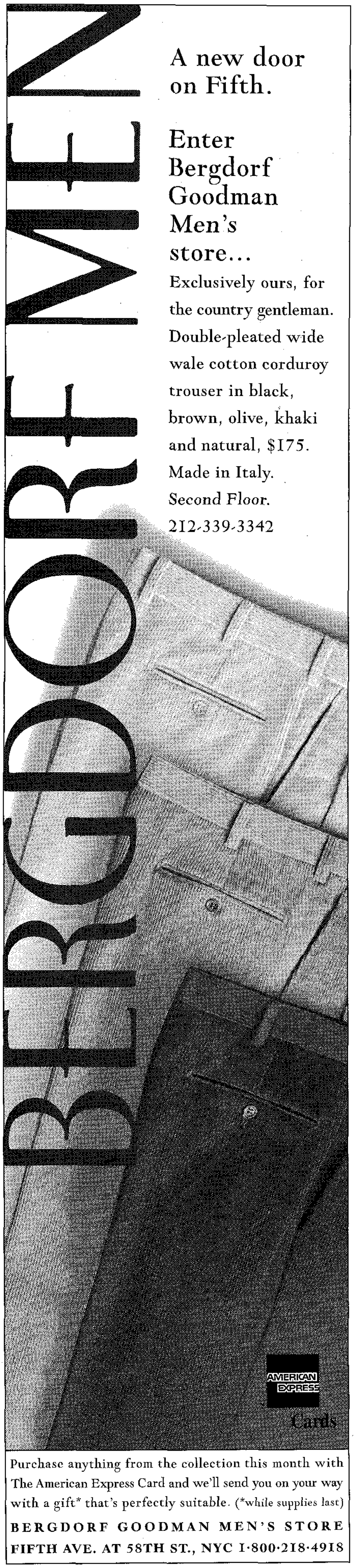
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL TOLL-FREE 1-888-97-JIMMY OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT *www.gmc.com/jimmy*

The Microsoft Network

thinks it's time you and the Internet did a little to

MSN
The Microsoft Network
just
ind
ar FAST
ust enter your
equirements.
dealer
COS
e Invoice
s reports
2
oard m
For a free one-month, [illegible] trial,* call 1-[illegible]0-FREE[illegible]
Microsoft
Where do you want to go today?

* Some restrictions may apply. Call for details. [illegible] Corporation. All rights reserved. [illegible] are registered trademarks and MSN is a trademark of Microsoft Corporation. STAR TREK [illegible] www.msn.com. Dept. [illegible]


BERGDORF MEN

A new door
on Fifth.

Enter
Bergdorf
Goodman
Men's
store...
Exclusively ours, for
the country gentleman.
Double-pleated wide
wale cotton corduroy
trouser in black,
brown, olive, khaki
and natural, $175.
Made in Italy.
Second Floor.
212-339-3342

AMERICAN EXPRESS Cards

Purchase anything from the collection this month with The American Express Card and we'll send you on your way with a gift* that's perfectly suitable. (*while supplies last)

BERGDORF GOODMAN MEN'S STORE
FIFTH AVE. AT 58TH ST., NYC 1-800-218-4918

THE NEW YORKER

NOVEMBER 25, 1996

COMMENT St. Nick's Beard . . . . *Malcolm Gladwell* 9
Manners, morals, and the Texaco mess.

IN THE MAIL 14

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 18

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 47
Who's afraid of David Cronenberg?; Clinton's castoffs; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

The Sporting Scene One for the Good Guys . . . . *Roger Angell* 52
The real triumph of the '96 Yankees.

Onward and Upward with the Arts Tights! Camera! Action! . . . *Anthony Lane* 65
Why Shakespeare became this year's Jane Austen.

THE WORLD OF BUSINESS Endgame . . . . *James B. Stewart* 78
What happened when Sony finally found a
president who understood Hollywood.

AT THE GALLERIES Gerhard Richter . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 84

THE ART WORLD Duchamp and New York . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 92
Late-night salons, studio sessions, snow-shovel buying,
and other activities of the city's first avant-garde.

FICTION "Ramone" . . . . *Judy Troy* 102
Growing up white trash.

THE CRITICS

Books Guess who likes affirmative action? . . . . *Alan Wolfe* 106
Harry Mulisch's "The Discovery of Heaven" . . . . *John Updike* 115
Briefly Noted 117
The Current Cinema "The English Patient" . . . . *Anthony Lane* 118
The Theatre "Chicago," "Present Laughter" . . . . *John Lahr* 122

POEMS

"Mungo Bays the Moon" . . . . *Muriel Spark* 66
"The Mysteries of Caesar" . . . . *Anthony Hecht* 96

SHOUTS & MURMURS An Interview with Walter Matthau . . . . *Elaine May* 126

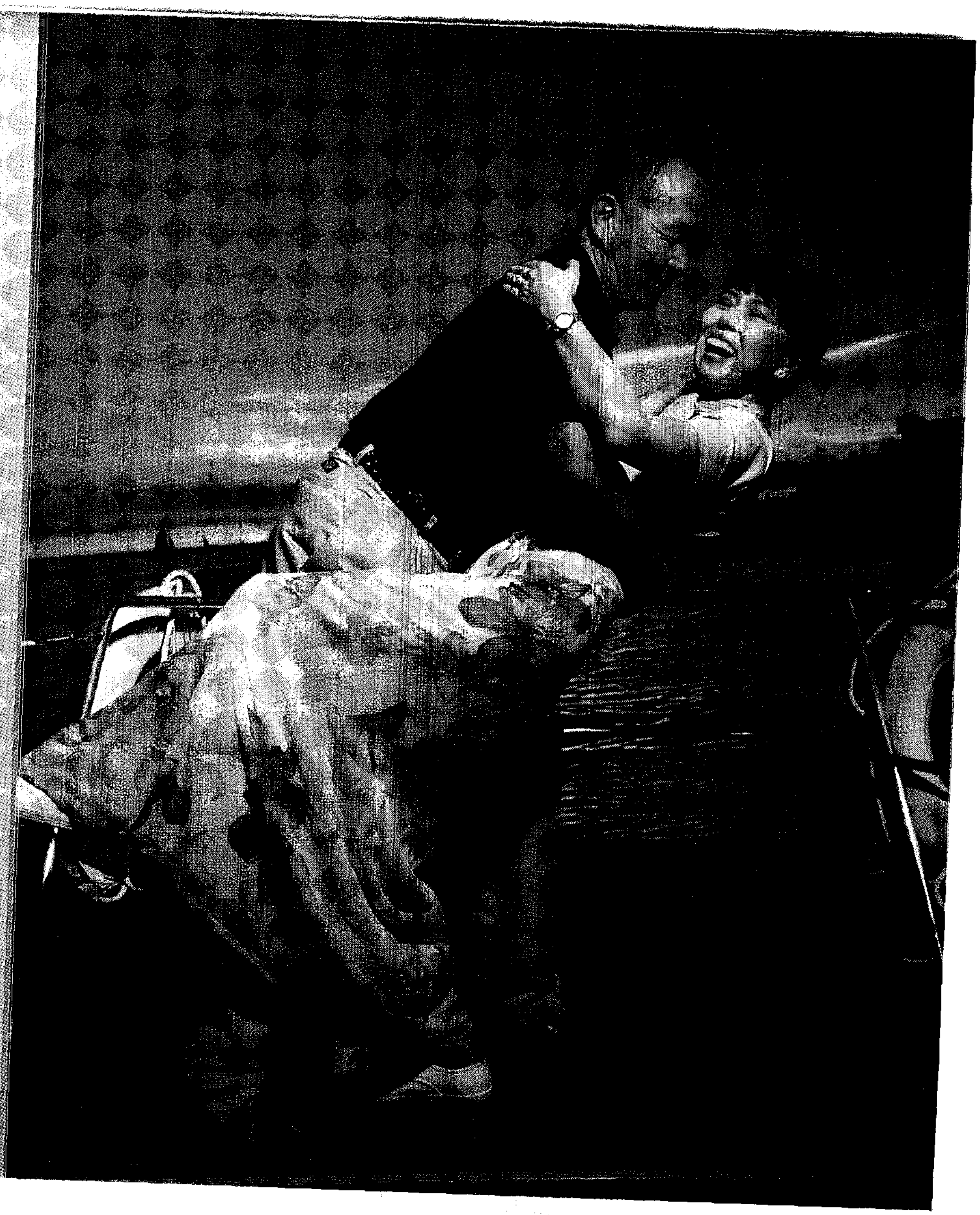
COVER *Guardian Angel, by J. J. Sempé*

DRAWINGS *Michael Maslin, Warren Miller, Sam Gross, Charles Barsotti, Sidney Harris, Victoria Roberts, Robert Mankoff, William Hamilton, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Donald Reilly, J. B. Handelsman, Mike Twohy, Jack Ziegler, Danny Shanahan, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Leo Cullum, Tom Cheney*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: the last week of February and the first week of March, the last week of April and the first week of May, the last week of June and the first week of July, the last week of August and the first week of September, the last two weeks of October, and the last two weeks of December) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXII, No. 36, November 25, 1996. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $39.95; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $83.00 (includes G.S.T.). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $91.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

HOW MUCH
do YOU
NEED to SAVE
for a
VACATION
that
NEVER ENDS?



ASSET MANAGEMENT

LIFE INSURANCE

ANNUITIES

[illegible] you'll get to take off from work and never come back. Of [illegible] long before that vacation arrives, you'll need to figure out the best way to pay for it.

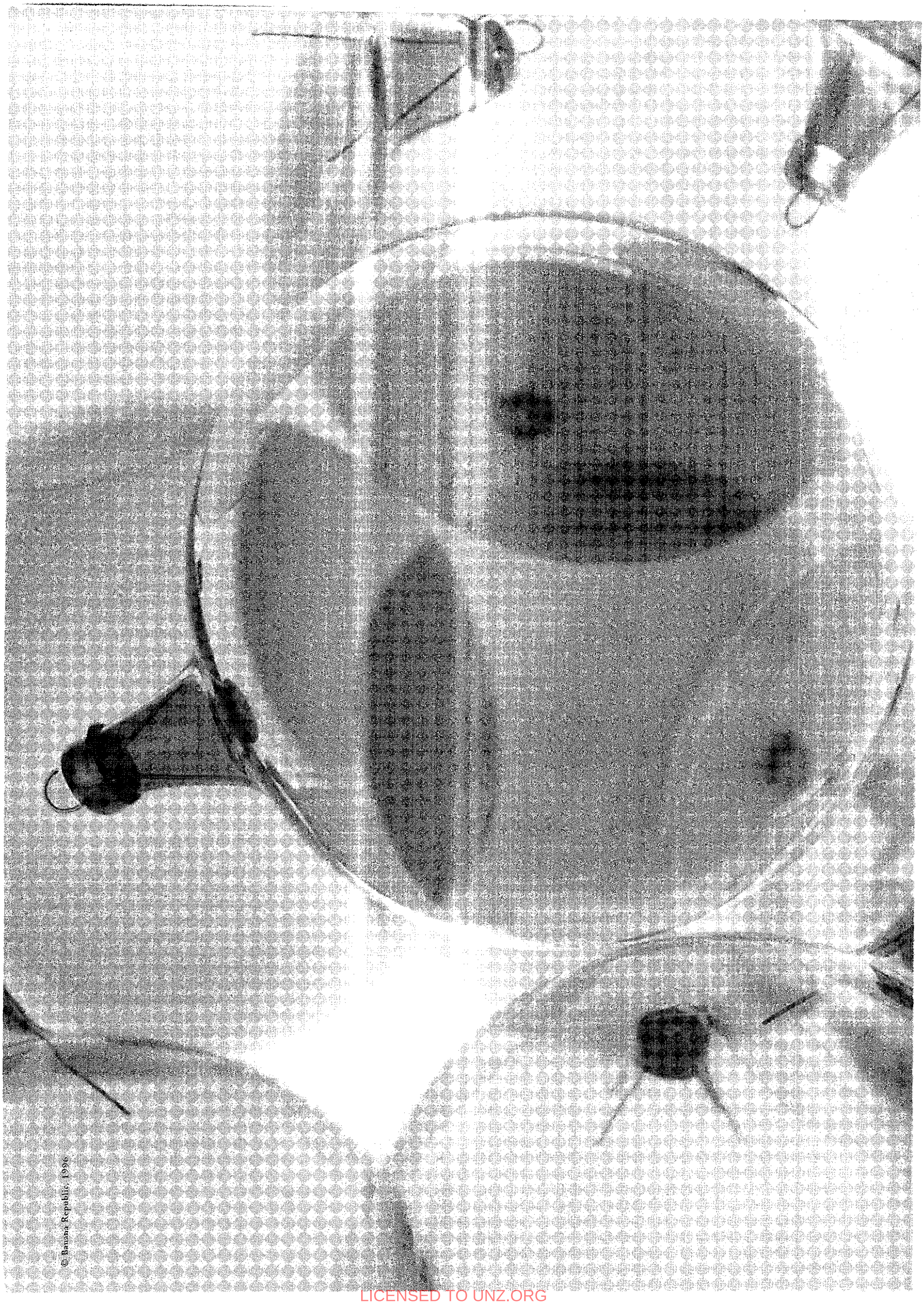
That's why, at The Hartford, we've developed a number of investment strategies that'll maximize your return, and at the same time, reduce your risk. For starters, we have a wide range of asset management products designed for practically any customer. If annuities are what you had in mind, we also have quite a bit of experience in that area. So much, in fact, that we've become the number one issuer of individual annuities in the country.

In short, we offer more expertise in retirement planning than anyone in the business. So talk to The Hartford. We'll make sure you spend your time enjoying life, not worrying how to pay for it.

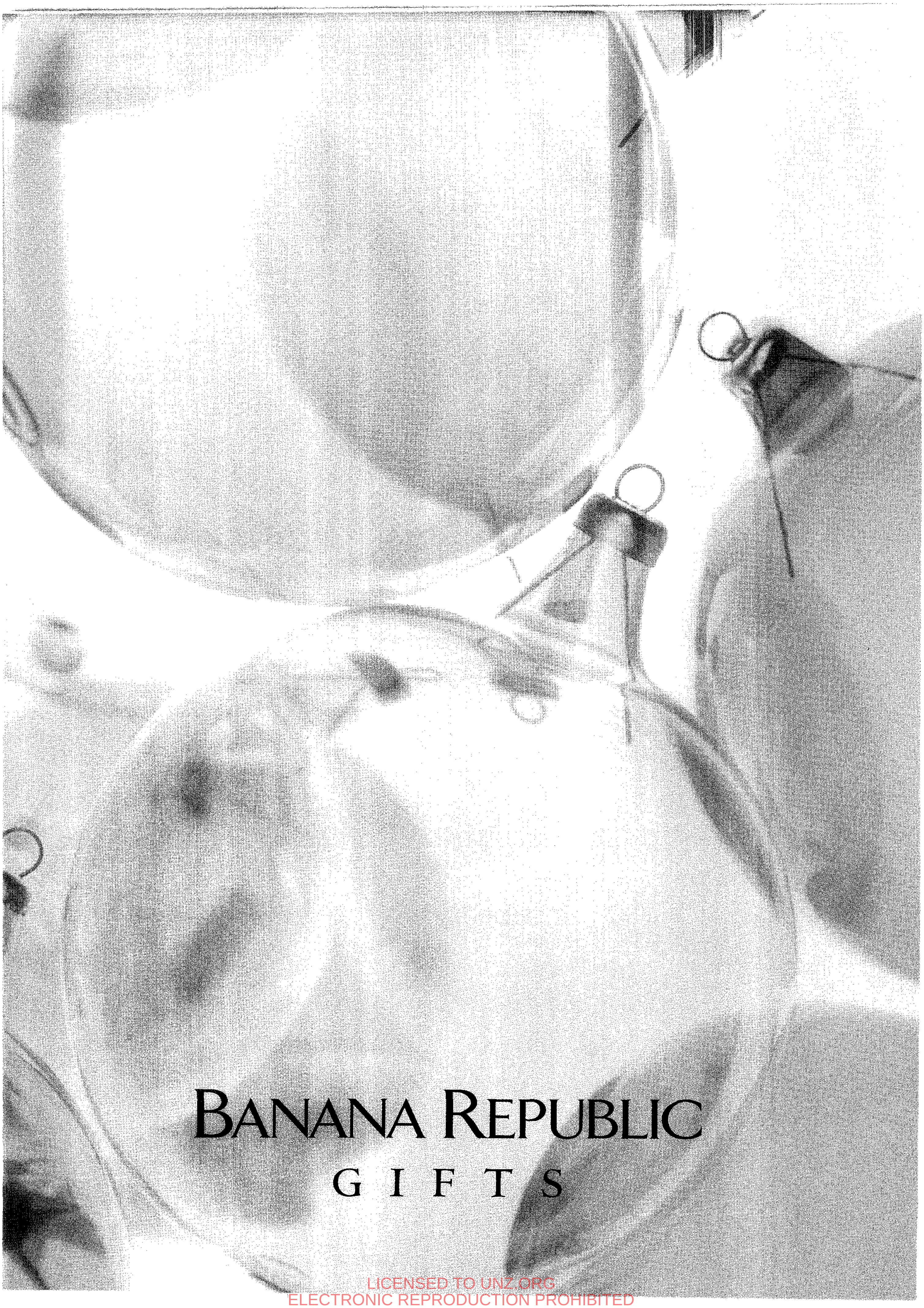
No One's
Better
Prepared for
Tomorrow.

ITT HARTFORD

VISIT OUR WEB SITE AT http://www.itthartford.com

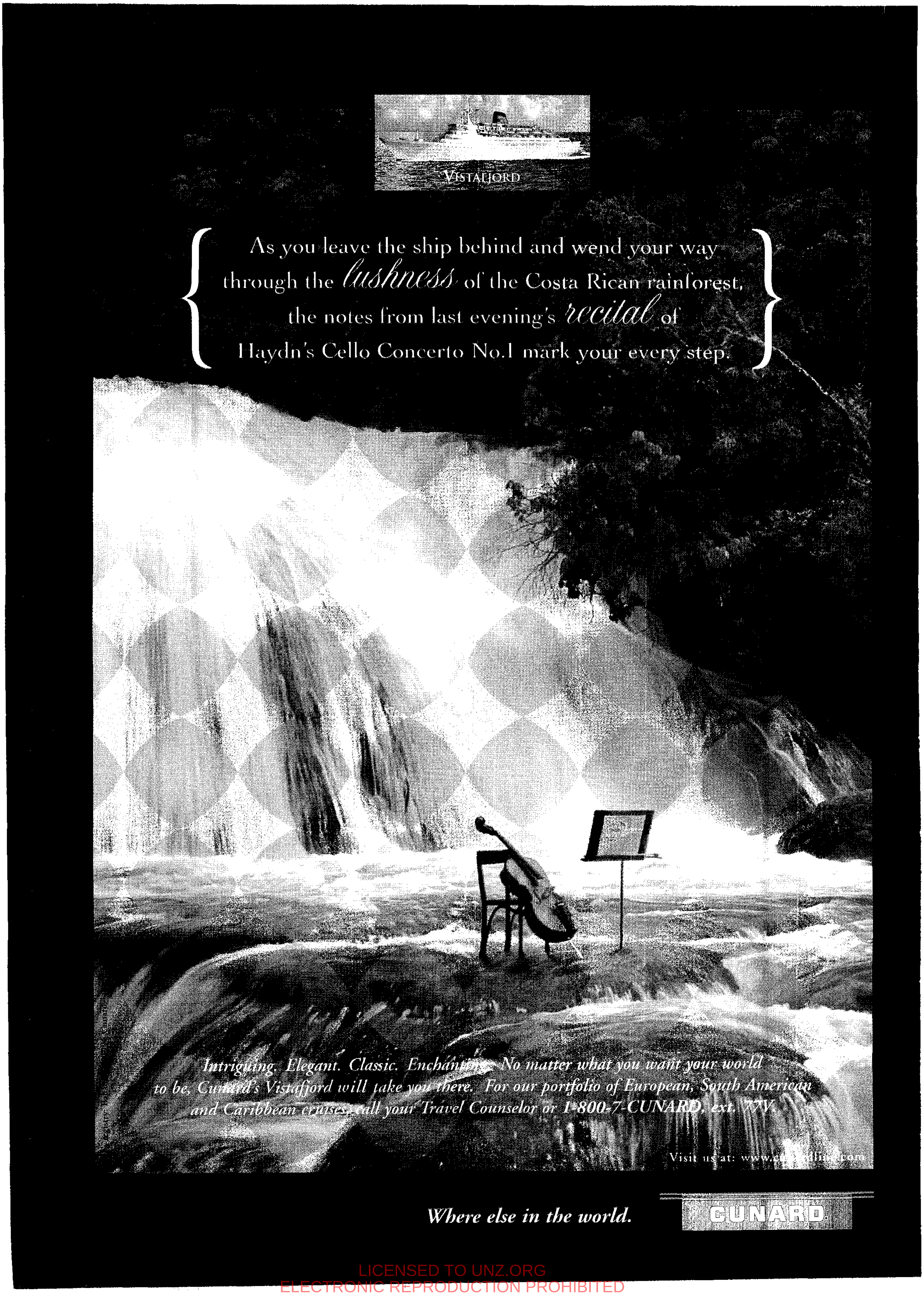


© Banana Republic, 1996



BANANA REPUBLIC

GIFTS



As you leave the ship behind and wend your way
through the *lushness* of the Costa Rican rainforest,
the notes from last evening's *recital* of
Haydn's Cello Concerto No.1 mark your every step.

*Intriguing. Elegant. Classic. Enchanting. No matter what you want your world to be, Cunard's Vistafjord will take you there. For our portfolio of European, South American and Caribbean cruises, call your Travel Counselor or **1-800-7-CUNARD, ext. 77V.***

Visit us at: www.cunardline.com

Where else in the world.

COMMENT

ST. NICK'S BEARD

Its white hairs can't quite hide the real problem.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, in a now classic experiment, the psychologist Samuel Gaertner arranged for someone with a "black"-sounding voice and someone with a "white"-sounding voice to telephone members of New York's Liberal Party. "Hello? Is this Ralph's Garage? My car has broken down," each call began. Then, after the recipient told the caller he had the wrong number, the caller launched into a fictitious story about how he was stranded on the parkway, had run out of dimes, and simply needed someone to call the garage for him. It was a Good Samaritan test with a racial twist, and in one key respect the Liberals failed: they were three times as likely to hang up before the conversation ended when the caller sounded black as they were when he sounded white.

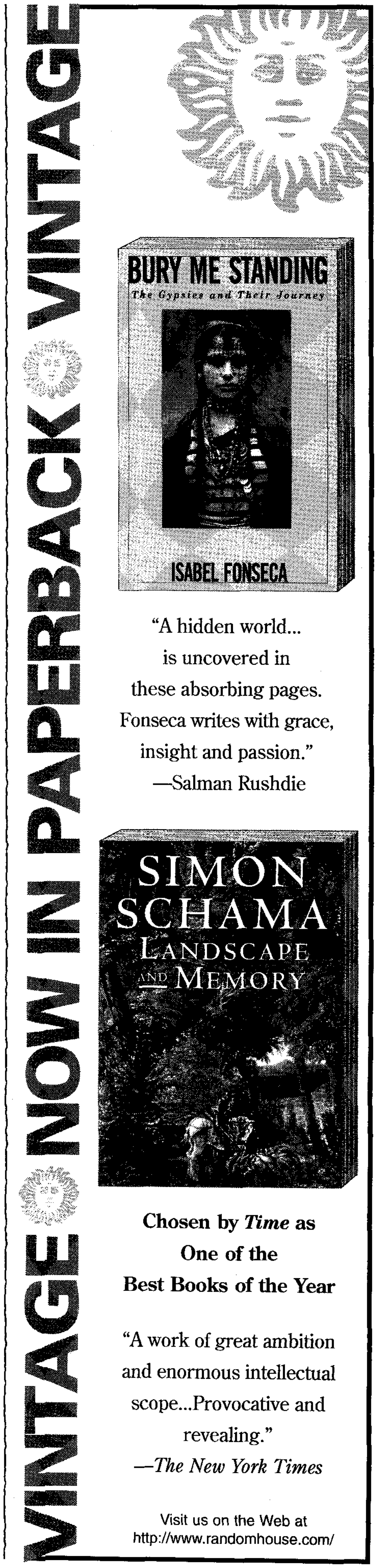
This isn't racism of the traditional American, Ku Klux Klan variety. It is something subtler and—in Gaertner's eyes—far more pervasive. It is a racism that finds expression in what has been dubbed by psychologists "aversive racism"—the racism of reflex and misdirection. Aversive racism means that sometimes the best-intentioned talk the talk but do not walk the walk. It means that a society where, for example, whites no longer use the word "nigger" is not the same as a society where whites treat blacks as well as they treat each other. It means, in short, that racial civility is a very different thing from racial equality. This may seem an obvious point—except when something like the Texaco tape brouhaha crops up to remind us that somehow, in today's perverse racial climate, equality and civility have come to be taken for exactly the same thing.

The Texaco controversy began when, earlier this month, a group of employees suing the company for racial discrimination released transcripts of a secretly recorded conversation among senior Texaco officials. In these transcripts, the executives discuss destroying documents relating to the suit and refer to blacks—in terms that made headlines across the country—as "fucking niggers" and "black jelly beans." As Wade Henderson, the head of the Leadership Council on Civil Rights, put it, the tapes were "the functional equivalent of the Rodney King video." In the resulting controversy, the company's stock plummeted, two executives were suspended, two retirees had their benefits cut off, and, late last week, Texaco bowed to public pressure and settled the suit for one hundred and fifteen million dollars. The most instructive part of the drama, however, was played out earlier in the week, when the

---

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Jonathan Marder, vice-president/special marketing; Carmen Lopez, associate publisher; Cindy Schreibman, creative services director; Marie Wolpert, marketing director. For advertising inquiries, please call Gretel Schneider, advertising manager, at (212) 536-5400. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 1996 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone (800) 825-2510. Outside of North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.



VINTAGE NOW IN PAPERBACK VINTAGE

BURY ME STANDING
The Gypsies and Their Journey
ISABEL FONSECA

"A hidden world...
is uncovered in
these absorbing pages.
Fonseca writes with grace,
insight and passion."
—Salman Rushdie

SIMON SCHAMA
LANDSCAPE AND MEMORY

**Chosen by *Time* as
One of the
Best Books of the Year**

"A work of great ambition
and enormous intellectual
scope...Provocative and
revealing."
—*The New York Times*

Visit us on the Web at
http://www.randomhouse.com/

"Bad news, Kenny. When the judge awarded all your material goods and possessions to your wife, that included your socks."

company brought in an independent counsel to re-evaluate the tapes. The counsel hired an expert in forensic authentication and digital processing (the same person who had analyzed the F.B.I.'s Branch Davidian tapes); the expert took the tapes (which were of poor quality and had numerous inaudible moments), digitally copied them, slowed them down, electronically restored the pitch to normal, removed ambient sounds, had the new version transcribed by a team of stenographers, and discovered—voilà!—that the original transcribers had garbled the critical syllables, transforming Santa into Staggerlee. As was outlined in the expert's report, issued last week, the smoking quote contained in the plaintiff's transcript—"I'm still having trouble with Hanukkah. Now, we have Kwanzaa [. . . laughter . . .] fucking niggers they shitted all over us with this"—is, upon reanalysis, actually "I'm still struggling with Hanukkah and now we have Kwanzaa, I mean I lost Christmas, poor St. Nicholas, they shitted all over his beard."

As a kind of late-twentieth-century cultural artifact, the tape-reanalysis report is highly entertaining. Take, for example, the independent counsel's deadpan recontextualization of the disputed "jelly bean" comment, which the report claims is actually an insider's reference to a speech that was given by a black diversity expert brought in by Texaco—a speech in which the races are compared to a jarful of multicolored jelly beans. "Mr. Rosner [the attorney for one of the Texaco executives] points out that the term jelly bean is not, in and of itself, known to be a pejorative term," the report states in one of its many moments of hermeneutical virtuosity. "The remark by Mr. Lundwall, who was taping the conversation, to black jelly beans being 'glued to the bottom of the bag' is an ambiguous reference, but may be a reference to inequities imposed upon African Americans by society, rather than a criticism." All that's missing from this is a reference to Jacques Derrida.

In a larger sense, though, the report is simply depressing. What the company and the critics of the company were arguing about was essentially a question of civility. The critics said that the Texaco executives were uncivil; the company went to great lengths to prove, more or less successfully, that they were not. But civility surely isn't the great issue at stake here. How much does it really matter, after all, whether or not the Texaco executives had used the word "nigger"? If they had, it would have shown them to be impolitic, or perhaps just stupid. It would not necessarily have made them any more venal, or made it any clearer that they were the sort to discriminate against blacks. Similarly, if it's a fact that they didn't say "nigger," that fact doesn't qualify them for any humanitarian awards. The true test of racism, as Gaertner demonstrated years ago, isn't the talk. It's the walk.

There was a time when the limitations of racial civility were properly understood—when civility was considered a secondary goal, a by-product of the larger goal of justice. When President Eisenhower integrated Central High School in Little Rock, he did not send in diversity experts armed with overhead projectors to teach the white children there to respect America's cultural mosaic. He sent in troops. Affirmative action, antidiscrimination legislation, and set-aside programs were all legal expressions of the understanding that, while it was up to white Americans to choose how nicely they would speak to blacks, it was not up to them to choose how fairly they would behave toward blacks. But now that we have lost the stomach for justice, and are hard at work dismantling the administrative apparatus of racial equality, civility is all we have left. The immiseration of the black underclass has never been more pronounced, and the rest of the country is busily bringing in diversity experts, enrolling in sensitivity classes, and otherwise assiduously schooling itself in the racial equivalent of good table manners: be averse, not overt; have the decency to call yourself a liberal if you're going to hang up the phone; and never, *ever* use the "n" word. This is, in the end, the most incredible thing about the Texaco case—that, even as the company was bringing in racial-harmony experts to chatter on about jelly beans, it still didn't have a single African-American among its scores of department heads and vice-presidents.

We are moving from a world in which whites deny opportunities to blacks because they are niggers to a world where whites deny opportunities to blacks because, upon intensive forensic reanalysis and digital enhancement, they are something that merely sounds like niggers. Somehow, it's hard to call that progress.

—MALCOLM GLADWELL

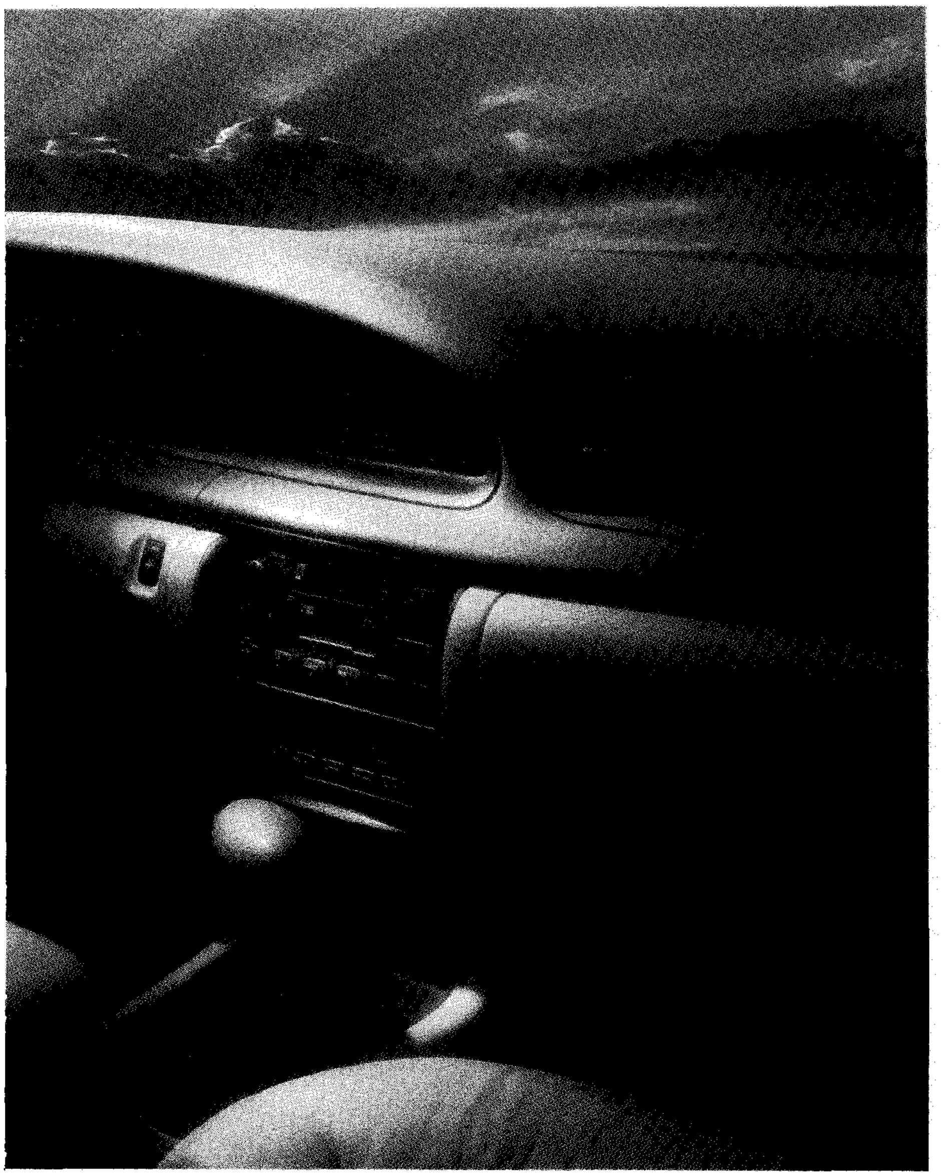
TOMMY
HILFIGER
tommy

TOMMY HILFIGER, AND CREST DESIGN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS. ©1996 TOMMY HILFIGER U.S.A. INC.

It Gets Into Your S

1997 Lincoln Continental In truth, you don't get into a Lincoln Continental. It gets into you.

Spend just a few minutes in Continental's meticulously detailed leather and wood-trimmed cabin and you'll find amenities guaranteed to lure you back time and time again. Eye-pleasing virtual image instrumentation. Relaxing six-way power seats. And a two-person memory profile system that remembers your favorite seat, mirror and radio settings.



ul, Not Your Pocket.

Continental, however, saves its greatest impression for the road. Its 32-valve InTech™ V-8 engine and computer-managed suspension invigorate your spirit while its front-wheel drive and all-speed traction control inspire your confidence.

Compare Continental to other luxury sedans, and you'll realize there is one area where it leaves a surprisingly light impression: your finances. For a free brochure call 1 800 446-8888, or visit http://www.lincolnvehicles.com.

$37,950
MSRP. Tax, title extra.

Ford Credit

LINCOLN
What A Luxury Car Should Be

Over 130 weeks on the *New York Times* bestseller list

ISN'T IT TIME YOU ENTERED THE GARDEN?

MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL
JOHN BERENDT

Photo: ©Marion Ettlinger

JOHN BERENDT

"The best nonfiction novel since *In Cold Blood* and a lot more entertaining."
— Edmund White

"Highly evocative."
— Peter Mayle

"An immensely entertaining portrait of Savannah high and low."
— *New York* Magazine

"A work of art."
— *The New Yorker*

"Rip-roaringly funny."
— *San Francisco Chronicle*

Also available as a Random House AudioBook and in a Random House Large Print Edition

RANDOM HOUSE
http://www.randomhouse.com/

IN THE MAIL

THE WOUNDED PEACE

Connie Bruck turns morality upside down with her description of the Palestinian leadership as warmhearted but slightly inept clowns with minor character flaws, such as constant lying ("The Wounds of Peace," October 14th). Given Arafat's warlike speeches and the strain of Palestinian opinion that sees the peace process as only the first phase of a continuing struggle, is it irrational for Israelis to fear an eventual coördinated attack by Arab nations (such as has happened in three wars now), aided by the Palestinian police forces? In this scenario, the Palestinian forces—which by themselves pose no threat to Israel's security—could pin down enough of Israel's defense forces to affect the outcome. Of course, judgments have to be made and risks balanced, but it would be immoral for a government *not* to act on a belief in such an outcome if that belief is sincerely and reasonably held.

LEON SUTTON
New York City

Benjamin Netanyahu believes that "at the close of this century, we need a new model of how to deal with nationalities embedded in the territory of other nationalities." Given his party's drive for settlements, its evident view of Palestinian inferiority, and its objective of minimal return of West Bank lands to Palestinian control, Netanyahu's version of "generous autonomy" appears calculated to deny Palestinians normal democratic rights. This model is hardly new. Jack Kemp may have been premature when he noted during the Vice-Presidential debate that one accomplishment of this century is that "the evil of apartheid has ended."

A. DOUGLAS REEVES
Alexandria, Va.

DO LIBRARY BOOKS MATTER?

Nicholson Baker's diatribe against the San Francisco Public Library (Letter from San Francisco, October 14th) ignores a simple truth: the new library is exceedingly popular. The average number of daily visitors has tripled, circulation has doubled, and the number of new library cards issued has increased four hundred and fifty per cent over the old Main Library's. The budget for new books and materials has more than doubled during the past two years. Baker's crusade seeks to preserve the library as an élitist institution accessible mainly to researchers and academics. Clearly, the citizenry has another idea. It has made the San Francisco Public Library the hottest ticket in town. For current, comprehensive information, readers may visit our Web site.

KENNETH E. DOWLIN
City Librarian
San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Baker's treatment of recent events at the S.F.P.L. was accurate and fair. The library did throw out books (a hundred thousand, by its own admission). And its administrators do have something to fear: an audit, and public outrage that grows daily as people realize how inaccessible the collection is and how undemocratic the philosophy behind this high-tech wonder is. What we have, finally, is the result of spendthrift approaches to building and furnishing a mall that's masquerading as a library. I'm sure the landfill of books, wherever it is, heaves a communal moan.

CLAIRE LAVAUTE
Library/Technical Assistant I
San Francisco Public Library
San Francisco, Calif.

I was surprised Mr. Baker didn't make more of the fact that some old cataloguing cards are still in use at the

Here's To The New Season

The LARRY SANDERS Show

starring Garry Shandling

Wednesdays at 10 PM ET/PT

HBO®

©1996 Home Box Office, a division of Time Warner Entertainment Co., L.P. All rights reserved. HBO is a registered service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Co., L.P. http://www.hbo.com

SEARLE

Our reversible shearling wrap.

MADISON AVE. @ 58TH ST.

MADISON AVE. @ 70TH ST.

MADISON AVE. @ 84TH ST.

MADISON AVE. @ 79TH ST.

THIRD AVE. @ 62ND ST.

To order call
212.719.4610

The Legend Continues.

Telarc proudly offers the fourth release in this landmark series of rare recordings by the great jazz pianist/composer **Erroll Garner**. Available for the first time–two complete albums on one CD.

"Garner was a geyser of melodic ideas, ebullient chords, extravagant introductions and tidally irresistible rhythm." –PEOPLE Magazine

CD-83378

TELARC
ERROLL GARNER
Now Playing: A Night at the Movies & Up in Erroll's Room

Erroll Garner

Now Playing: A Night at the Movies & Up in Erroll's Room

Two original albums on one CD.

CD-83350

TELARC
ERROLL GARNER
Dreamstreet & One World Concert

Dreamstreet & One World Concert

Two original albums on one CD.

TELARCHIVE

For your free copy of Telarc's full-color catalog, call 800-801-5810.
Interact with Telarc at www.com/garner

San Francisco Public Library: the wall decorations in several of the computer-terminal hallways are made up of actual shelf cards, bearing the labors of love of myriad book respecters from years past. In April, I visited the new facility with my children and a computer expert of modest renown. One of my sons, a computer-literate bookworm, was unable to retrieve a single bit of useful information from the screen, and my friend was equally unable to coax it to reveal the location of any of several volumes we sought; perhaps they had previously been "weeded." The dismal performance of the on-line access system made the wall decorations all the more poignant.

THOMAS W. FILARDO
Evendale, Ohio

Public libraries are largely tax-supported and have limited resources, so library administrators are forced to make difficult decisions about what will best serve the needs of their communities. Most public libraries cannot afford to be museums for antiquated books; there are research and archival institutions which serve that purpose. Nor can they afford not to invest in technology that connects their communities with global resources far greater than any they could afford or contain on their shelves. Mr. Baker's complaints appear to be theoretical rather than based on actual need—his own or anyone else's.

ELIZABETH MARTINEZ
Executive Director, American Library Assoc.
Chicago, Ill.

One tradition has it that the caliph who burned the Alexandria library did so because he felt that all previous writing was either misleading or superfluous once the Holy Koran had become available, as the only dependable source of all true knowledge and wisdom. A similar belief in the sufficiency of the Wholly Electronic seems to lie behind the trashing of printed matter in San Francisco.

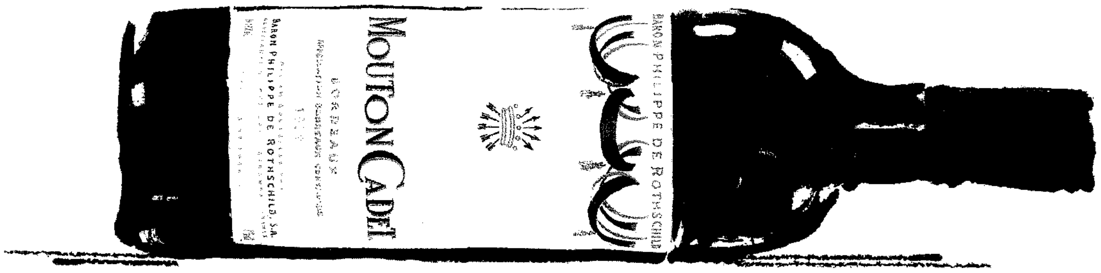
FRANK G. NELSON
Hilo, Hawaii

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

MOUTON CADET
BORDEAUX VINTAGE WINES

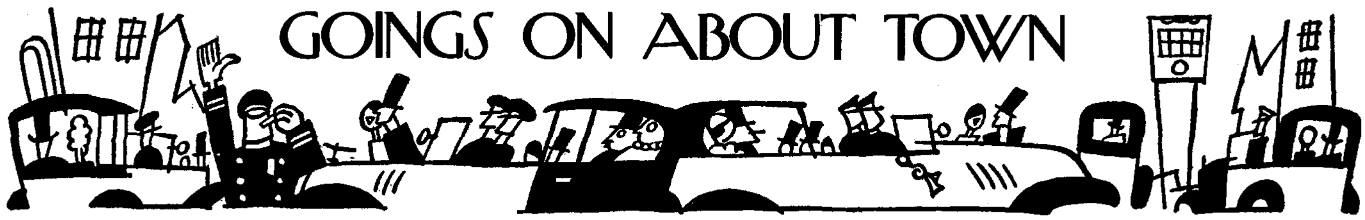
It is well to remember
that there are
five reasons for drinking:
the arrival of a friend;
one's present or future thirst;
the excellence of the wine;
or any other reason.

Latin saying


MOUTON CADET
BARON PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD

Bordeaux...The Baron Philippe de Rothschild Way.

Mouton Cadet® Table Wines © 1996. Imported By Palace Brands Company, Farmington, CT



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26				

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Anne Frank and Me—The American Jewish Theatre begins its season with a drama by Cherie Bennett, in which a cynical teen-age girl travels back in time to Nazi-occupied Europe and meets the young diarist. In previews. (307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—John DiResta, New York City transit policeman and stand-up comic, files a report on his subterranean workplace. Opens Nov. 20 at 8. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Henry VI, Parts I, II, and III—The New York Shakespeare Festival presents Karin Coonrod's two-part staging of the trilogy, which will run in repertory as "Part 1: The Edged Sword" and "Part 2: Black Storm." In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St., 260-2400.)

Insurrection: Holding History—Robert O'Hara wrote and directed this new time-travel comedy, set in Southampton, Virginia, during the slave uprising led by Nat Turner. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

Juan Darién: A Carnival Mass—Julie Taymor and Elliot Goldenthal's 1988 play, based on a mystical short story by the Uruguayan author Horacio Quiroga, incorporates music, puppetry, masks, and dance. Directed by Ms. Taymor. In previews through Nov. 23. Opens Nov. 24 at 6:45. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Once Upon a Mattress—Gerald Gutierrez directs Sarah Jessica Parker in a revival of the 1959 musical, based on Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale "The Princess and the Pea." In previews. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Permanent Brain Damage (Risk It! Risk It!)—The latest musings on human consciousness from Richard Foreman and his Ontological-Hysteric Theatre. Previews begin Nov. 21. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

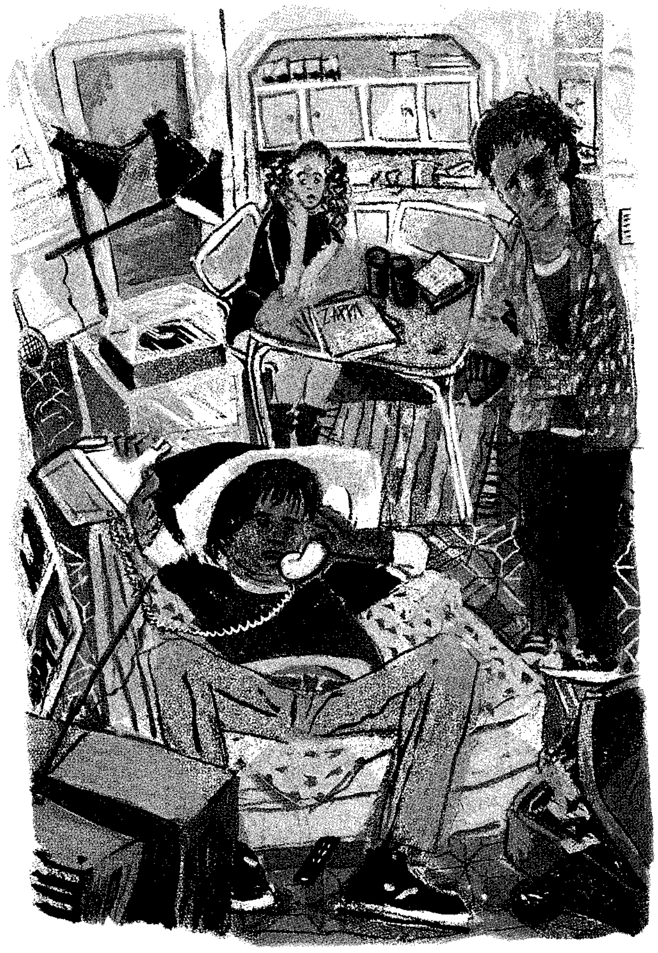
The Rehearsal—The Roundabout Theatre Company presents Roger Rees, David Threlfall, and Frances Conroy in Jeremy Sams's new translation of Jean Anouilh's play. Directed by Nicholas Martin. Two previews on Nov. 20. Opens Nov. 21 at 8. (Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

The Springhill Singing Disaster—Karen Trott plays all the roles, and all the guitars, in her comedy about the tribulations of a calamity-ridden folksinger, which was seen last season at Playwrights Horizons. Directed by Lonny Price. Opens Nov. 20 at 7. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Tooth of Crime (Second Dance)—Sam Shepard's new version of his 1972 drama about a rock star past his prime, with a new star, Vincent D'Onofrio, and new music, by T-Bone Burnett. In previews. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

The Blues Are Running—Michael Cristofer's new play, in which mistaken identity results in murder, revolves around the intertwined circumstances of three unacquainted couples. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes Nov. 24.)



Josh Hamilton, Missy Yager, and Mark Ruffalo, of the New Group, in "This Is Our Youth."

RUSSELL CHRISTIAN

Born to Sing!—This sequel to the long-running gospel musical "Mama, I Want to Sing!" has a negligible plot and some second-rate acting, but the point is the music, and the music is glorious. You couldn't find a better introduction to gospel without going to church. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-0700.)

A Brief History of White Music—A comic revue by Dee Dee Thomas and David Tweedy, in which an all-black cast interprets the music of Sonny and Cher, the Beach Boys, the Beatles, and other honkies. (Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Cakewalk—The subject of Peter Feibleman's play, his twenty-year relationship with Lillian Hellman, is one he's mined before—in his 1988 book "Lilly," on which the play is based. Feibleman may think he's doing history a favor by presenting Hellman as he saw her, but his version of the truth is unseemly and self-serving, and it only reinforces her image as a boilerplate celebrity intellectual. As Hellman, Linda Lavin gets off some good ones, but she seems almost too healthy, emotionally and physically, to play the poison-filled, self-promoting playwright. Michael Knight, the author's stand-in, is blandly charming and, unlike any writer we know, has the body of a lifeguard. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/18/96.) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Chicago—John Kander and Fred Ebb's 1975 musical, directed by Walter Bobbie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

The Cocoanuts—The American Jewish Theatre's revival of the Irving Berlin–George S. Kaufman musical that starred the Marx Brothers in 1925. The songs are pleasant enough, but it's the laugh-out-loud comedy that really scores. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

Cymbeline—Shakespeare's late play has young love misunderstood, a lady wronged, a kidnapping, political intrigue, and several tricks the playwright recycled from earlier, better works. Familiar as all this stuff is, the Pearl Theatre Company's production is great fun, and Kathleen McNenny, as the wronged lady, and John Wylie, as her aged servant, are charming enough to make it matter. Directed by Shepard Sobel. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes Nov. 30.)

The Entertainer—Brian Murray and Jean Stapleton lead the cast in the Classic Stage Company's revival of John Osborne's drama about a failed vaudeville performer. (136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Dec. 8.)

Family Values—A podiatrist (Joel Fabiani) has second thoughts after he dumps his wife (Ellen Evans) for a younger woman, in a comedy by the Canadian playwright Carl Ritchie. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 358-5174.)

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini cuts a satirical swath through the Great White Way in a new edition of his musical parody. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

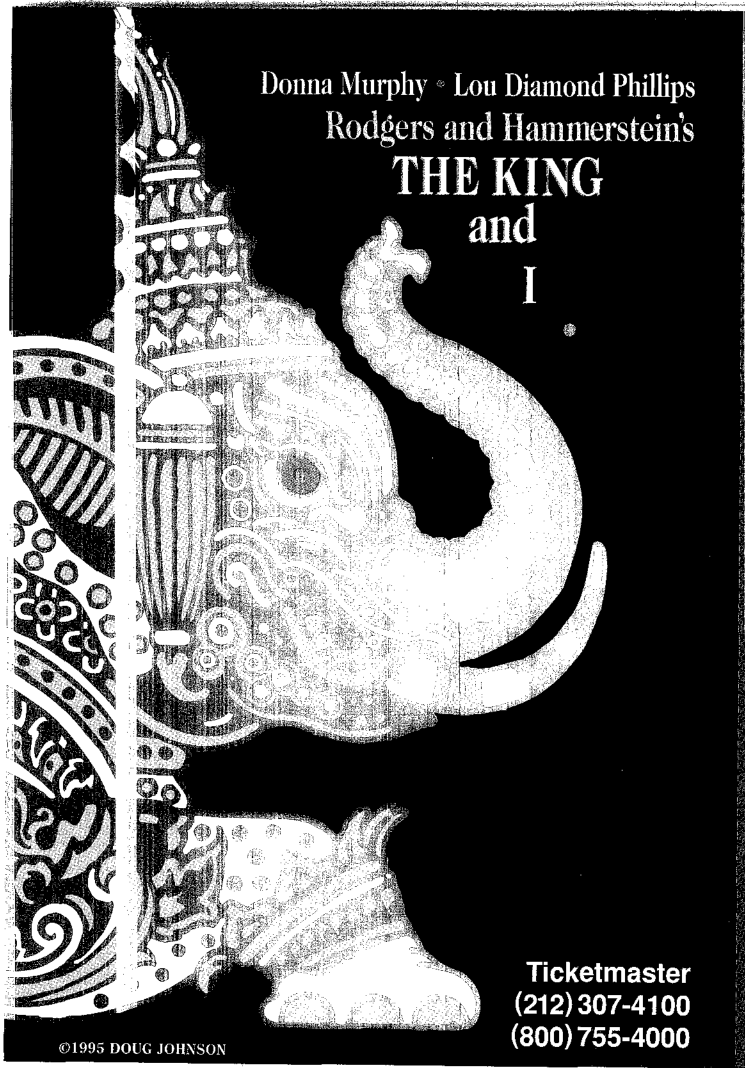
Full Gallop—The legendary, vividly eccentric fashion editor Diana Vreeland is the subject of Mary Louise Wilson and Mark Hampton's one-woman play, in which Wilson stars. Set in 1971, shortly after Vreeland was fired from *Vogue*, it's rich and resonant—very funny and very moving. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

God Said, "Ha!"—In her new one-woman show, the comic Julia Sweeney, departing from her "Saturday Night Live" persona, gives an account of the year her life seemed too good to be true—because it was. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Golden Child—The latest from the pen of David Henry Hwang, a drama set in China in 1918. Directed by James Lapine. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes Dec. 1.)

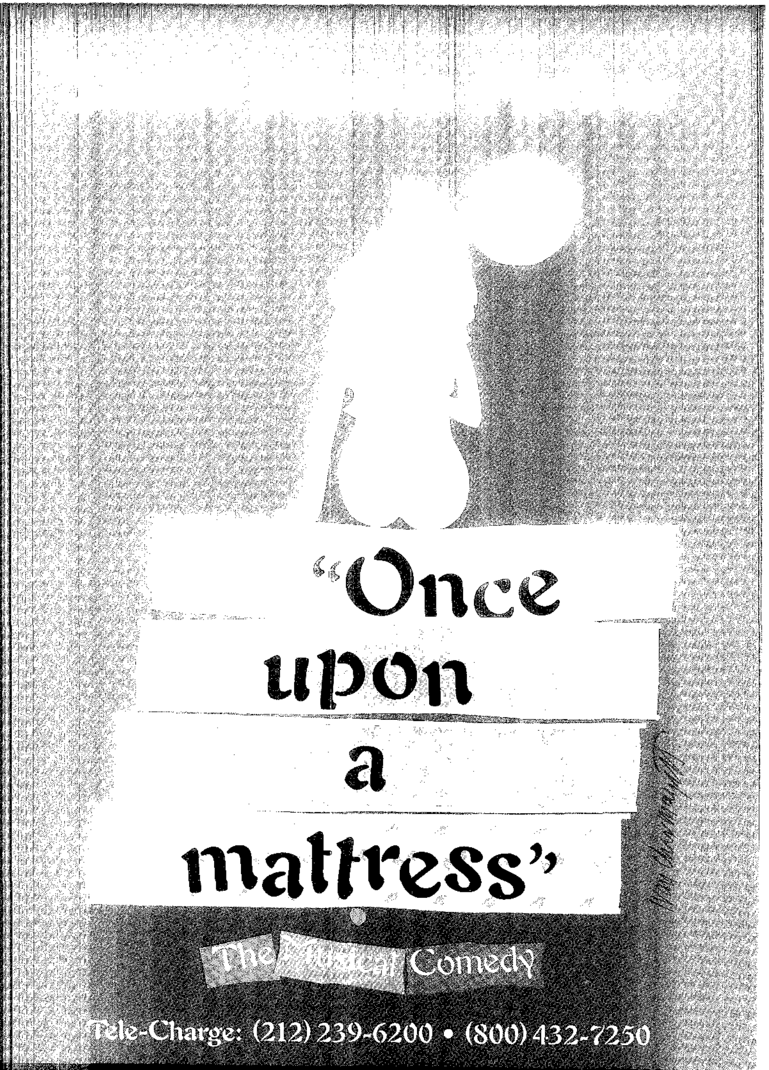
Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—The exuberant designer Howard Crabtree died in June, and this revue of witty, satiric songs (created with and written and directed by Mark Waldrop, and sung by a talented cast dressed in Crabtree's sequinned, feathered, mind-boggling costumes) is a fitting cap to his career. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—In made-for-musical-theatre voices, the appealing cast


Donna Murphy • Lou Diamond Phillips
Rodgers and Hammerstein's
THE KING
and
I

Ticketmaster
(212) 307-4100
(800) 755-4000

©1995 DOUG JOHNSON


"Once
upon
a
mattress"

The Musical Comedy

Tele-Charge: (212) 239-6200 • (800) 432-7250

SEE NATHAN LANE
THRU FEB. IX ONLY!

A FUNNY THING
HAPPENED ON THE
WAY TO THE FORUM

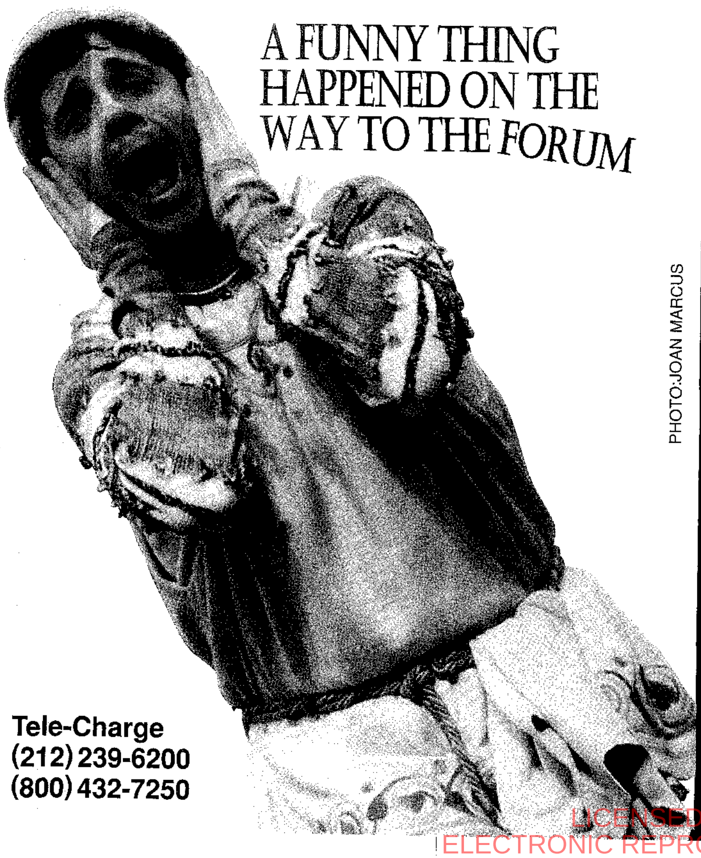


PHOTO:JOAN MARCUS

Tele-Charge
(212) 239-6200
(800) 432-7250

In 1912, it left England,
bound for New York and history.
This spring, it arrives.

TITANIC

A New Musical

Previews begin March 12
Ticketmaster: (212) 307-4100 • (800) 755-4000

of Joe DiPietro and Jimmy Roberts's crowd-pleasing revue about love and marriage sings songs examining made-for-musical-theatre issues. Couples in the audience may nudge each other happily as they guess the actors' lines before they're uttered. Directed by Joel Bishoff. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—This very pleasing and intimate production of Oscar Wilde's nonpareil comedy marks the designer Tony Walton's New York directorial début, and he has assembled an excellent cast (led by Nancy Marchand as that glowering goddess Lady Bracknell) for the occasion. An Irish Repertory Theatre production. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

It's a Slippery Slope—With his new monologue, Spalding Gray continues to live out every neurotic New Yorker's dream: getting paid rather than charged for going on and on about his problems (and getting famous doing it). He uses learning to ski as a metaphor for his plummeting-downhill feelings about fatherhood, leaving his wife after fathering a child with another woman, the death of his own father, and other life "passages." He's so smooth and wry that you absolve him for his crappy behavior (it's part of a *learning* process), thereby absolving yourself, and that, of course, is where his appeal lies—but you still have to pay for it. Sundays and Mondays at the Vivian Beaumont. (Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Joseph Gabriel: Magic on Broadway—Mr. Gabriel has performed at the Las Vegas Flamingo Hilton for the past ten years, and his feats are certainly impressive, but it's all too clear from the trappings of his act—dancers in polka-dotted boxer shorts, a sequinned Elvis—that he hasn't left Nevada behind. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan offers a commanding performance as the lone nun in charge of an adult catechism class, and the audience brings as much to the performance as the script does. It's hard to keep from laughing, though you may face a reprimand or two in the process. (St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Matty: An Evening with Christy Mathewson—Between 1911 and 1913, baseball great Christy Mathewson led the New York Giants to three pennant victories, and he also did quite a bit of writing, which Eddie Frierson has turned into a one-man show. Unfortunately, he never fails to include the moral of a story. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 1.)

The New Bozena—Three very funny young clowns, all alums of N.Y.U.'s graduate acting program, who approach life with hilarious innocence and touching wonder. One quivers with fear and timidity, one is gape-mouthed and a little slow, and one has a catlike curiosity—although a cat probably wouldn't try out a staple gun on its tongue. Watching them is like watching babies discover the world. (11/18/96) (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

Nine Armenians—Leslie Ayvazian's new work, a multigenerational family drama, was inspired by memories of her immigrant-scholar grandfather. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans' well-written piece of sentimental sanctimony asks the question: Can a blocked, arrogant twenty-five-year-old pianist find wisdom under the tutelage of a suicidal singing teacher who survived the Holocaust? (The answer is yes.) (9/16/96) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

O Solo Mio Festival—The New York Theatre Workshop's solo-performance festival this year features works by Emmett Foster and Dael Orlandersmith. (79 E. 4th St. 460-5475.)

Present Laughter—Frank Langella portrays the matinée idol Garry Essendine in Noël Coward's 1946 comedy. Directed by Scott Elliot. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

The Queen of Bingo—It's Bingo Night at St. Joseph's Catholic Church, in Battle Creek, Michigan; Sis (Carmen Decker), an aging devotee of the game, and Babe (Nancy-Elizabeth Kammer), her chubby younger sister, play a few rounds, make catty remarks about their fellow-competitors, and, alas, have an emotional catharsis. (Babe: "I'm fat! I'm fat! I'm fat!" Sis: "Fat people have the right to live, too.") The actors, particularly Decker, do fine, considering what the writers, Jeanne Michels and Phyllis Murphy, have given them, and the audience gets to play a round for a frozen turkey. (Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. 239-6200.)

The Red Devil Battery Sign—Elizabeth Ashley and James Victor star in Tennessee Williams's 1975 drama, set in Dallas after the assassination of President Kennedy. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes Dec. 1.)

The Santaland Diaries—The writer David Sedaris has turned his piece about working as an elf at Macy's one Christmas into a monologue, but the material works much better on the page than it does on the stage. (See his 1994 collection, "Barrel Fever.") You're no longer sharing a private joke with the author—you're laughing in a sort of sour way at the expense of others. Timothy Olyphant is the sardonic elf; Joe Mantello directed this little slip of a show. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

Skylight—The playwright David Hare's success and his social conscience are still at odds. This time, the inimitable Michael Gambon plays a successful entrepreneur, and the powerful, appealing Lia Williams is his beloved former mistress, who has given up the lush life to teach the underprivileged. Their differences are factored out as systematically as an algebraic equation. (9/30/96) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Soldier's Play—Charles Fuller's 1982 drama, about a murder on a Southern military base during the Second World War. Presented by the Valiant Theatre Company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 8.)

Taking Sides—Set in Berlin just after the Second World War, Ronald Harwood's play, part fact and part fiction, stars Daniel Massey as the conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler and Ed Harris as an American Army officer who interrogates him about his alleged ties to the Nazis. (Furtwängler was cleared of all charges.) Harris's character, a tough-talking blowhard, is meant to symbolize the wrongness of unquestioned rightness, and Harwood's Furtwängler spouts a lot of blather about the relationship between art and politics. The play is little more than a pileup of pieties and platitudes; its approach to moral complexity is deeply shallow. (11/4/96) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

This Is Our Youth—The New Group continues a winning streak of keenly rendered slice-of-life plays with one by Kenneth Lonergan, about the early-eighties lost generation, the stoned sons and daughters of New York City's newly rich. Under the direction of Mark Brokaw, all three actors—Mark Ruffalo, as a dejected nineteen-year-old who robs his father of fifteen thousand in cold cash, Josh Hamilton, as the drug-dealing friend who tries to help him put the loot to good use, and Missy Yager, as the anxiously insightful woman he yearns for—execute their roles with just the right understanding and sad charm. Lonergan's characters don't respect themselves any more than they do their parents; they already dread what they know they'll turn into, and you love them even though you know what they'll turn into, too. The meticulous set is by Allen Moyer. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Nov. 24.)

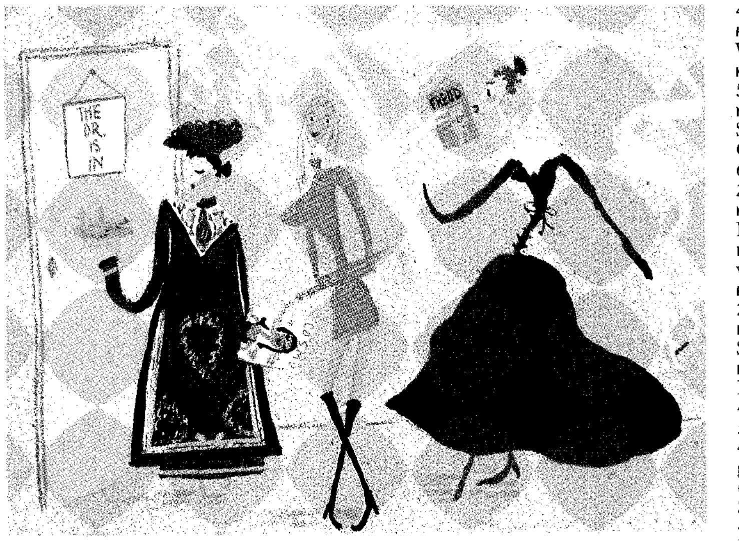
The Waiting Room—In Lisa Loomer's new play, three women of different eras—a Chinese woman with bound feet, a "hysterical" Victorian wife, and a modern woman with breast implants—meet in a doctor's office, and we see how their lives have been defined and limited, if not destroyed, by men. Although there's no news here, Loomer has also dramatized the way women participate in their own undoing, especially in the case of the Chinese woman, who is played touchingly by June Kyoko Lu. Veanne Cox and Chloe Webb are the other members of the trio; Byron Jennings, Lou Liberatore, and Michele Shay perform five small roles with crisp excellence. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes Nov. 24.)

The Waste Land—A stage version of T. S. Eliot's poem, performed by Fiona Shaw and directed by Deborah Warner. (Liberty, 234 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 15.)

When the World Was Green (A Chef's Fable) and Chicago—The Signature Theatre Company presents a pair of terrific one-acts by Sam Shepard (the first co-written in 1996 with the director Joseph Chaikin, the second from 1965) which are highlighted by two superb performances. In the new work, Alvin Epstein, as a prisoner who has killed the wrong man, creates a sad, reflective character who's pure poetry. In the second, Wayne Maugans plays a boy who is losing his girl; delivering a monologue from the bathtub that is part childish denial, part buffoonery, and part raw sex, he gives Shepard's reckless sixties language a juicy spin. The plays work well together, creating a world where loneliness is tempered by hip poetry and startling images. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

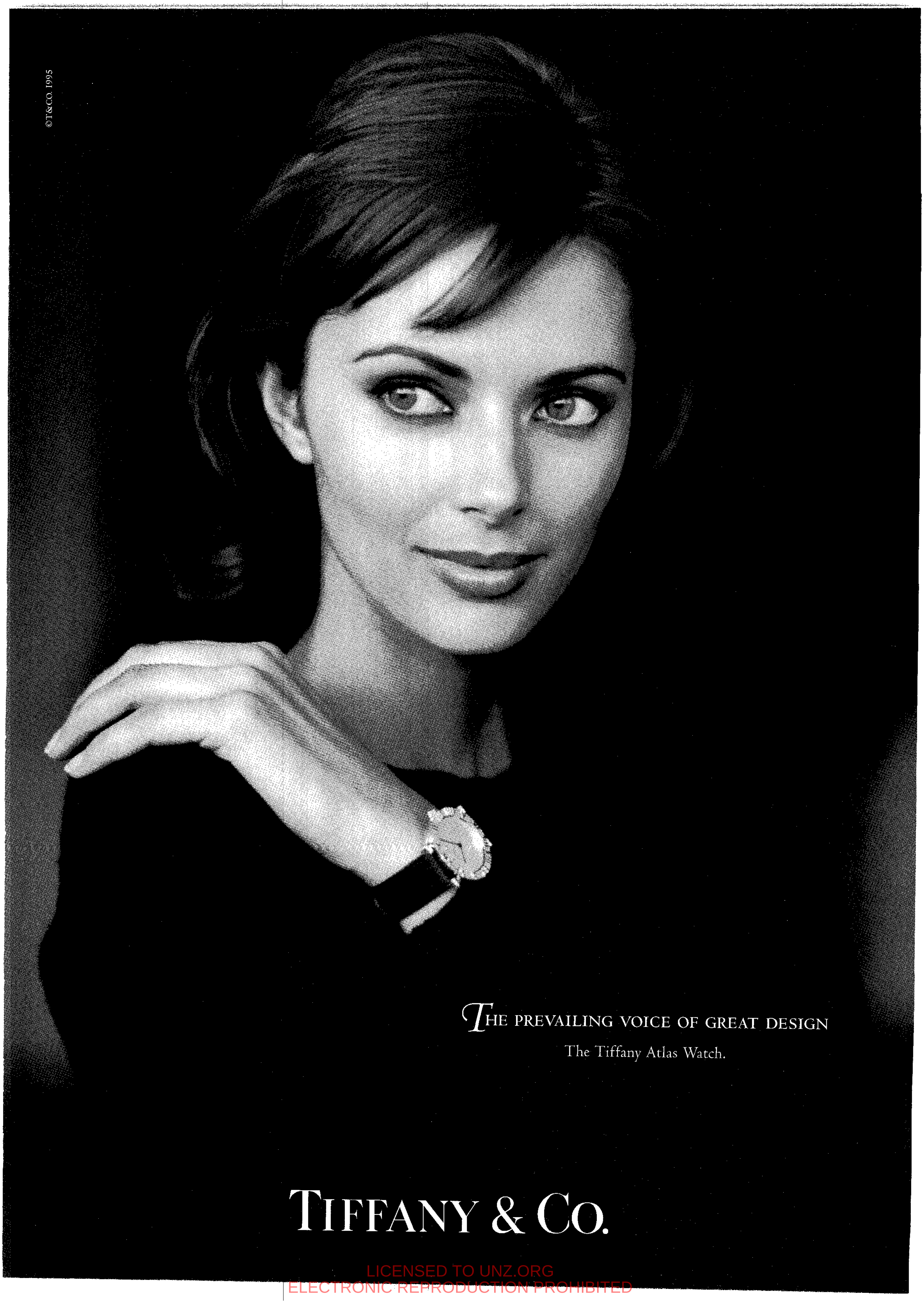
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **COWGIRLS:** Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **AN IDEAL HUSBAND:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE KING AND I:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LOVE THY NEIGHBOR:** Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S**



Lisa Loomer's "The Waiting Room," at the Vineyard.

BETH ADAMS

©T&CO. 1995


THE PREVAILING VOICE OF GREAT DESIGN
The Tiffany Atlas Watch.
TIFFANY & CO.

WEDDING: St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

"Les Enfants Terribles"—After emphasizing theatrical elements in his staging of "Orphée" and cinematic ones in "La Belle et la Bête," the composer Philip Glass completes his trilogy of operas based on Jean Cocteau films by stressing dance in this collaboration with the choreographer Susan Marshall. Glass and Marshall (who is also the director) agreed that the dance, instead of illustrating the tragedy, would be more abstract, running parallel to the events in the libretto. Nevertheless, says Marshall (who is famous for her deceptively modest dances), when she heard the "incredible" music for the dénouement, she "basically wanted to get out of the way," and so she devised a staging for the final scene in which "all we see are the shadows of the dancers—the shadows are bigger than life—swirling around in panicked interaction." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Nov. 20 at 7, Nov. 22-23 at 8, and Nov. 24 at 3.)

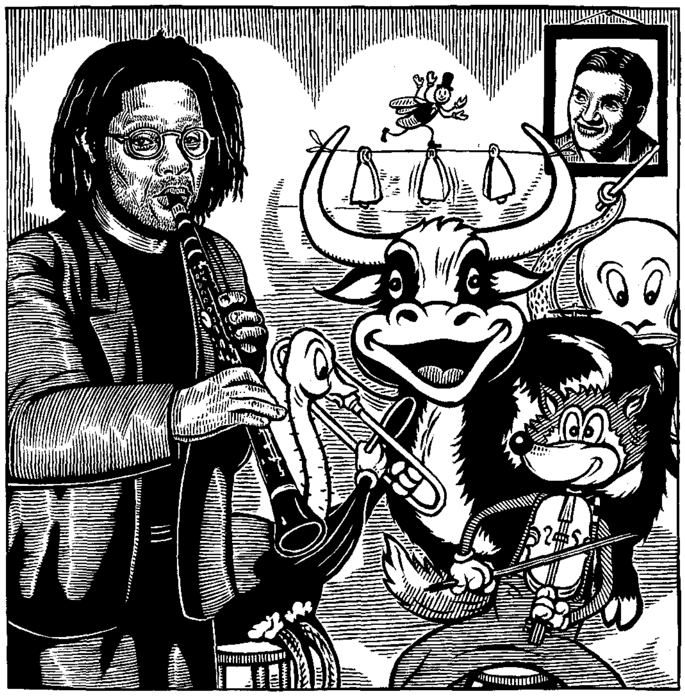
"Jynxed"—The choreographer Lynn Shapiro settled on her program's ominous title when she realized how many of her characters seemed cursed. Throughout "Mother's Garden," for example, a lone woman dances bent at the waist; "Charades" grew out of her dancers' confessions of unfulfilled desire. "I hate to say that the characters are hopeless," she explains. "These things are just a given in their lives." The choreographer is deft at finding theatrical solutions to these weighty issues, and her dark dances move quickly. When asked about her gift for judicious editing, her answer was characteristically simple: "Well, I always had a short attention span." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Nov. 21-23 at 8 and Nov. 24 at 3.)

Murray Louis and Nikolais Dance—Two programs: one devoted to recent choreography from Louis, the other to repertory works by the late Alwin Nikolais. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 19-23 and Nov. 26 at 8, and Nov. 24 at 7:30. Through Dec. 1.)

"Tomb"—With four approaches to elusive silence (aquatic, childlike, snow-covered, and empty), the Korean choreographer Eun Me Ahn charts the cycle of the year and the stages of life. In "Snow Tomb," for instance, three women skate or lie on the ground as an angel suspended above them shakes down paper snow. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 533-3669. Nov. 21-24 at 8.)

"Face the Music and Dance"—Trio 3 (saxophonist Oliver Lake, bassist Reggie Workman, and drummer Andrew Cyrille) plays a set of its challenging jazz, after which Roko Kawai performs "R.O.A.R.," an homage to John Coltrane. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Nov. 21 at 8.)

"Dance in Progress"—By showtime, the works in this thoughtful series will no longer be truly in progress: the progress took place in a sort of dance utopia created by the Kitchen, which furnished rehearsal space for four choreographers (Susan Braham, Tina Croll, Barbara Mahler, and Laura Staton) on the condition that all four convene weekly with their companies to critique one another's work. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Nov. 20-22 at 8.)



Don Byron plays the music of Raymond Scott, at BAM.

MICHAEL KUPPERMAN

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Paco de Lucia, Al DiMeola, and John McLaughlin—The bluster of the fusion era wasn't strictly an electric phenomenon—there was acoustic bluster as well. The unplugged reunion of these *Über*-guitarists should bring back the heady days of racing arpeggios and buzzing notes. Undeniably thrilling in small doses, this sort of unconstrained virtuosity can get tiresome very quickly. Fortunately, each performer—and particularly flamenco master de Lucia—has a reflective, lyrical side to draw upon when his calluses start to bleed. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Nov. 20 at 8.)

David Murray—He may have had his thunder stolen by the neo-con explosion, but the great hope of the eighties is still a contender and still capable of toppling buildings with his galvanic tenor-saxophone work. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Ani DiFranco—This twenty-five-year-old Buffalo native has her own record label, and its name, Righteous Babe, is a fitting one for a whip-smart warrior who strums with the ferocity of Fugazi and the grace of Joni Mitchell. She's put out eight records since she was eighteen, accruing a massive grassroots following along the way. The songs on "Dilate," her current album, are packed with an edgy, world-weary beauty; they're unsettling and soothing. Dublin-based singer-songwriter Nick Kelly, formerly of The Fat Lady Sings, opens with what should be a robust solo acoustic set. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Jimmy Heath—The saxophonist and composer is also one of the great unsung bandleaders: his ensembles showcase his melodic writing, his ear for color, and his innate understanding of the way reeds, brass, and rhythm can sing together. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 22 at 8.)

Don Byron—Ah, the lure of the esoteric. Byron, a virtuoso clarinettist who is equally at home with free-form jazz, klezmer, salsa, Schoenberg, and Sondheim, turns to the music of Raymond Scott, an unclassifiable figure from the thirties whose madcap music mixed the vivacity of jazz with intricately composed stop-and-start rhythms, out-of-left-field tonal concoctions, and lunatic energy. In Byron's hands, this mildly subversive marginalia is pure candy. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Nov. 22-23 at 8.)

The Wrapped Up Tour, with John Hiatt, Steve Earle, Keb' Mo', and Paula Cole—Critics have been singing Hiatt's praises for decades, but it's mostly been other artists who have turned his rootsy, countrified songs into hits. His recent mandolin-driven album, "Walk On," is full of tunes that dissect modern life with intelligence and wit. Earle, who emerged in 1986 as a new-traditionalist country-rock rebel, has long been edging toward tougher territory. With his latest disk, "I Feel Alright," he's made it across the border: the songs are spare, gritty, and—unlike the ones on his guitar-cluttered mid-career albums—dirty to the core; delivered in his ravaged voice, they could make even the thickest-skinned listener tremble. Kevin Moore, a.k.a. Keb' Mo', is a deft blues guitarist and singer who brings to mind the young Taj Mahal. Cole is an up-and-coming modern-rock singer whose new record, "This Fire," shows off her powerful voice and great songs. (Beacon Theatre. Nov. 23 at 8.)

Stone Temple Pilots—Troubled rock superstars aren't anything new, but when this Southern California-based group was sidetracked by the substance-abuse-treatment thing last year, at least they had the gumption to point their fingers at the mirror. On the band's new record, "Tiny Music . . . Songs from the Vatican Gift Shop," such surprisingly horizon-expanding touches as muted trumpets and slide guitars suggest that there may be hope for them yet. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. Nov. 25 at 8.)

Deep Purple—Smoke on the water, and fire in the sky. (Beacon Theatre. Nov. 26 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

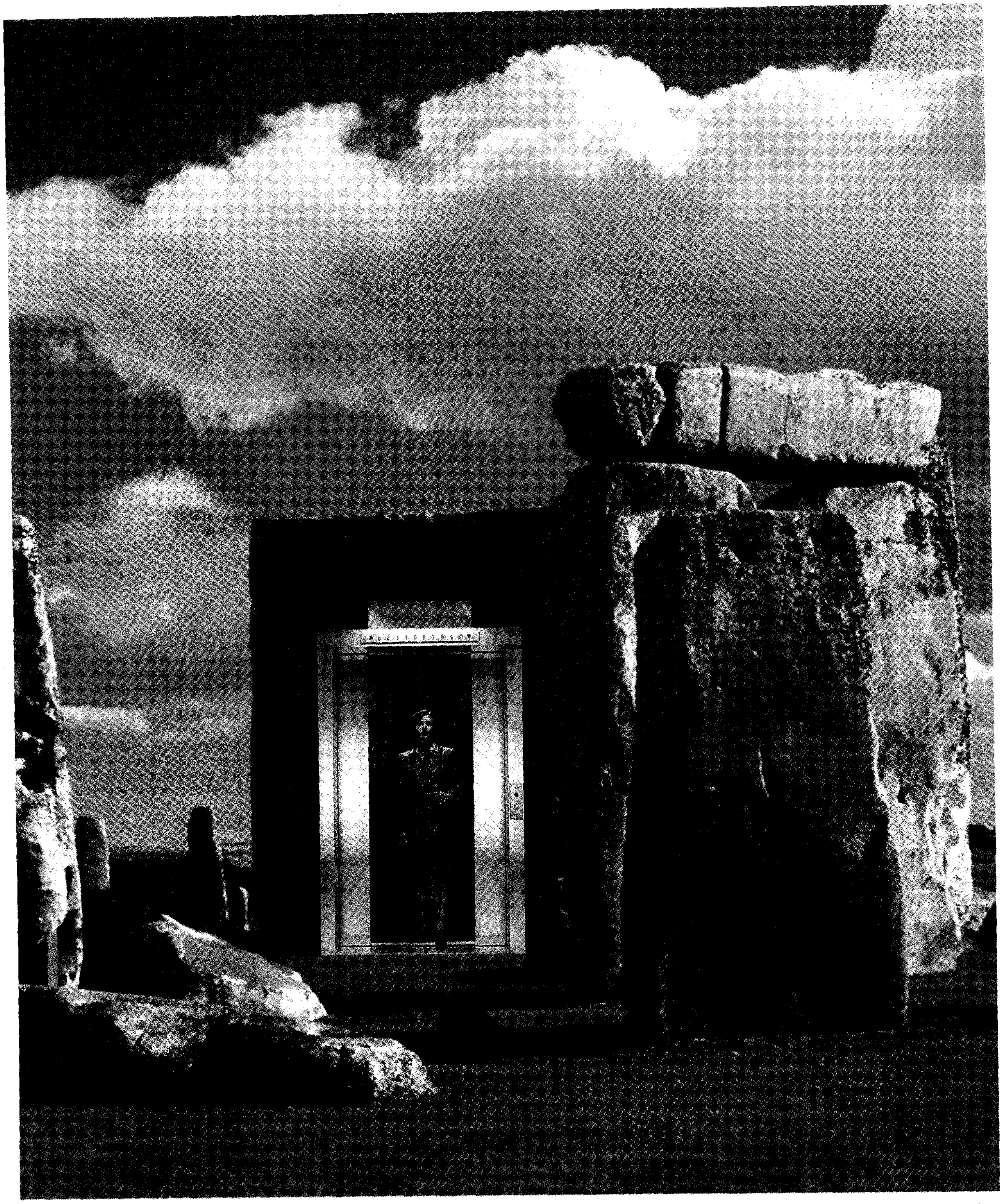
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. You might say that **JANE SIBERRY** (Nov. 20-21) has a multiple personality. "Bound by the Beauty," the singer's 1989 album, was ripe with schoolgirl charm (one track was called "Everything Reminds Me of My Dog"). "When I Was a Boy," the album after that, was a moody art-rock opus. Her latest effort, "Maria," has a piano-and-muted-trumpet palette, and it might almost qualify as jazz. Nov. 22: When **JOHN WESLEY HARDING** burst onto to the scene in the late eighties, he raised quite a few eyebrows—for all the wrong reasons: a stage name taken from an old Dylan album, and a style lifted straight from the pen and larynx of Elvis Costello. Good news: on his recent "John Wesley Harding's New Deal," he displays more inspiration than derivation. Nov. 24: An evening of rock-and-roll hoochy-coo with the **JOHNNY WINTER** and **RICK DERRINGER** bands.

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Nov 21: Former Replacements guitarist **SLIM DUNLAP** and the **HEALTH AND HAPPINESS SHOW.** Nov. 25: Former Spinanes vocalist **REBECCA GATES.** Nov. 26: Rock with **EDNA SWAP.**

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Dedicated to the music of the Windy City. Nov. 23: **BEN E. KING,** of "Stand by Me" fame.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. Nov. 26: **PROFESSOR AND MARYANN.** Like their "Gilligan's Island" namesakes, this precocious Staten Island duo balances the cerebral (courtesy of

Let us take you from everyday to everywhere.



If you've been dreaming of travelling far away, we can do more than just take you there. Our knowledge and expertise assures you the best hotel and car rental values in Britain and Europe. We can also arrange everything from theater packages to sightseeing tours. Simply choose from our "Create Your Own Vacations" Britain & Europe planner. Then go and discover places like Stonehenge. For a free planner call your travel agent or 1-800-AIRWAYS.

BRITISH AIRWAYS
HOLIDAYS®

guitarist-songwriter Ken Rockwell) with dark good looks (from helium-throated singer Danielle Brancaccio). The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

The Greatest Bar on Earth, 1 World Trade Center (524-7000)—Hyperbole, perhaps, but it's certainly the highest. And Thursdays through Saturdays you'll find live music, dancing, and dining, a hundred and seven stories above the city.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Nov. 21: **ERIC BOGOSIAN.** Nov. 23: The Marley Magic tour featuring **RITA MARLEY** and **JULIAN MARLEY.** Nov. 26: **BETTER THAN EZRA.**

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064)—Nov. 22: Garage rock with the **FLESHTONES.** Nov. 23: **SLIM DUNLAP** (see Brownie's). Nov. 24: **SUPERDRAG.**

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Transplanted British guitarist **FRANCIS DUNNERY** (Nov. 20) has employed a novel setup during his recent "residencies" at small clubs: acoustic guitar and laptop—the better to remember freshly written lyrics with. With his anchor plunked down here for a month of Mondays, he's likely to be working through a new batch of songs in progress. Let's hope they're as quirky and absorbing as the ones on his recent album, "Tall Blonde Helicopter." Nov. 23: **SMOG.** Emerging at last from the home-recording cul-de-sac, Smog's recalcitrant genius, Bill Callahan, has effected a near-perfect union of studio sparkle and lo-fi charm. "The Doctor Came at Dawn" is free from the self-indulgence that marred earlier Smog releases—the songs are so spare you can almost hear tumbleweeds a-rollin' between verses. This may be the closest minimalism will ever get to the miraculous. Nov. 24: **GO TO BLAZES.** Nov. 25-26: **HOLLY COLE.** "Temptation," Cole's 1995 collection of Tom Waits songs (on Capitol Records' jazzy Metro Blue imprint), was fuelled by upright bass, brush-stroked drums, and bluesy piano. Her latest, "It Happened One Night," offers more of the same. She's a big talent—a growling, alto version of Rickie Lee Jones.

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, a cha-cha. Dining.

Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, a horse trailer has been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, sometimes, throwing.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Nov. 23: **THE MIGHTY SPARROW.** Nov. 25: **LA INDIA.** Born in Puerto Rico and raised in the South Bronx, India is, like her label-mate Marc Anthony, a major figure in the Latin new wave that has reinvigorated salsa with an urban sting. In 1992, her first album, "Llegó la India via Eddie Palmieri"—a collaboration with the Latin keyboard legend which bridged the gap between old-school traditionalists and young hip-hoppers—was a sensation. Her recent effort, "Dicen Que Soy," is even better: a confident collection of love songs distinguished by her urgent, idiosyncratic soprano. Live, she's a riveting presence, and her backup band burns hotter than the cigars she loves to puff on. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Nov. 21: **LONNIE BROOKS** and **RONNIE EARL.** Back in the fifties, when he was known as Guitar Junior, the Louisiana-born Brooks found two mentors in zydeco legend Clifton Chenier and soul pioneer Sam Cooke; they both influenced the celebratory style that's been his trademark ever since. His latest album, "Roadhouse Blues," is one of his best. Earl, a New York native, spent most of the eighties ably manning the guitar post in Roomful of Blues. Since forming his own band, the Broadcasters, he's been a mainstay on the blues circuit. Nov. 26: **ARCHERS OF LOAF** and **TUSCADERO.**

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Nov. 20: **SOPHIA'S TOY** and **TALKING TO ANIMALS.** Nov. 25: **TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

TABLES FOR TWO

Jo Jo, 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656)—You can have three restaurants in Manhattan, one in London, and another in Mexico City, but you haven't hit it really big until Donald Trump gets his hands on you. His hands are now on Jean-Georges Vongerichten, the celebrated chef and co-owner of Vong, who may soon be even better known as the man behind the curtain at Jean-Georges, the hotly anticipated restaurant in Trump's new International Hotel and Tower, on Columbus Circle. But long before Vong and Jean-Georges, there was Jo Jo, Vongerichten's bistro on the Upper East Side. Nowadays, the surrounding neighborhood has taken on its own Trumpian swagger—swank new Armani and Versace boutiques have recently settled in—but Jo Jo remains the same as ever, an elegant atelier in which you can enjoy some of the most breathtaking French food in town.

Much has been made of Vongerichten's remarkable ability to work without butter or cream, but if you're thinking spa cuisine, you've got the wrong place. The wonders here are in rich flavors and nuanced juxtaposition. The wafer-thin porcini tart, held together with dozens of plump, aromatic mushrooms and a walnut-onion spread, is well worth the extra fifteen-minute wait. Salmon is slow-baked at two hundred degrees and served with Brussels-sprout leaves and truffled mashed potatoes; every moist bite of fish contains a hidden granule of sea salt. Roasted chicken is garnished with ginger and green olives and comes with a side order of chickpea fries. The décor eschews bells and whistles, too: there's nothing fancy to distract from the food except the collection of candy-colored decanters in the foyer and the silver vase filled with persimmon branches (or whatever's in season) in the downstairs dining room. Who ever thought the Donald would dabble in understatement? (Open weekdays for lunch and dinner; Saturdays for dinner only. Entrées $18-$28.)

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Nov. 24: **CELIA CRUZ.** After more than four decades, the first lady of salsa has become a musical institution in the great tradition of Ethel Merman and Ella Fitzgerald. And, like Ethel and Ella, she is a complete, unschooled natural. Born into poverty some seventy years ago in Havana, she began singing around the house. Early on, she won amateur contests, performed on the radio, and toured with bands. She headlined at the plush Tropicana casino in her home town through the fifties, until Castro pulled the plug, and then she defected to the States, where she's toured and recorded ever since. A flamboyant performer (and dresser), she has electrifying stage presence, an unerring vocal command, and an inspired ability to scat. Starting Nov. 26: The **MC COY TYNER** trio and the **JOHN SCOFIELD** quartet. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through New Year's Eve, the great **BOBBY SHORT.** Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tinkling, nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. A fixture at the Carlyle, he can still spin an Ira Gershwin lyric with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. Also well served are gems by Duke Ellington, Dorothy Fields, Irving Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A de-lightful, de-lovely evening.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Nov. 24: The adroit saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER** increased his cachet immeasurably last year when he released "Infinity," his successful collaboration with pianist McCoy Tyner (see Blue Note). His virtuosity has always assured him a strong fan base, but his newfound emotional depth and substance have helped him close the gap between technician and artist. Starting Nov. 26: The **STANLEY TURRENTINE** quintet.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. Nov. 20-23: Piano, bass, and drums with **STEVE KUHN, DAVID FINCK,** and **BILL DRUMMOND.** Dining.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Keep your eye on saxophonist and composer **HENRY THREADGILL** (Nov. 20-21 and Nov. 23); he lives to surprise you. Make a Move, his newest ensemble, is sure to confound and delight—all his other unconventional units have. Call it jazz if you like, but categories are the last thing on his mind.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Comic **RITA RUDNER** is in the house through early December. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night. Nov. 22-23: The Dan Converse quartet.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, smells, and feels like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. **GEORGE COLEMAN** (through Nov. 24) is a marvel; there isn't a sax player who knows his instrument better, or one who imparts so much knowledge in every marathon solo. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through Nov. 23: Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** leads a trio. Dining.

Award-winning Bose® Lifestyle® systems have been hailed as true audio breakthroughs.

With the Lifestyle® 12 home theater system, our goal was to develop the best sounding, easiest to use home theater system ever. One that was optimized for both movie soundtracks and music.

You won't believe the simplicity.

The system is completely integrated. Every element is designed to work in harmony with the others – precisely, efficiently, simply.

And although the technology is advanced, it's where it belongs – on the inside. Outside, a single, elegant music center houses a built-in CD player and AM/FM tuner. It replaces an entire rack of conventional equipment.

The remote works through walls so you control everything from anywhere inside, or outside, the house.

You won't believe the sound.

The secret to the critically-acclaimed performance is Acoustimass® speaker technology.

Five tiny cube speakers are all you see. They blend right into your decor, almost invisibly, while the Acoustimass module hides out of view behind or under furniture. We believe this advanced technology delivers noticeably purer, more lifelike sound than conventional designs.

If you're not already listening to Acoustimass speakers, you're just not hearing everything you could.

©1996 Bose Corporation JN97360

Step up to a new experience in home theater.

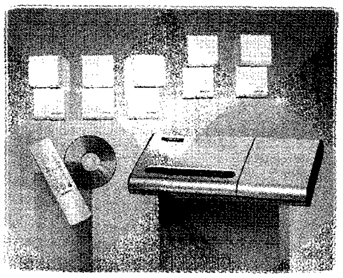
[*Your eyes won't believe your ears.*]

You won't believe it until you hear it.

Thirty seconds with this system and you'll understand why *Home Theater Technology* said, "...everything is included and carefully thought out.... The performance is awesome..."

Call for names of selected Bose dealers where you can hear the Lifestyle® 12 home theater system. Experience the difference Bose technology makes.

For a FREE booklet call
1-800-444-BOSE Ext. 932



The Lifestyle® 12 home theater system. The new audio standard for movies and music.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Masterpieces in Little: Portrait Miniatures from the Collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II." In days of yore, portrait miniatures served much the same function as digital pictures do in our age of Internet dating: tiny, daintily painted likenesses of princes and princesses would be circulated among the eligible élite in search of suitable matches. The Queen of England (who might have fared better advocating this method for her own offspring) has one of the world's great collections of miniatures, and seventy-five of its finest are here for a visit. The earliest ones are best: a portrait of Henry VIII by Lucas Hornebolte, one of the genre's progenitors, bristles with the young king's magnetic energy; a celebrated image of John Donne, by Isaac Oliver, captures a soul aflame with intelligence. A watercolor on ivory of Lord Nelson, painted from life, discerns a powerful, vivacious charm. The exhibition's final portrait is its most bizarre: a ten-year-old Victoria dressed as a Turkish courtesan, twirling a string of pearls. An accompanying exhibition features the best of the Met's own extensive collection of miniatures, including works by Hans Holbein the Younger and Nicholas Hilliard (who are also represented in the Queen's collection). Both shows through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ The largest exhibition of the master landscape painter Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot mounted in more than a hundred years. Through Jan. 19. (For more Corot, see the Brooklyn Museum.) . . . ¶ "Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women" presents narrative reliefs and sculptures from Egypt's Amarna period (1353-1336 B.C.). A complementary reinstallation of sculptures, reliefs, and other objects is on view in the Amarna Galleries. Through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ "Eugène Cuvelier, Photographer in the Circle of Corot." Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ "No Ordinary Mortals: The Human and Not-So-Human Figure in Japanese Art," a survey from the Neolithic period through the twentieth century. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective features two hundred and twenty-five works—paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures—and naturally includes a few flags, targets, numerals, and crosshatch patterns. Through Jan. 21. (A show of Johns's print work since 1960 is at Castelli, 578 Broadway, through Dec. 14.) . . . ¶ "Antonin Artaud: Works on Paper." Though he is better known for his writing and acting, Artaud (1896-1948) also produced, in his final years (when he was confined to a mental institution), a substantial corpus of drawings in which he gave voice to feelings of profound anguish and lacerating disgust. His visual style has elements of both Surrealism and a wrenching realism; as you study his cadaverous portraits, both of himself and of people he knew, Lucian Freud's work may seem almost passé. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "New Photography 12" features work by Richard Billingham, Thomas Demand, Osamu Kanemura, Sophie Ristelhueber, Georgina Starr, and Wolfgang Tillmans. Through Feb. 4. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Ellsworth Kelly," a large survey of the artist's paintings, sculptures, works on paper, and photographs. Through Jan. 19. (For more Kelly, see Chelsea.) (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"I'll Be Your Mirror," a retrospective of Nan Goldin's disturbing photographs of the gritty, glamorous downtown life. Through Jan. 5. (A concurrent show of Goldin's pictures of children is at Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St., through Dec. 21.) . . . ¶ "Views from Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art 2" draws from the collections of the Whitney and the Museum für Moderne Kunst, in Frankfurt. Among the artists represented are Stephan Balkenhol, Lawrence Weiner, Jenny Holzer, Charles Ray, and Robert Gober. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Breuer's Whitney" includes drawings, photographs, models, and other objects chosen to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of Marcel Breuer's gray granite upside-down ziggurat. Through Dec. 8. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of the Codex Leicester, Leonardo's manuscript on such scientific subjects as hydrodynamics and astronomy. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

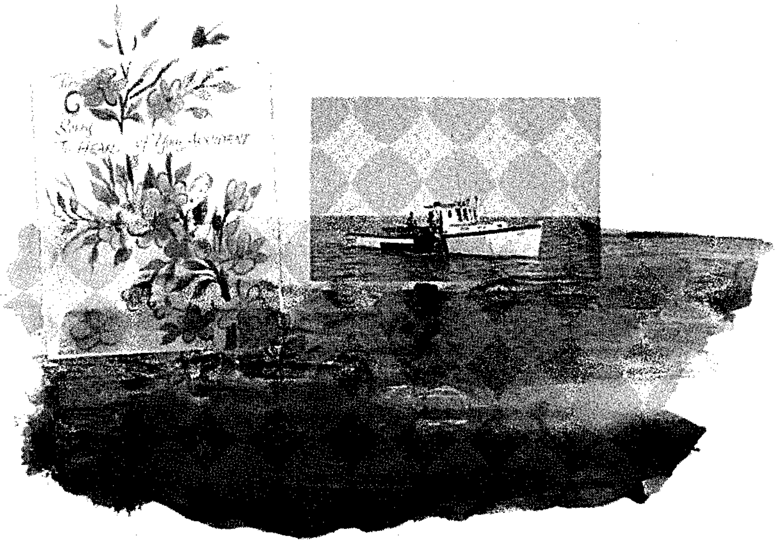
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The museum's extensive Chinese collection has handsome new quarters in which a well-chosen selection offers a broad look at the art of the Middle Kingdom, from Neolithic stone carvings to blue-and-white ceramics of the late Ch'ing dynasty. A Han dynasty bronze vessel, exquisitely wrought in the shape of a goose, combines whimsy and a graceful dignity. The strongest pieces in the collection are the ceramics, which include a vigorous, brilliantly glazed T'ang sculpture of a tomb guardian and a delicately incised milk-white bowl of the Northern Sung dynasty. The installation doesn't pretend to be comprehensive, opting instead—wisely—for a careful, lucid presentation of the cream of the crop. . . . ¶ "Photography in Latin America: A Spiritual Journey," a selection of more than a hundred pictures from the museum's collection. Among the forty-two artists represented (most of whom are women) are Javier Silva Meinel, Manuel and Lola Alvarez Bravo, Graciela Iturbide, Mario Cravo Neto, and Bastienne Schmidt. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ "In the Light of Italy: Corot and Early Open-Air Painting," an exquisite exhibition of oil sketches which makes a marvellous pendant to the big Corot show at the Met. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ "MINE," a sculptural installation by Rona Pondick. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Drawings by Glenn Ligon." Through Jan. 19. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—It's hard to tell the museum shop from the galleries here: "Mixing Messages" is a dazzling display of commercial graphic design, encompassing posters, books, magazines, stationery, toothpaste boxes, T-shirts, movie credits, CD-ROMs—anything and everything that uses type. Through Feb. 16. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The heart of the Morgan collection is its stock of Rembrandts, the greatest of which are now on view in "A Fine Line: Rembrandt as Etcher." Every impression here is exquisite, from the splendid copy of "The Hundred Guilder Print" to a postage-stamp-size self-portrait as a goggle-eyed, openmouthed youth. In the series illustrating scenes from the life of Jesus, the gorgeously printed "Adoration of the Shepherds: A Night Piece" is especially fine, its figures just visible in a rich, velvety midnight gloom. . . . ¶ "Seventeenth-Century Dutch Drawings," a selection of seventy-five Baroque works which includes, among other odds and ends, a strange pair of copies of Mogul miniatures by Rembrandt and some brilliantly colored genre scenes by Adriaen van Ostade. Both shows through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Powerful Expressions: Recent American Drawings" includes five works each by fifteen artists, among them Jim Dine, Sidney Goodman, R. B. Kitaj, Susan Rothenberg, Jasper Johns, and Elizabeth Murray. Through Jan. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

National Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green—"Woven by the Grandmothers," a display of nineteenth-century Navajo textiles from the museum's collection. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Thirty-eight contemporary Navajo rugs and tapestries are on view, from the collection of the Denver Art Museum. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8.)



"Untitled (Sorry to Hear of Your Accident)," by William Wegman (Gorney).

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, uptown and downtown galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; Chelsea galleries are generally closed Tuesdays and open Sundays.)

Elaine de Kooning (1920-89)—Paintings done between 1955 and 1965. The earlier abstractions, though flawlessly executed, have a constipated, airless feel; the overly brilliant palette of a painting like "California" (1958-60), in intense, Derain-style reds, greens, and yellows, strives too hard for optical effects. Nonetheless, the majority of the show has power and unquestionable originality. The centerpiece, perhaps undeservedly, is a hokey, heroic portrait of President Kennedy, painted from life several months before his assassination. Through Nov. 30. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.)

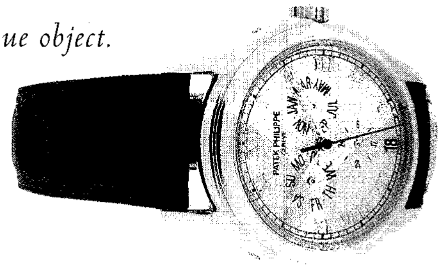
Edwin Dickinson (1891-1978)—A survey of portraits, gloomy, turbulent seascapes, and soft-

For information on watch ref. 5035, authorized retailers and other watches in the collection, please contact Patek Philippe, Dept., 103, One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020. (212) 581 0870.

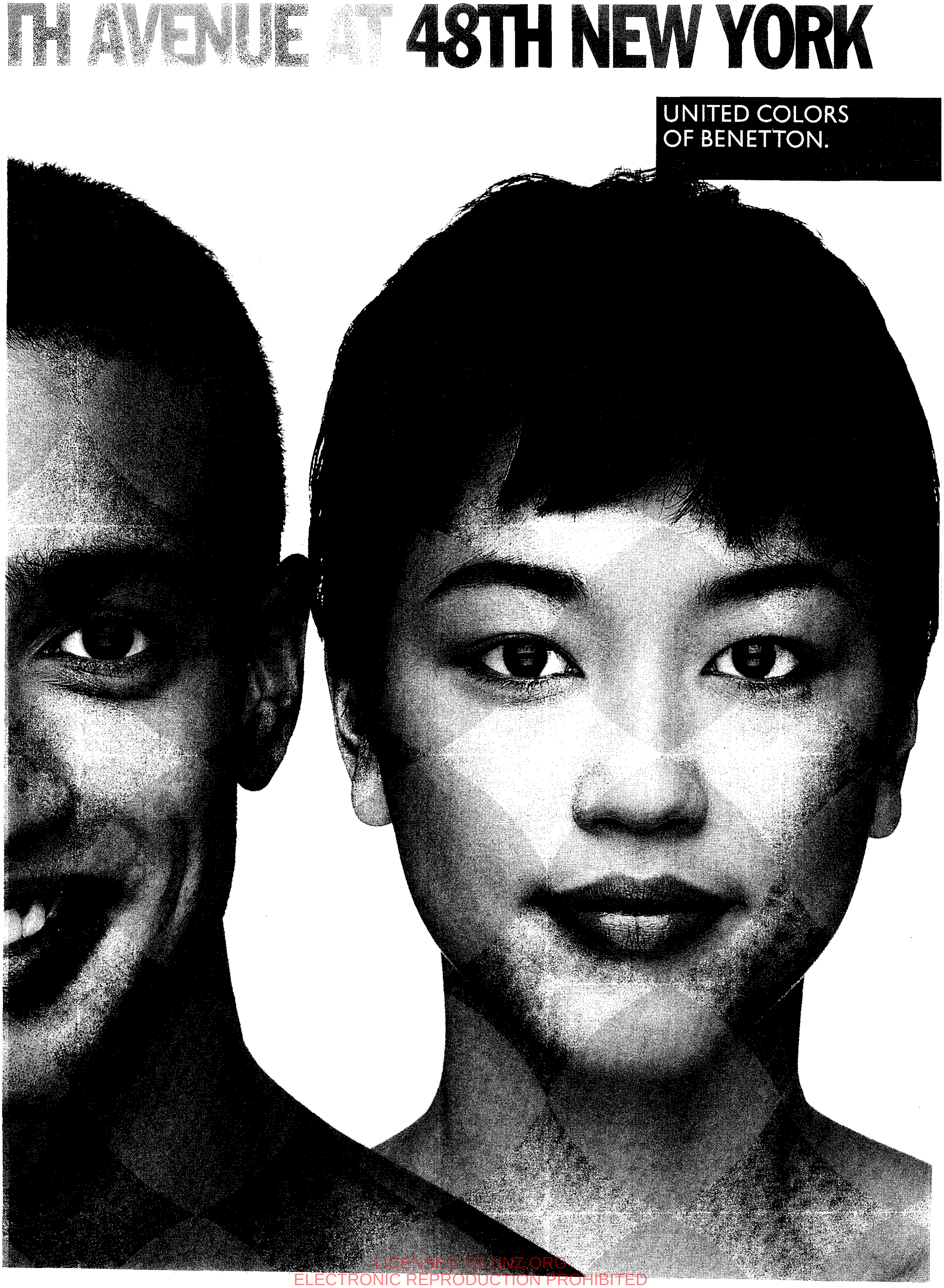
Begin your own tradition.

Whatever innovations Patek Philippe introduces,
every watch is still crafted by hand.
The men's Annual Calendar is the first self-winding calendar
watch in the world to require resetting only once a year.
And because of the exceptional workmanship, each one is a unique object.
Which is perhaps why some people feel that you
never actually own a Patek Philippe.
You merely take care of it for the next generation.

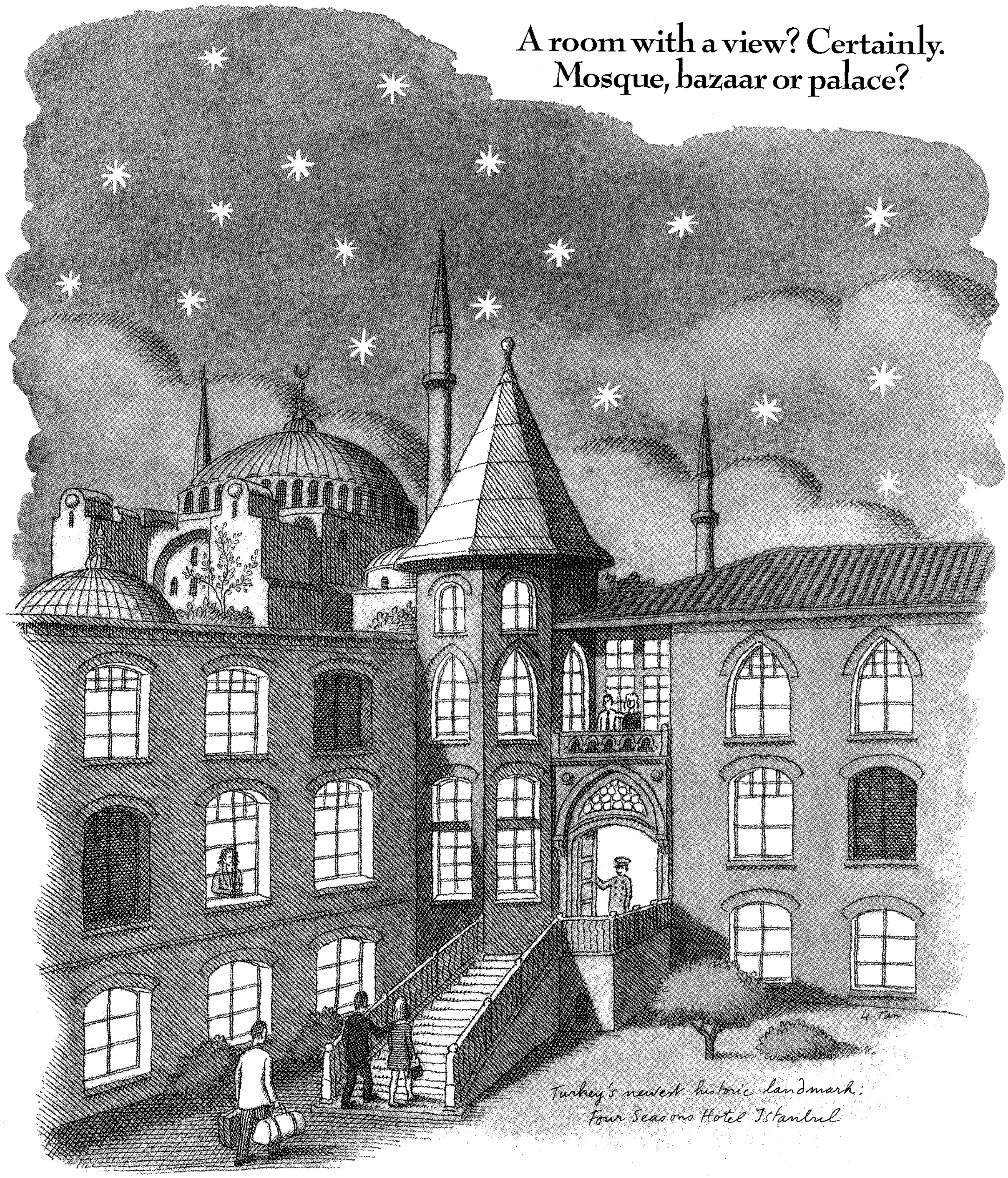
PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE



ONE WORLD ONE STORE 597 FIF


TH AVENUE AT 48TH NEW YORK
UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON.

A room with a view? Certainly. Mosque, bazaar or palace?


Turkey's newest historic landmark:
Four Seasons Hotel Istanbul

It's the Old City as few have ever seen it. Where else can you be awed by Istanbul's fabled landmarks, while being endlessly pampered in another one? Or command a staff Topkapi's sultans would envy? In Four Seasons fashion, they can press suits in an hour, and deliver faxes and delectable entrees to your room in minutes. Telephone your travel counsellor or call Four Seasons about the intimate Istanbul hotel that overlooks nothing. Except Istanbul.

FOUR SEASONS HOTEL
Istanbul
A FOUR SEASONS · REGENT HOTEL

TEVKİFHANE SOKAK NO. 1, 34490 SULTANAHMET-EMİNÖNÜ, ISTANBUL, TURKEY. IN THE U.S., CALL 1-800-332-3442. OR VISIT OUR WEB SITE AT www.fshr.com

© 1996 Four Seasons Hotels Limited

focus glimpses of New England houses and lawns by a gifted, unjustly neglected American painter who spent much of his career on Cape Cod. Through Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . NOTE: One floor down, another show of Dickinson's paintings is at Babcock, through Dec. 7.)

Gerhard Richter—The protean artist's endlessly ironic œuvre combines a realist mode based on photography and an abstract mode that looks weirdly mechanical: it's ultra-sophisticated and every bit as intelligent as it is sensuous. This show features recent paintings in both modes, most of them stunning. There's so much exhaustive virtuosity on display that you may feel like muttering "You win, you win" as you leave. Through Nov. 30. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras—A museum-quality retrospective by a fascinating artist who has kept the spirit of Dada alive. What a profusion of ideas, and what a scintillating imagination—literally: this is the shiniest show in town, glittering with rhinestones, mirrors, aluminum foil, razor blades, and brass tacks. The exhibition (which extends to the gallery's SoHo space) is exceptionally well chosen, from the early "inedibles" (nightmarish meals served on broken plates with mangled cutlery) to the spiky, threatening Formica cubes to the enormously influential photography. There are some oil paintings, too, and an amusing twenty-four-minute film, made in 1969, in which the artist, as it were, eats himself: he spells out the word "self" on his tongue in alphabet macaroni, and then swallows it. (Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St., through Nov. 30; 142 Greene St., through Dec. 14.)

"El Espiritu de la Pintura Latino Americana"—Paintings by contemporary artists, including Julio Galán, Ana Mercedes Hoyos, Wifredo Lam, Ray Smith, Francisco Toledo, and Joaquin Torres-Garcia. Through Nov. 30. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

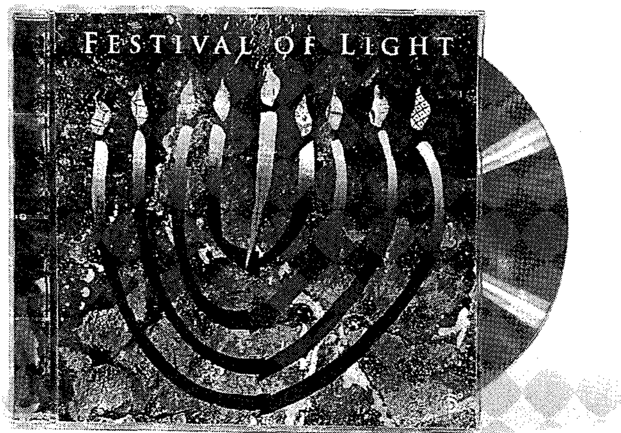
"Man Ray at the Rue Férou"—A selection of works—drawings, collages, *cliché-verres*, paintings, photographs, and objects—made by the artist between 1951 and 1976 at his Paris studio. Through Jan. 4. (Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St.)

"Pop Art: Then and Now"—This rather oddly assorted exhibition includes a few interesting rarities, such as "Stretcher Frame" (1968), a never-before-exhibited Lichtenstein, and the creamy-pink "Cotton Candy" (1963), a lovely, carefully painted canvas by Wayne Thiebaud. The Warholia includes a neat little self-portrait in green and a late, busy Campbell's-soup can. There are also works by Rosenquist and Rauschenberg, a tiny Wesselmann, and a fried egg by Oldenburg. Through Nov. 30. (Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St.)

"The Subverted Object"—Dada and friends, by such diverse practitioners as Man Ray, Meret Oppenheim, Arman, Marcel Broodthaers, Ed Kienholz, Rebecca Horn, Dieter Rot, Richard Pettibone, and Tom Sachs. Through Jan. 4. (Ubu, 16 E. 78th St.)

Short List—JOE ANDOE, Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through Dec. 14. . . . ROMARE BEARDEN, ACA, 41 E. 57th St. Through Dec. 7. . . . RONALD BLADEN, Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Through Dec. 21. . . . TAMARA DE LEMPICKA, Friedman, 32 E. 67th St. Through Nov. 30. . . . CAIO FONSECA, Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Through Nov. 30. . . . ANDY GOLDSWORTHY, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Through Jan. 4. . . . PATRICK HERON and ALFRED MAURER, Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Both shows through Nov. 29. . . . HANS HOFMANN, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through Dec. 7. . . . JÖRG IMMENDORFF, Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; through Jan. 11. . . . MICHAEL LUCERO, Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. Through Nov. 30. . . . REGINALD MARSH, DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through Dec. 28. . . . HENRI MATISSE, C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. Through Dec. 7. . . . ROBERT MOTHERWELL, Long, 24 W. 57th St. Through Jan. 4. . . . ALFONSO OSSORIO and FEDERICO CASTELLON, Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. Both shows through Jan. 19. . . . ARNALDO ROCHE, Adams, at its new address, 41 W. 57th

THE ONE OF A KIND HOLIDAY RECORD



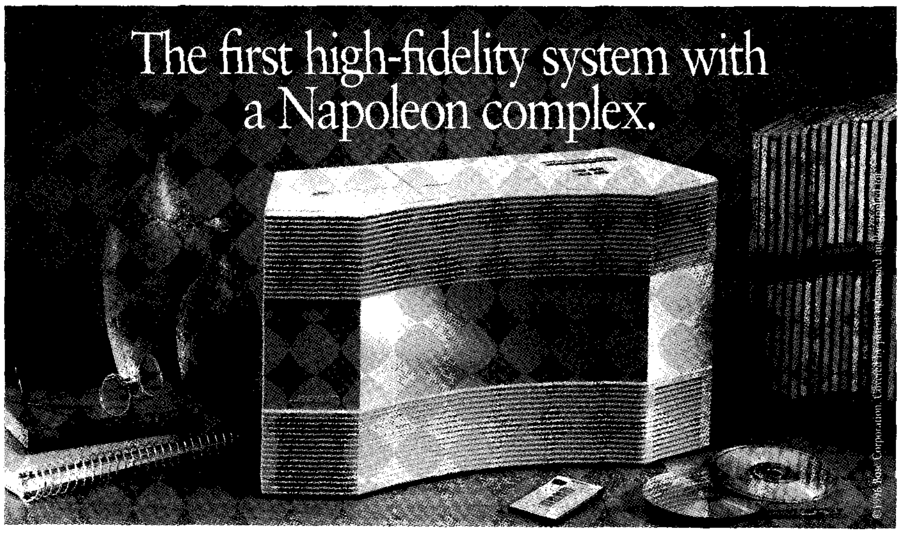
The perfect holiday gift for anyone who's Jewish and everyone who's not.

A different kind of seasonal soundtrack. New music for the Hanukkah Holiday, by Marc Cohn, Peter Himmelman with David Broza, Jane Siberry, the Klezmatics and others.

six® degrees

Available at your favorite record retailer, or call Rivertown at 1-800/984-5465

ISLAND



It may be small. But the Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system is definitely an overachiever. The unit features a compact disc player, an AM/FM radio, a handy remote control, and our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. And it produces a rich, natural sound quality comparable to audio systems costing thousands of dollars. We know that's hard to believe. So we're ready to prove it. Call or write now for our complimentary guide to this award-winning system. Because, like the system itself, it's only available directly from Bose.

Call today. 1-800-898-BOSE, ext. A288.

Mr./Mrs./Ms.
Name (Please Print) ( ) Daytime Telephone ( ) Evening Telephone
Address
City State Zip

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-A288, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

BOSE® Better sound through research®

LISTEN OR BOOT UP!

NEW ENHANCED CD PLAYS ON YOUR STEREO, MAC, OR PC!

Enhanced
LISTEN OR BOOT UP!
NEW!
BACH FOR DUMMIES
Classics for the Rest of Us!

The Fun and Easy Way® to Explore the World of Classical Music.
24 Titles of Great Music and Cutting Edge Multi-media.

To Order Call:
1-800-449-4447
ext 1048
$10.00 each CD
$3.50 shipping & handling
(add $1.00 for each additional title)

Choose from:

- Bach
- Beethoven
- Berlioz
- Brahms
- Chopin
- Debussy
- Dvořák
- Grieg
- Handel
- Mahler
- Mendelssohn
- Mozart
- Prokofiev
- Rachmaninov
- Ravel
- Rimsky-Korsakov
- Sibelius
- J. Strauss
- R. Strauss
- Stravinsky
- Tchaikovsky
- Verdi
- Vivaldi
- Wagner

St. Through Dec. 21. . . . **SUSAN SOLANO**, McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through Jan. 14.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Brenda Zlamany—Paintings (it's tempting to call them portraits) of snakes, rendered in a meticulously realistic, slickly varnished style. The artist invests her subjects with just enough creepy fetishism to lift the images out of Discovery Channel banality. Through Nov. 24. (Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St.)

Short List—**CARL ANDRE**, Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. Open Tuesdays; closed Sundays; through Nov. 23. . . . **ANN DALY**, Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. Through Nov. 24. . . . **RENÉE GREEN**, Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. Through Nov. 24. . . . **GARY HILL**, Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. Open Tuesdays; closed Sundays; through Dec. 21. . . . **ELLSWORTH KELLY**, Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Closed Wednesdays; opens at noon; through Jan. 19. . . . **LOVETT/CODAGNONE**, XL, 504 W. 22nd St. Through Nov. 24. . . . **STEPHEN MUELLER**, Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Tuesdays; closed Sundays; through Dec. 7. . . . **PIETER SCHOOLWERTH**, Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. Opens Sundays at noon; through Nov. 24. . . . **ANDY SPENCE**, Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. Through Nov. 24.

"Lurin-Lima, Peru" (1993), by Javier Silva Meinel, in "Photography in Latin America," at the Brooklyn Museum.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Artwalk NY—A benefit day of activities, including a free lecture on contemporary art and an evening auction. The highlight is fifteen different walking tours, each visiting four studios or galleries and limited to twenty people. (Puck Building, Lafayette St. at Houston St. To order tickets, call 964-5900, ext. 113 or 118. Nov. 23, starting at 11 A.M.)

Teresita Fernández—The young Miami-based artist has built a recessed structure that, although pared down to its bare lineaments, distinctly suggests a swimming pool. A narrow walkway surrounds the empty basin; at the bottom is the gallery's concrete floor. The pale blue sides give way to a graduated blue spray that creeps up past the waterline toward the ceiling, creating a gentle optical reverberation. The overall effect is quite beautiful, even poetic, and just a tad weird. Through Nov. 30. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. Opens at noon.)

Richard Serra—"58x64x70," six massive solid-steel blocks, each one weighing thirty-six tons. Serra's best work is the aesthetic equivalent of winning through intimidation. Through Dec. 14. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Donald Sultan—Mixed-medium paintings and drawings whose circular and spherical motifs—baseballs, buttons, eight balls, film reels—address that overinvoked opposition of surface versus depth. Sultan's command of a wide range of painterly techniques is undeniable, but this show is a display of formal prowess without any discernible aim. Through Dec. 7. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St.)

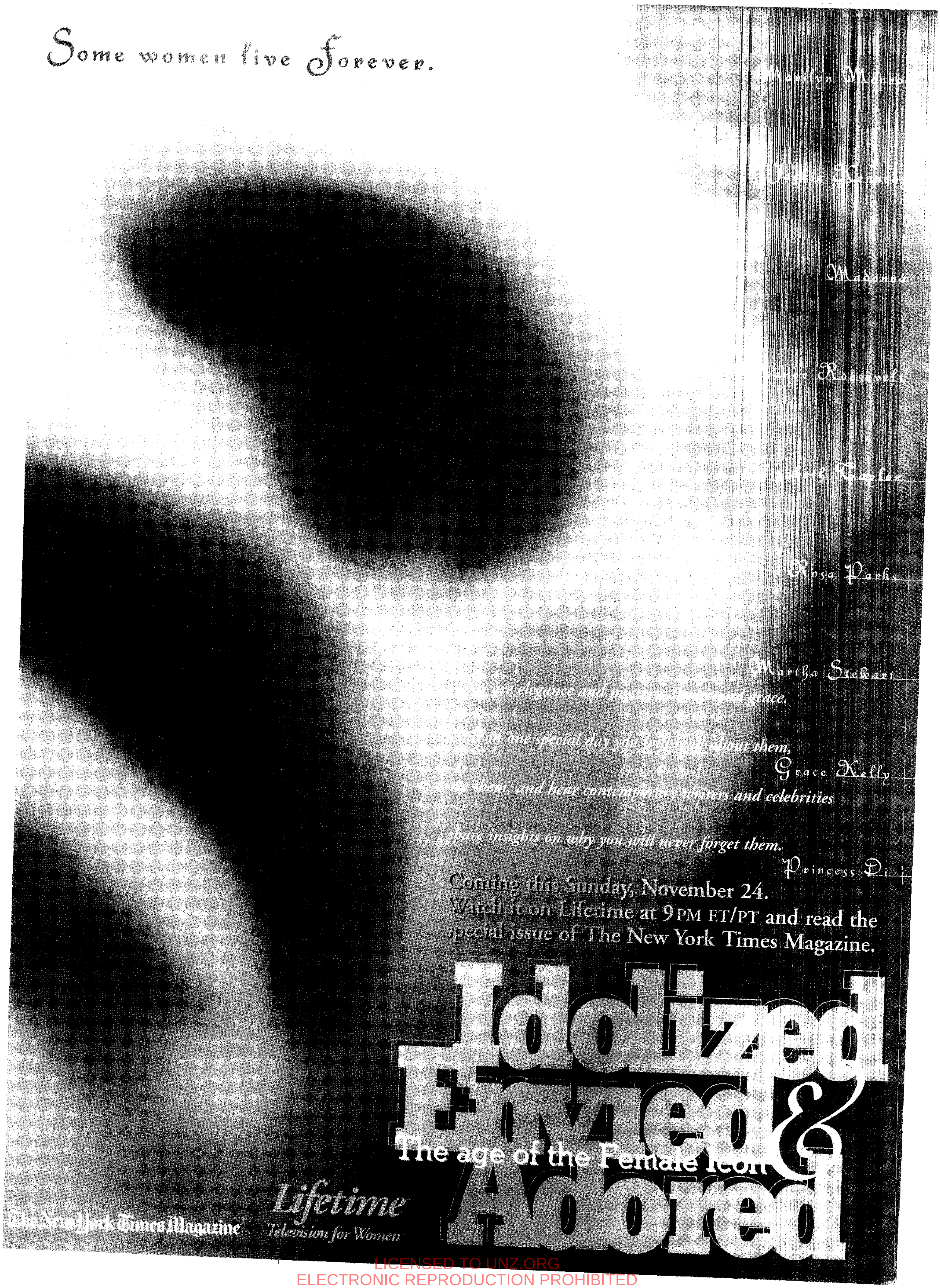
William Wegman—New paintings and drawings that incorporate greeting cards and photographs as collage elements. No weimaraners here: most of these pictures are landscapes. Through Nov. 30. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Andrea Zittel—"A-Z Escape Vehicles," four customized trailerlike "pods" and one precustomized model that sits on a revolving platform. Zittel's sculptures provide miniature but highly detailed individual fantasy spaces. One of the vehicles, owned and customized by dealer Andrea Rosen, is upholstered in tufted baby-blue velvet and features a built-in wet bar and CD system; another, which the artist fitted out for herself, is based on memories of a childhood visit to a grotto constructed for the nutty Ludwig II of Bavaria. Full of wit and visual charm, these new works are a conspicuous shift from the rather dour ones she has been producing over the past few years. Through Dec. 7. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

"Graphite Drawings"—Small works on paper by Lee Bontecou, Helmut Federle, Lee Lozano, Robert Moskowitz, Cary Smith, Myron Stout, and Robert Therrien. Through Nov. 30. (Markey, 55 Vandam St.)

"Plains Indian Drawings, 1865-1935"—A large exhibition of ledger drawings—works made on paper from bound books appropriated from white traders and officers—by artists from the Lakota, Cheyenne, Kiowa, and Arapaho tribes. Through Dec. 21. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**IDA APPLEBROOG**, Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Through Dec. 7. . . . **JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT**, Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. Through Nov. 23. . . . **WILLIE BIRCH**, Ross, 568 Broadway. Through Dec. 21. . . . **MEL BOCHNER**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Through Nov. 30. . . . **ALIGHIERO E BOETTI** and **KIM MAC CONNEL**, Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. Both shows through Dec. 21. . . . **DEBORAH BUTTERFIELD**, Thorp, 103 Prince St. Through Jan. 18. . . . **ROBERT COLESCOTT**, Kind, 136 Greene St. Through Jan. 4. . . . **ROBERT CRONIN**, Dillon, 431 West Broadway. Open daily; through Nov. 29. . . . **ROBERT HECKES**, Postmasters, 80 Greene St. Through Dec. 21. . . . **JOSEPH MARIONI**, Blum, 99 Wooster St. Through Dec. 28. . . . **GORDON MATTA-CLARK**, Fung, 537 Broadway. Through Dec. 14. . . . **BRUCE NAUMAN**, Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through Dec. 14. . . . **IRVING PETLIN**, Kent, 67 Prince St. Through Dec. 21. . . . **RICHARD PETTIBONE**, Marcus, 578 Broadway. Through Dec. 21. . . . **RONA PONDICK**, Inglett, 100 Wooster St. Through Dec. 14. . . . **BEVERLY SEMMES**, Klein, 40 Wooster St. Through Nov.



Some women live forever.

Marilyn Monro

[illegible]

Madonna

[illegible] Roosevelt

[illegible] Taylor

Rosa Parks

Martha Stewart

[illegible] are elegance and [illegible] and grace.

[illegible] on one special day you will [illegible] about them,

Grace Kelly

[illegible] them, and hear contemporary writers and celebrities

share insights on why you will never forget them.

Princess Di

Coming this Sunday, November 24.
Watch it on Lifetime at 9 PM ET/PT and read the
special issue of The New York Times Magazine.

Idolized Envied & Adored

The age of the Female Icon

The New York Times Magazine

Lifetime
Television for Women

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

30. . . . **BILL THOMPSON,** In Khan, 415 West Broadway. Through Nov. 30. . . . **ANNE WALSH,** Kaplan, 48 Greene St. Through Dec. 14.

PHOTOGRAPHY

CHUCK CLOSE—More portraits of the artist's art-world friends, these in the form of mammoth black-and-white digital ink-jet prints. If Close had coaxed from each of his sitters something like what he captured in the mad stare of Lucas Samaras or the annoyed mien of Alex Katz, the viewer would have more to appreciate. Through Nov. 23. (Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

PETAH COYNE / JULIA MARGARET CAMERON (1815-1879)—Eighteen black-and-white prints by the sculptor, from four series: "Monks," "Piñata," "Carnival," and "Fourth of July, 1995." /Original albumen prints of Cameron's well-known portraits (including Mrs. Herbert Duckworth and Sir John Herschel), along with a group of allegorical studies. Both shows through Dec. 28. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Pictorialism into Modernism: The Clarence H. White School of Photography." In 1914, White, a founding member of the Photo-Secession movement, established the first school in New York dedicated to photography. Its shaping influence can be seen here in works by such teachers and pupils as Doris Ulmann, Margaret Watkins, Laura Gilpin, Karl Struss, Margaret Bourke-White, and Paul Outerbridge, Jr. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ "Labyrinth: Images of Hong Kong," a selection of black-and-white photographs by Masahiko Yamashita. Through Jan. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Roadworks," a large selection of black-and-white prints by Linda McCartney. Through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ "All Zones Off Peak: Photographs of Liverpool by Tom Wood." Through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ "A Celebration of 25 Years of Light Gallery." In the ten years that it was open to the public (it went private in 1981), the Light gallery set the standard, mounting shows of modern masters and of youngsters on their way to becoming contemporary ones. Among those on the roster are Harry Callahan, Linda Connor, Walker Evans, Robert Frank, Lee Friedlander, Emmet Gowin, Eikoh Hosoe, Frederick Sommer, and Garry Winogrand. Through Feb. 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

SHORT LIST—**ELLEN CAREY,** Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. Through Dec. 21. . . . **MILES COOLIDGE,** Kaplan, 48 Greene St. Through Dec. 14. . . . **LYNN DAVIS,** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through Jan. 4. . . . **MITCH EPSTEIN** and **VERA LUTTER,** Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway. Both shows through Dec. 28. . . . **LEE FRIEDLANDER,** Borden, 560 Broadway. Through Nov. 23. . . . **NAN GOLDIN,** Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Through Dec. 21. . . . **DAVID LA CHAPELLE,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway, in its new space on the third floor. Through Nov. 30. . . . **ABELARDO MORELL,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. Through Nov. 30. . . . **MATTHIEU RICARD,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Through Dec. 28. . . . **STEPHEN SACK,** Danziger, 130 Prince St. Through Nov. 23. . . . **SAM SAMORE,** Nordanstad, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. Through Dec. 7. . . . **CINDY SHERMAN,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. Through Nov. 23. . . . **TSENG KWONG CHI,** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through Nov. 30. . . . **JOHN WATERS,** American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St. Through Nov. 30. . . . **MARGARET WATKINS,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through Jan. 4. . . . **ALEX WEBB,** Leica, 670 Broadway. Opens Saturdays at noon; through Dec. 7.

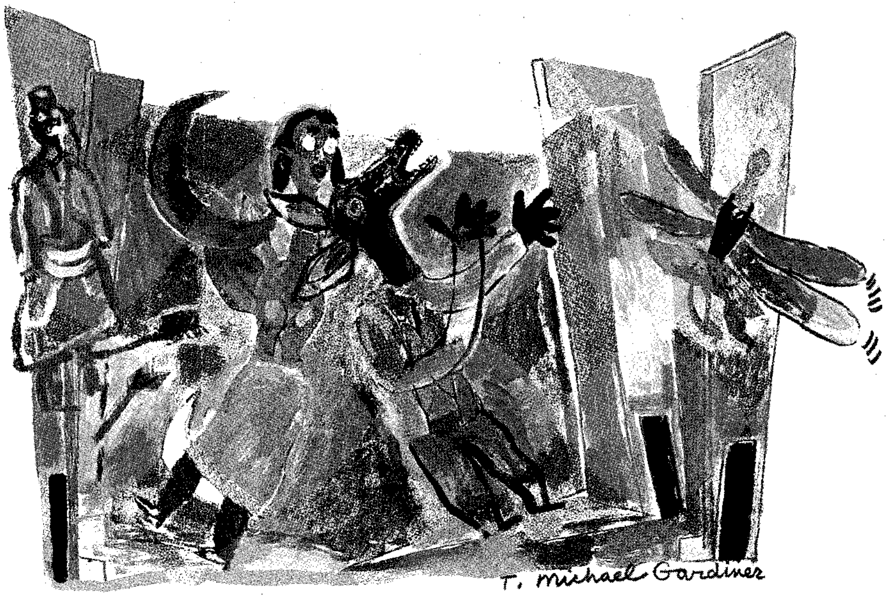
(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Brooklyn Museum.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**CARMEN,** with Angela Gheorghiu, Waltraud Meier, Plácido Domingo, and Sergei Leiferkus; conducted by James Levine. (Nov. 20 at 8.) . . . With Hei-Kyung Hong, Ms. Meier, Luis Lima, and Mr. Leiferkus; Mr. Levine. (Nov. 22 at 8.) . . . With Ms. Hong, Denyce Graves, Mr. Lima, and Mr. Leiferkus; Mr. Levine. (Nov. 26 at 7:30.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Ruth Ann Swenson, Roberto Alagna, and Juan Pons; Carlo Rizzi. (Nov. 21 at 8.) . . . **COSÌ FAN TUTTE,** with Renée Fleming, Suzanne Mentzer, Marie McLaughlin, Paul Groves, Dwayne Croft, and William Shimell; Mr. Levine. (Nov. 23 at 1:30.) . . . **L'ELISIR D'AMORE,** with Barbara Bonney, Stanford Olsen, Simon Keenlyside, and Paul Plishka; Mr. Rizzi. (Nov. 23 at 8.) . . . **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,** by Britten, in the opening performance of a new production, with Sylvia McNair, Nancy Gustafson, Jane Bunnell, Jochen Kowalski, Kurt Streit, Rodney Gilfry, and Peter Rose; David Atherton. (Nov. 25 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)



Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Metropolitan Opera.

T. MICHAEL GARDINER

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of "Brigadoon," by Lerner and Loewe, with Rebecca Luker, Judy Kaye, Brent Barrett, and Sean Donnellan; conducted by John McGlinn. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Nov. 20 and Nov. 23 at 1:30 and 8, Nov. 21-22 at 8, and Nov. 24 at 1:30.)

JUILLIARD OPERA CENTER—Hans Werner Henze's chamber opera "Elegy for Young Lovers" premièred in Munich in 1961, in a German translation; only in 1963 was it heard as it was originally set, to an English-language libretto by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman which recounts a young couple's love and untimely death (the result of their being caught in an Alpine storm while trying to collect edelweiss). The production here is a fully staged one. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. Nov. 20 and Nov. 22 at 8 and Nov. 24 at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—The Indonesian-born conductor Jahja Ling leads George Perle's "Transcendental Modulations" (a première), Saint-Saëns's Piano Concerto No. 4 (with Awadagin Pratt), and Dvořák's Symphony No. 7. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 21 and Nov. 23 at 8, Nov. 22 at 2, and Nov. 26 at 7:30.)

CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF EUROPE—At Carnegie Hall, Nikolaus Harnoncourt conducting: the conclusion of a complete cycle of the Beethoven symphonies. Nov. 20 at 8: The Symphonies No. 2 and No. 7. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 8: The Symphony No. 9, with soprano Luba Orgonasova, mezzo-soprano Birgit Remmert, tenor Endrik Wottrich, baritone Thomas Hampson, and the Arnold Schoenberg Choir.

MOSCOW SOLOISTS—Yuri Bashmet doubles as conductor and viola soloist in a concert that comprises Telemann's G-Major Viola Concerto, Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht," and Mr. Bashmet's own arrangement of Brahms's Clarinet Quintet. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 21 at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leon Botstein leads the orchestra and the Arnold Schoenberg Choir in "The Book of the Seven Seals," by Franz Schmidt (1874-1939), an Austrian composer who held notoriously right-wing views, and whose death a year after this oratorio was written doubtless robbed him of considerable short-term satisfaction. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 22 at 8.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI—Violinist Mela Tenenbaum, cellist Dorothy Lawson, and pianist Cameron Grant are the soloists in Ghedini's "Concerto dell'Albatro" (inspired by "Moby-Dick"). Gerald Ranck takes to the spotlight for Frank Martin's Harpsichord Concerto; and orchestral works by Rossini and Wilhelm Friedemann Bach complete the program. Richard Kapp conducts. (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 23 at 7.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Philippe Entremont conducts, and doubles as piano soloist in, a program that comprises Hanson's "Rhythmic Variations on Two Ancient Hymns," Mozart's C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 467), and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3 (the "Scotch"). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Nov. 23 at 8 and Nov. 24 at 5.)

CITY ISLAND BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—In a program of concertos by Vivaldi, Bach, and Haydn. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478. Nov. 24 at noon.)

CZECH PHILHARMONIC—Vladimír Válek conducts excerpts from Smetana's "The Moldau," as well as Brahms's Violin Concerto (with Alyssa Park) and Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 ("From the New World"). (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 24 at 3.)

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—Dennis Russell Davies leads Jacob Druckman's "Brangle," the première of Francis Thorne's Cello Concerto No. 2 (featuring Eugene Moye), and Copland's "Hear Ye! Hear Ye!" (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 24 at 3.)

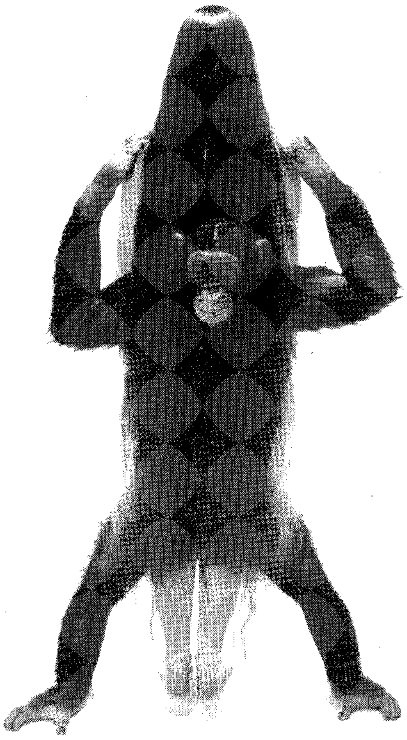
The friday Scotch
Special Reserve
Single Malt
Glenfiddich
Pure Malt
Scotch Whisky

To send the gift of Glenfiddich® Single Malt Scotch Whisky anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited. Bottled in Scotland. 40% Alc/Vol (80 proof). ©William Grant & Sons Inc., New York, NY

A highly evolved love story

THE WOMAN AND THE APE

A novel



Peter Høeg

bestselling author of
SMILLA'S SENSE OF SNOW

"Enchanting . . . a hilarious love story."
—Elissa Schappell, *Vanity Fair*

"No wonder the Danes went berserk:
It's animal lust and a rip-roaring read."
—Carolyn White, *Mirabella*

Photo by James Balog

FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX
Also available as an FSG•Penguin Audiobook

Riverside Choir—Helen H. Cha-Pyo directs Masses by Puccini and Poulenc, as well as the latter's Organ Concerto (featuring Timothy Smith). (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Nov. 24 at 3. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

New York Festival of Song—Presenting a program of songs with words by Ira Gershwin, in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the lyricist's birth. The tunes come from the pens of Harold Arlen, Arthur Schwartz, Vernon Duke, and Kurt Weill, as well as brother George. The performing roster includes singers Tyne Daly, Diane Fratantoni, David Garrison, and William Sharp, assisted by pianists Steven Blier and Michael Barrett. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The foursome plays string quartets by Mendelssohn (in D Major, Op. 44, No. 1) and Beethoven (in F Major, Op. 135); violist Cynthia Phelps and cellist Colin Carr join them for Brahms's B-Flat-Major Sextet. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The society's Music of Our Time series opens with a concert of works by David Dzubay, Maura Bosch, Bruce Adolphe, Charles Wuorinen, Arvo Pärt, and Paul Chihara. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Presenting rich-timbred string quintets by Mozart (in C Minor, K. 406) and Dvořák (in E-Flat Major, Op. 97), with violinists Theodore Arm and Mark Kaplan, violists Toby Hoffman and Mark Peskanov, and cellist Gary Hoffman. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. Nov. 21 at 7:30 and Nov. 24 at 4.)

Four Nations Ensemble—Tenor Frederick Uhrey assists the period-instrument players in works by Locatelli, Bach, Couperin, Beethoven, and Schubert ("Der Hirt auf dem Felsen," in the composer's alternative scoring for voice, cello, and piano). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Musicians from Marlboro—Performing vocal and instrumental chamber works by Haydn, Shostakovich, and Brahms (his G-Major String Sextet). (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Ensemble 21—Bradley Lubman directs pieces by Tristan Murail, Kaija Saariaho, and others; with soprano Susan Narucki. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Concert Royal—The period-instrument group offers a pair of concerts. Nov. 21 at 8: Chamber works by Marais, Bach, Biber, and Mozart, featuring violinist Lisa Rautenberg. (Landon Gallery, 1926 Broadway, at 64th St., third floor. 362-0857.) . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 8: Bass-baritone Bernard Deletré and mezzo-soprano Virginie Landré are featured in cantatas and motets by Couperin, Boismortier, Clérambault, and Campra. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160.)

Markus Groh—In his New York début recital, the winner of the 1995 Queen Elisabeth International Music Competition in Brussels performs sonatas by Haydn, Beethoven (in A-Flat Major, Op. 110), and Prokofiev (his Seventh), as well as Liszt's "Tre Sonetti di Petrarca." (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 22 at 8.)

Sonic Boom Festival—The annual modern-music fall fest concludes with a pair of performances at the Miller Theatre. Nov. 23 at 7:30: Continuum plays works by the Cambodian-American composer Chinary Ung, including several premières. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: Speculum Musicae offers a twentieth-century classic—Varèse's "Intégrales"—plus recent works by Tristan Murail, Kaija Saariaho, Mark Gustavson, and Paul Moravec. (Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799.)

Grant Johannesen—The distinguished pianist offers an unusual program that includes works by Gottschalk (his "Souvenir de Porto Rico") and Chopin (his twenty-four Preludes), as well as twentieth-century repertoire: Copland's Piano Variations, Piazzolla's "Three Preludes," Stravinsky's "Ragtime," and Arthur Shepherd's "From a Mountain Lake" and "Gigue Fantasque." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Nov. 23 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

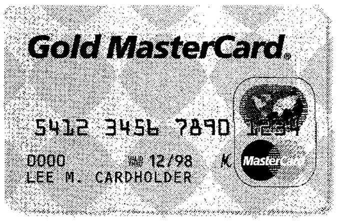
Circular Logic—No seat at the one-ring Big Apple Circus is more than fifty feet from the action—a setup that affords the firsthand knowledge that elephants (three of them here, with a combined weight of nineteen thousand pounds) are, in fact, elephantine. Seven times as numerous (but weighing far less) is the Muttville Comix Troupe, twenty-one dogs adopted from animal shelters, who perform an antic, pell-mell assortment of stunts. "Transformations," the quick-change act by the husband-and-wife magicians Anatoli and Liubov Sudarchikov, elicits an audible "How'd they do that?" The most magical artists in the show, though, are Danish equestrienne Katja Schumann's seven white horses: swirling through the ring, manes flying, they conjure an ethereal moment beneath the big top, and you almost expect to see the steeds take flight. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. For information, call 721-6500. Through Jan. 12.)

Readings—Nov. 20 at 7: To mark the publication of "Committed to Memory: 100 Best Poems to Memorize," John Hollander, Susan Sontag, Alice Quinn, and Lynn Chase, among others, recite verse without peeking. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 8: Poets Jaime Manrique and Kimiko Hahn read from their collections, "My Night with Federico García Lorca" and "Earshot," respectively. (Poetry Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6:30: Kenzaburo Oe reads (in English translation) from his portrait of his son Hikari, "A Healing Family." (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742.) . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: Faye and Jonathan Kellerman read from their crime novels (his gumshoe relies on child psychology, hers on Orthodox Jewish wisdom). (Yeshiva University, 245 Lexington Ave., at 35th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at noon: Novelists (Louis Begley, Susanna Moore, Michael Cunningham), journalists (Janet Malcolm, John Berendt, Stanley Crouch, Joan Acocella), poets (Hal Sirowitz, Max Blagg), a tennis jock/art dealer (John McEnroe), and others pool their talents at a marathon reading of "Lolita." (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Tickets at the door.)

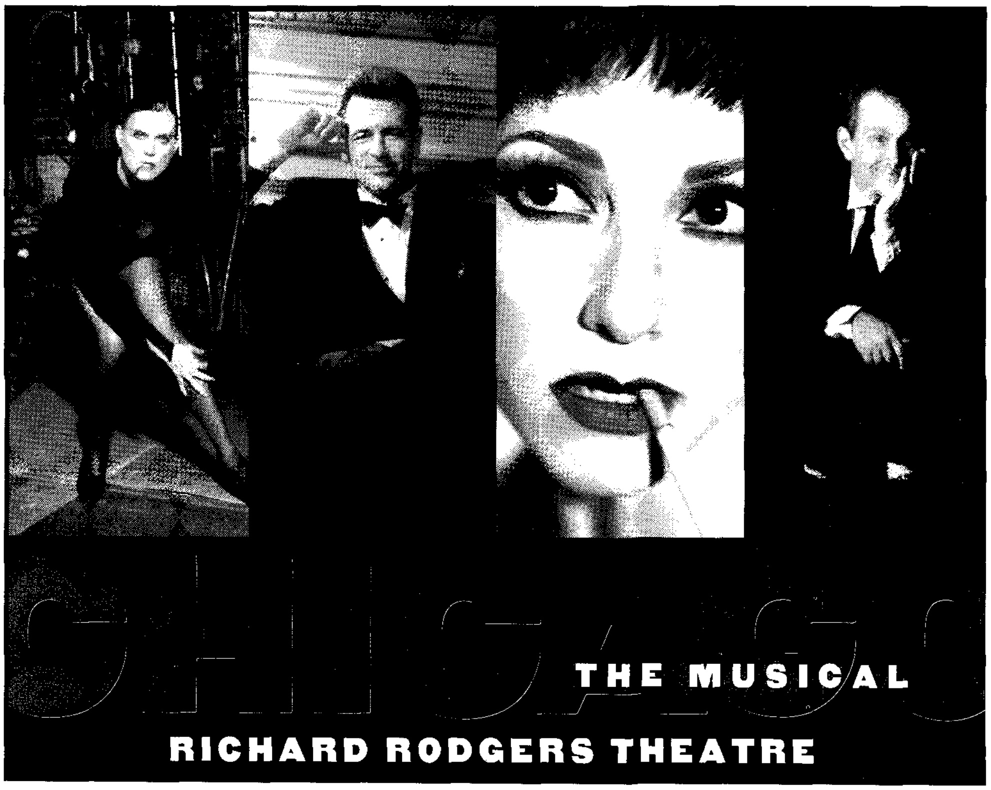
Talks—Nov. 21 at 6: In a lecture titled "Surrealists, Cannibals, and the Other Barbarians," the philosopher Eduardo Subirats considers the legacy of Franco in modern Spain. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Square S., at Macdougal St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 10:30 A.M.: Antique appraiser Louise Devenish looks over the flatware and foodstuffs that you might have encountered at fancy dinners in the nineteenth century. (Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St. For reservations, call 229-8933.) . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 1: Historian Elaine Abelson recounts tales of kleptomania among the Victorian gentry in her talk "When Ladies Go A-Thieving." (New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. 873-3400.) . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6:30: Microsoft Midas Bill Gates discusses the prognostications in his book "The Road Ahead." (Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. No tickets necessary.)

Memorandum—Evacuation Day, November 25, marks the two-hundred-and-thirteenth anniversary of the end of the British occupation of New York City. At 1 P.M. on E.D. eve, historian Sara Cedar Miller follows the path George Washington took into town (from McGowan's Pass, currently in northern Central Park, toward the Battery) as the British yoke was lifted. For more information, call 860-1370.

MASTERCARD IS YOUR TICKET TO ENTERTAINMENT!



Your Gold MasterCard® Is The ***Exclusive*** *Ticket To*



The Best Seats In The House

Plus, Optional Rainbow Room Package!

Razzle dazzle returns to Broadway in the spectacular production of CHICAGO, the John Kander/Fred Ebb/Bob Fosse musical vaudeville starring Ann Reinking, Bebe Neuwirth, James Naughton and Joel Grey. Murder, greed, corruption and "All That Jazz" make CHICAGO Broadway's newest musical hit. From its sophisticated celebration of dance and heart-pounding music to its sexy and seductive story, CHICAGO is taking New York by storm. Directed by Walter Bobbie with choreography by Ann Reinking, CHICAGO is the show you don't want to miss! Your Gold MasterCard is your exclusive ticket to enjoy "The Best Seats In The House." Available for performances through February 9, 1997.

You can also enjoy the world famous Rainbow Room's Pre-Theater Feast and a special complimentary Nite-Cap — *The Chicago Fix*. Just ask for package CMC02.

Gold Ticket Exclusives! are available only through Ticketmaster® when you use your Gold MasterCard. *MasterCard. It's Smart Money.*™

MasterCard
GOLD TICKET
GOLD MASTERCARD EXCLUSIVES!

FOR PREFERRED SEATING CALL
212-307-4100
Mention Code CMC01

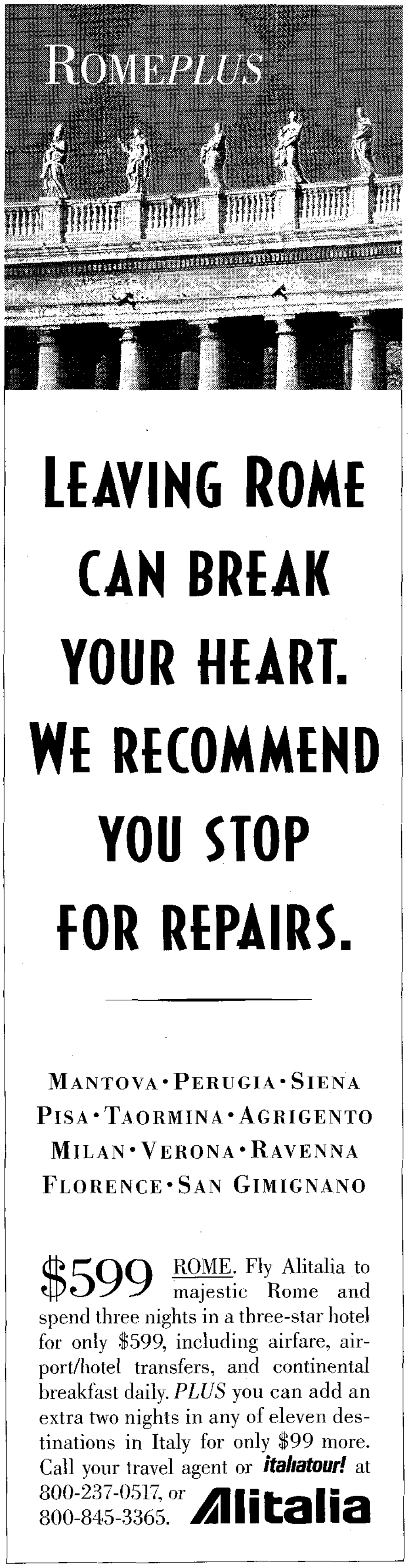
MasterCard THE PREFERRED CARD OF TICKETMASTER®

RAINBOW!
THE RAINBOW ROOM

©1996 MasterCard International Incorporated

MASTERCARD IS YOUR TICKET TO ENTERTAINMENT!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ROME*PLUS*

LEAVING ROME CAN BREAK YOUR HEART. WE RECOMMEND YOU STOP FOR REPAIRS.

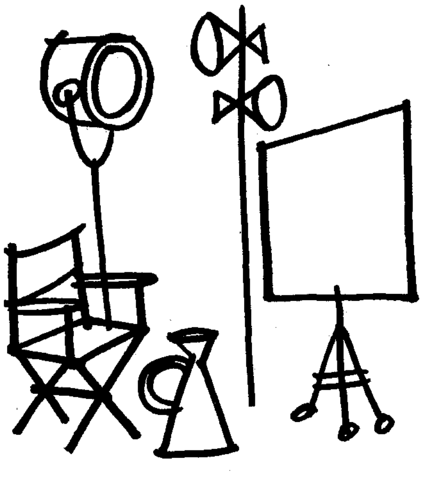
MANTOVA·PERUGIA·SIENA
PISA·TAORMINA·AGRIGENTO
MILAN·VERONA·RAVENNA
FLORENCE·SAN GIMIGNANO

$599 ROME. Fly Alitalia to majestic Rome and spend three nights in a three-star hotel for only $599, including airfare, airport/hotel transfers, and continental breakfast daily. *PLUS* you can add an extra two nights in any of eleven destinations in Italy for only $99 more. Call your travel agent or *italiatour!* at 800-237-0517, or 800-845-3365. Alitalia

Price includes round-trip airfare and is per person, based on double occupancy and travel on Alitalia to Rome from JFK, Newark, Boston or Chicago. From Miami, package is 4 nights in Rome for $649 and from Los Angeles, 5 nights in Rome for $799. Travel outside Rome additional. Special 2-day car rental available for $116, including insurance. Prices valid for travel from 11/1/96 (Miami begins 12/1/96) through 12/14/96, and from 12/25/96 through 3/12/97. Government taxes and fees of up to $39 are not included. Subject to availability and flight operation. Full payment required 21 days prior to departure (within 21 days add $25). Cancellation/change of itinerary penalties and other restrictions/conditions apply. Newark flight operates in alliance with Continental Airlines. Alitalia participates in the mileage programs of USAir and Continental and accrual is permitted. Award travel may not be redeemed with this offer.

© 1996 Alitalia

THE MOVIES



FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Bitter Sugar—In Leon Ichaso's love story, a student (René Lavan) and a dancer (Mayté Vilán) struggle through a stormy affair in contemporary Havana. Written by the director and Orestes Matacena. In Spanish. Opening Nov. 22. (Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Village East Cinemas.)

Far Harbor—Eight friends in their mid-twenties confront their ambitions and one another during a weekend at the beach, in a drama written and directed by John Huddles. With Edward Atterton, Jennifer Connelly, Dan Futterman, Marcia Gay Harden, George Newbern, Jim True, Tracee Ellis Ross, and Andrew Lauren. Opening Nov. 22. (Quad Cinema.)

Jingle All the Way—Arnold Schwarzenegger and Sinbad share the screen with Rita Wilson, Phil Hartman, and James Belushi in Brian Levant's comedy about Christmas shopping. Opening Nov. 22. (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, and Park & 86th Street Cinemas.)

Not Bad for a Girl—Lisa Rose Apramian's documentary about female rock stars, featuring Joan Jett, Courtney Love, and others. Opening Nov. 22. (Cinema Village.)

Shine—An Australian film dramatizing the life of the classical pianist David Helfgott, written by Jan Sardi and directed by Scott Hicks. With Geoffrey Rush, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Noah Taylor, Lynn Redgrave, and John Gielgud. Opening Nov. 22. (Cinema I and Lincoln Square.)

Sling Blade—Billy Bob Thornton has the lead in a drama he wrote and directed, about a mildly retarded man with a criminal past living in a small town in the South. With Lucas Black, Natalie Canerday, Dwight Yoakam, and John Ritter. Opening Nov. 22. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Star Trek: First Contact—The crew of the Starship Enterprise (it includes Patrick Stewart, LeVar Burton, and Jonathan Frakes, who also directed) heads back to Earth to save the planet. Opening Nov. 22. (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Metro Cinema, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

The War at Home—A drama directed by and starring Emilio Estevez, as a troubled Vietnam veteran in the early nineteen-seventies. With Martin Sheen and Kathy Bates. Written by James Duff, from his 1985 play, "Home Front." Opening Nov. 22. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 42.)

Big Night—The actor Stanley Tucci co-wrote (with Joseph Tropiano), co-directed (with Campbell Scott), and co-stars (with Tony Shalhoub) in this elegant, leisurely low-budget comedy about a struggling Italian restaurant run by a pair of immigrant brothers. The unusually happy, relaxed ensemble includes Ian Holm, Isabella Rossellini, Minnie Driver, Allison Janney, and Campbell Scott. The big set piece—a lavish dinner in honor of the singer-bandleader Louis Prima—is a fitting climax to the movie's patient accumulation of savory and blissfully pointless delights: a convincing illustration of how keen pleasure for pleasure's sake can be.—T.R. (9/23/96) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

Breaking the Waves—The Danish director Lars von Trier tells the sad story of a devout Scottish girl (Emily Watson) who becomes a whore in order to save the life of her critically ill husband (Stellan Skarsgård). She is, unmistakably, a female Christ figure, and, as von Trier follows her up the steep road to her carnal Calvary, he seems to be rediscovering some forgotten magic formula for art-house success: he gives the highbrow audience precisely what it wanted in the boom years of the fifties and early sixties—nudity plus theology. The erotic-metaphysical hokum would be somewhat easier to take if the picture displayed anything resembling a genuine religious impulse. But von Trier is no Bergman or Dreyer: he's just a peddler of cheap miracles, a wily postmodernist montebank. Also with Katrin Cartlidge and Adrian Rawlins.—T.R. (11/18/96) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)

The English Patient—Anthony Minghella's version of the 1992 novel by Michael Ondaatje, about a disfigured fighter pilot and the nurse who attends him. Starring Ralph Fiennes, Juliette Binoche, Willem Dafoe, Kristin Scott Thomas, Naveen Andrews, and Colin Firth. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, and Village East Cinemas.)

High School High—A daft new comedy from David Zucker—or, as he is referred to in the opening credits, "the producer formerly known as David Zucker." The target this time is not disaster flicks or cop sagas but soppy educational dramas such as "Dangerous Minds," which are basically asking for it. Jon Lovitz plays a shy, well-meaning history teacher who takes a post at Marion Barry High, the sort of establishment where the principal whacks pupils with a baseball bat. In the first half hour, the gags fly so densely that you don't know where to look; thereafter, as director Hart Bochner realizes that he'd better think about a plot, the film dies down a little. The main reason to stay with it is Jon Lovitz, who trades his standard cynicism for something more charitable ("Smell those seats," he says nostalgically on entering a classroom) but still manages to remain deeply unbothered by the chaos around him. Considering that the movie wrings all its laughs out of an insoluble crisis in education, it's pretty funny. With Mekhi Phifer, Louise Fletcher, and, of course, Tia Carrere, who seems to have taken over where the late Dorothy Lamour left off.—A.L. (11/11/96) (Chelsea Cinemas and Embassy 3.)

Joseph Conrad's The Secret Agent—Bob Hoskins and Patricia Arquette star in Christopher Hampton's adaptation of Conrad's 1907 novel, about a plot to blow up the Greenwich Park observatory in London. With Gérard Depardieu. (Gotham Cinema, 62nd & Broadway, and Waverly.)

Jude—An adaptation of Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," written by Hossein Amini and directed by Michael Winterbottom, with Christopher Eccleston in the title role. The movie is remarkably true to the darkness and chafing disgust of the novel, and that fidelity is where the problem lies. Jude, the stonemason who dreams of becoming a scholar, is mired in failure from the start; even as you respect the picture for its earth-toned palette and its bestial pain, you know that any dramatic momentum will lead nowhere. There is much to admire here, almost nothing to enjoy. Also starring Kate Winslet.—A.L. (Cinema 3.)

The Long Kiss Goodnight—After the disaster of "Cutthroat Island," Geena Davis and her husband, director Renny Harlin, have teamed up again for what they intend as a coolly slam-bang action movie, but it's a leaden affair. Davis plays an amnesiac schoolteacher who gradually realizes that she's been trained as a spy; she is partnered by the ever-reliable Samuel L. Jackson, who, as a private eye, gives the dumb proceedings some badly needed playfulness.—B.D. (Cinema II and Village East Cinemas.)

Looking for Richard—A movie that combines filmed segments of "Richard III" with a documentary about their making. Directed by and starring Al Pacino, who co-wrote the narration with Frederic Kimball. Pacino, Alec Baldwin, Kevin Spacey, and Winona Ryder are in the cast of the play; in addition, there are interviews with Kenneth Branagh, John Gielgud, Vanessa Redgrave, and others. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Michael Collins—The short life and lasting legend of the Irish freedom fighter Michael Collins (1890-1922), compressed into a vigorous movie by the writer and director Neil Jordan. Liam Neeson gives a hefty performance as the hero, but the film takes too much care insuring that we like and admire him, cooling the figure's hot temper and ignoring any sins of the flesh (let alone of the spirit) which he committed—he remains devoted to Kitty Kiernan (Julia Roberts). The strength of the movie resides mainly in the work of its cameraman, Chris Menges, who delivers a barrage of images as rousing and changeable as the fortunes of Collins himself. With Aidan Quinn, Stephen Rea, Alan Rickman, and Charles Dance.—A.L. (10/14/96) (Beekman, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

Microcosmos—A revelatory documentary about insects. The directors, Claude Nuridsany and Marie Pérennou, who were trained as biologists, spent years designing cameras that would capture spiders, butterflies, beetles, and bees in their habitats as never before. There are no voice-overs, just closeups of bugs; a few sequences surpass the most horrific science fiction, but a surprising number of the creatures are quite cute. The inventive, funny-ethereal score is by Bruno Coulais.—S.K. (Film Forum 3.)

The Mirror Has Two Faces—In this bizarre romantic comedy, Barbra Streisand plays a plain-Jane Columbia professor who falls in love with handsome Jeff Bridges, a colleague who believes sex would spoil their relationship. The movie, written by Richard LaGravenese (who did the surprisingly understated adaptation of "The Bridges of Madison County"), is ostensibly about the nature of beauty and its power over those in love; but in Streisand's hands (she produced and directed) it becomes an uncomfortable ugly-duckling story about a woman who has an epiphany, develops self-confidence, gets in shape, dyes her hair, and becomes a glamorous nineties siren. Streisand's co-stars Lauren Bacall (in a snapping-turtle performance as her frosty mom) and Mimi Rogers (as her prettier, uptight sister) and the affable Bridges all generate real charm. So does Streisand, in her initial scenes: she has the softer look of her earlier films, and her comic timing is intact. Later, after her diva makeover, the vain, arrogant edge of her later films returns, and she acquires the look of a powerful Hollywood player. And, while the movie's slide into a my-mother-never-told-me-I'm-beautiful gripe session is fascinating to watch, it's also embarrassingly trite.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, Village Theatre VII, and Ziegfeld.)

Mother Night—Keith Gordon's adaptation of an early (1961) Kurt Vonnegut novel is always engrossing but never especially persuasive. The hero (Nick Nolte) is an American writer, living in Germany in the thirties, who is recruited to spy for American intelligence. His wartime reports are encoded in weekly propaganda broadcasts, in which he smoothly explicates the anti-Semitic policies of the Third Reich; after the war, he broods over the possibility that his broadcasts may have done more harm than good. Although Nolte gives an intelligent performance, he's too straightforward an actor to convey the slipperiness of such a man-without-qualities figure.—T.R. (11/4/96) (Cinema 3rd Avenue; through Nov. 21.)

Paris Was a Woman—The documentary director Greta Schiller's examination of Paris modernism in the twenties and thirties is a confection of American expatriates, French and American lesbians, and avant-garde art and thought. Making impeccable use of old photographs, film footage, and recordings, Schiller gives this world of literary salons and unconventional bookshops a surprising amount of verve. Giants like Picasso, Joyce, Janet Flanner, Djuna Barnes, and Gertrude Stein (who, looking like a cook on a pirate ship, dominates the proceedings) come across as positively fun-loving, and Paris blooms like a rose.—B.D. (Quad Cinema.)

Ransom—Mel Gibson looks great, as sleek as the cocky young man he played in "The Year of Living Dangerously." But that is the only finesse on view in Ron Howard's grinding new picture, which could have been a snappy little hostage thriller but which decided, somewhere along the way, to take itself terribly seriously. Gibson plays Tom Mullen, the wealthy owner of an airline, whose young son (Brawley Nolte) is kidnapped by a gang of good-for-nothings. No one in this movie, to be honest, is good for anything: Rene Russo suffers from a woefully underpowered role as Tom's wife, Gary Sinise struggles to convince us that he has the makings of a scuzzy villain, and Gibson himself has to stand there and act tragic in closeup. The plot demands that Tom call the bad guys' bluff and refuse to pay the ransom, preferring to act tough and put a price on their heads. But the film's pretenses of toughness are a joke, and Howard's appropriation of a dirty style—coarsely grained images that descend climactically into black and white—reminds you of a happy young kid trying his first cigarette.—A.L. (11/11/96)

THE MONTGOMERY GROWTH FUND REACHES FOR THE STARS.
AND IT RECENTLY GOT FIVE OF THEM.

☆☆☆☆☆

Morningstar Rating for three years ending 9/30/96.

18.74% ONE YEAR

27.27% LIFE OF FUND (9/30/93)

Average annual total returns for the period ending 9/30/96.

A five-star rating from Morningstar is a pretty good indication that you've probably been on the right track. But as pleased as we are to receive this honor, we're just as proud of the three-year numbers this fund has posted. And, although past performance is no guarantee of future results, we believe The Montgomery Growth Fund is an excellent long-term investment.

We'd be pleased to send you details. For a prospectus, simply contact us by phone or through our web site.

MUTUAL FUND ONESOURCE FROM SCHWAB
1-800-5-NO-LOAD

(800) 572-3863
www.xperts.montgomery.com/1

THE MONTGOMERY FUNDS
Invest wisely.℠

Return and principal value of an investment will fluctuate so that your shares, when redeemed, may be worth more or less than their original cost. Morningstar proprietary ratings reflect historical risk-adjusted performance. The Fund's rating is based on its performance against 1708 equity funds; ratings are subject to change monthly. Morningstar's ratings are calculated from the funds' three, five, and ten-year average annual total returns (if available) in excess of 90-day Treasury bill returns with appropriate fee adjustments and a risk factor that reflects fund performance below 90-day T-bill returns. 10% of the funds in an investment category receive five stars. The Montgomery Growth Fund is 100% no-load with a $1,000 minimum initial investment. For complete information, including charges and expenses, call for a prospectus to read carefully before investing. Montgomery Securities, Distributor (11/96).

Charles Schwab & Co., Inc. (Member SIPC/NYSE) provides recordkeeping and shareholder services for shares purchased through its Mutual Fund OneSource.®

When
only the best
will do

ALL WEATHER
COAT

Snap in / snap out
cashmere, quilted,
thinsulate or fur lining;
natural mahogany
mink trim.
Available in fabrics
of your choice.

Exclusive
design
custom
made
in our
workrooms.

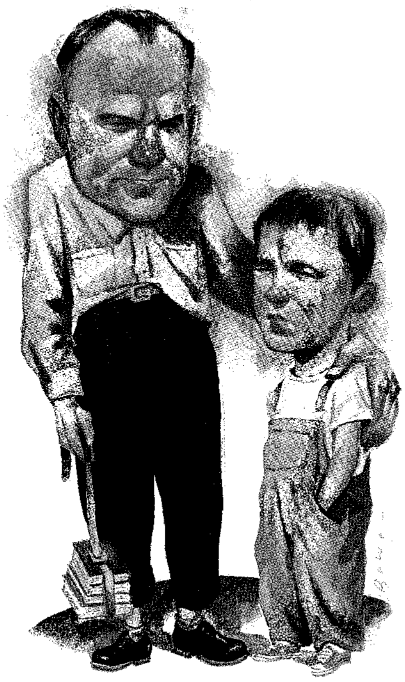
Ben
Thylan furs

345 Seventh Avenue • New York 10001
(212) 753-7700 • 24th Floor
Fax: (212) 268-7432
Please call for appointment

(84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 1, Guild, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

Secrets & Lies—Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste), the heroine of Mike Leigh's broadest and most ambitious film to date, decides after the death of her adoptive mother to seek her biological one. The quest turns up Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), who freaks out: Hortense is middle-class and black, Cynthia working-class and white. Jean-Baptiste gives a quiet, pacific performance; Blethyn deals in spasms of exaggeration which belong in another film altogether. Still, there is a fine supporting cast, and they all gather in the final scene, a cathartic barbecue that starts off as nicely choreographed light comedy and darkens to a Bergman-like chorus of wailing women and slightly overcooked dialogue.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Set It Off—Jada Pinkett, playing a protective big sister trying to pay for her brother's college education, and Queen Latifah, as a brave, blustering pothead lesbian, lead a foursome of young black women driven by poverty, police brutality, and the general callousness of men and of white people into robbing banks. Vivica A. Fox and Kimberly Elise round out the quartet, and the actresses are all strong in quirky, individual ways. When the characters get in over their heads, the dominant mood isn't the usual thriller exhilaration—it's sadness. This is a dumb heist movie that nevertheless gets real mileage from the plight of its tough but naïve protagonists, who (pathetically) represent virgin territory for Hollywood. (One factual beef: the banks are implausibly stocked with dozens of live tellers guarding huge piles of cash, as if this were 1952.) With Blair Underwood, who plays a strange fantasy lover for Pinkett—a dapper buppie gourmet who teaches her about ambition. Written by Takashi Bufford and Kate Lanier; directed by F. Gary Gray.—S.K. (Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)



Opening November 22, Billy Bob Thornton and Lucas Black in "Sling Blade."

A Single Girl—Benoît Jacquot's delicate exercise in neo-Nouvelle Vague follows Valérie (the incredibly poised Virginie Ledoyen), a tough young Parisienne, in real time as she tells her boyfriend (Benoît Magimel) that she's pregnant, bickers with him, and then reports for her first day of work delivering room service at a fancy hotel. The cinéma-vérité approach actually seems a bit old-fashioned, a leftover from the days when film technique could revolutionize the way we looked at daily life. Ledoyen, though, makes the girlishly pretty but strong and angry character of Valérie feel like something new. Jacquot toys with simplistic explanations for her hurt—her father deserted her mother, the men at the hotel all want to sleep with her and the women are jealous; what depth the movie has comes entirely from Ledoyen's unexplained silences and her enigmatic eyes. Written by Jacquot and Jérôme Beaujour. In French.—S.K. (Quad Cinema.)

Sleepers—Barry Levinson's movie is a doggedly faithful adaptation of Lorenzo Carcaterra's 1995 best-seller, which purported to be a memoir of the author's youth in Hell's Kitchen, his horrifying experiences in an upstate reformatory, and his participation, years later, in an elaborate scheme to avenge the abuses that he and his friends suffered at the hands of the reform school's sadistic guards. The book quickly aroused suspicion that it was a hoax, and the film does nothing to dispel the aura of fishiness: it plays as a thoroughly old-fashioned Hollywood crime melodrama. With Jason Patric, Brad Pitt, Robert De Niro, Kevin Bacon, Minnie Driver, Vittorio Gassman, Frank Medrano, and Dustin Hoffman.—T.R. (11/4/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

Space Jam—Michael Jordan shares top billing with Bugs Bunny in this part-animated, part-live-action comedy about basketball in outer space. Directed by Joe Pytka. Written by Leo Benvenuti, Steve Rudnick, Timothy Harris, and Herschel Weingrod. (Criterion Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

Swingers—A funny, boys-on-the-town ode to friendship and cruising for girls. The writer, Jon Favreau, co-stars with Vince Vaughn, a handsome new actor, and they're hilarious—but the film isn't a bubbleheaded comedy. The director, Doug Liman, follows his characters through swinging-singles hangouts from Hollywood to Vegas with a neon-soaked camera; beneath all the hip talk and the funny predicaments, his two heroes are wistful, stargazing romantics.—B.D. (Angelika Film Center and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through Nov. 21.)

Three Lives and Only One Death—Marcello Mastroianni stars as an errant husband, a Sorbonne professor, a butler, and a businessman, in four witty vignettes. The director, Raúl Ruiz, has an avant-gardist reputation, but he obviously loves the corny enchantment of old-fashioned storytelling. The surprise is that the picture improves whenever Mastroianni is out of it—his charisma and radiance are too strong. In French (though it's one of the Chilean-born Ruiz's jokes that almost everyone is foreign and speaks with an accent).—S.K. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Trees Lounge—One of the stars of independent film, Steve Buscemi, now gets to write, direct, and star in his own project, an aimless and amiable look into the lives of people who gather inside a Long Island bar. The movie suggests John Cassavetes minus the hysteria—there are no epiphanies. Buscemi's simply drawn characters, who accept their fates with little fuss, are actors' dreams; Mark Boone Junior as a bored and irritable married friend, and Chloe Sevigny, as a sexy teen-ager, are particularly good. As a screwed-up sot, Buscemi moves in an inebriated haze, but his writing and direction are exceptionally clearheaded.—B.D. (Village Theatre VII.)

Twelfth Night—Trevor Nunn's film of Shakespeare's comedy, featuring Helena Bonham Carter, Richard E. Grant, Nigel Hawthorne, and Ben Kingsley. (Regency.)

William Shakespeare's Romeo & Juliet—Leonardo DiCaprio represents the Montagues and Claire Danes the Capulets in Baz Luhrmann's version of the tragedy. With John Leguizamo, Paul Sorvino, and Brian Dennehy. Screenplay by the director and Craig Pearce. (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, National Twin, Orpheum VII, and 34th St. East. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Nov. 21.)

TIM BOWER

DANIEL
DAY-LEWIS

WINONA
RYDER

THE CRUCIBLE

ARTHUR MILLER'S
TIMELESS TALE OF
TRUTH ON TRIAL.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX PRESENTS A NICHOLAS HYTNER FILM A DAVID V. PICKER PRODUCTION DANIEL DAY-LEWIS WINONA RYDER PAUL SCOFIELD JOAN ALLEN "THE CRUCIBLE" BRUCE DAVISON ROB CAMPBELL JEFFREY JONES CO-PRODUCER DIANA POKORNY MUSIC BY GEORGE FENTON FILM EDITOR TARIQ ANWAR PRODUCTION DESIGNER LILLY KILVERT DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ANDREW DUNN, BSC SCREENPLAY BY ARTHUR MILLER BASED ON HIS PLAY PRODUCED BY ROBERT A. MILLER AND DAVID V. PICKER

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate For Children Under 13

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON RCA VICTOR

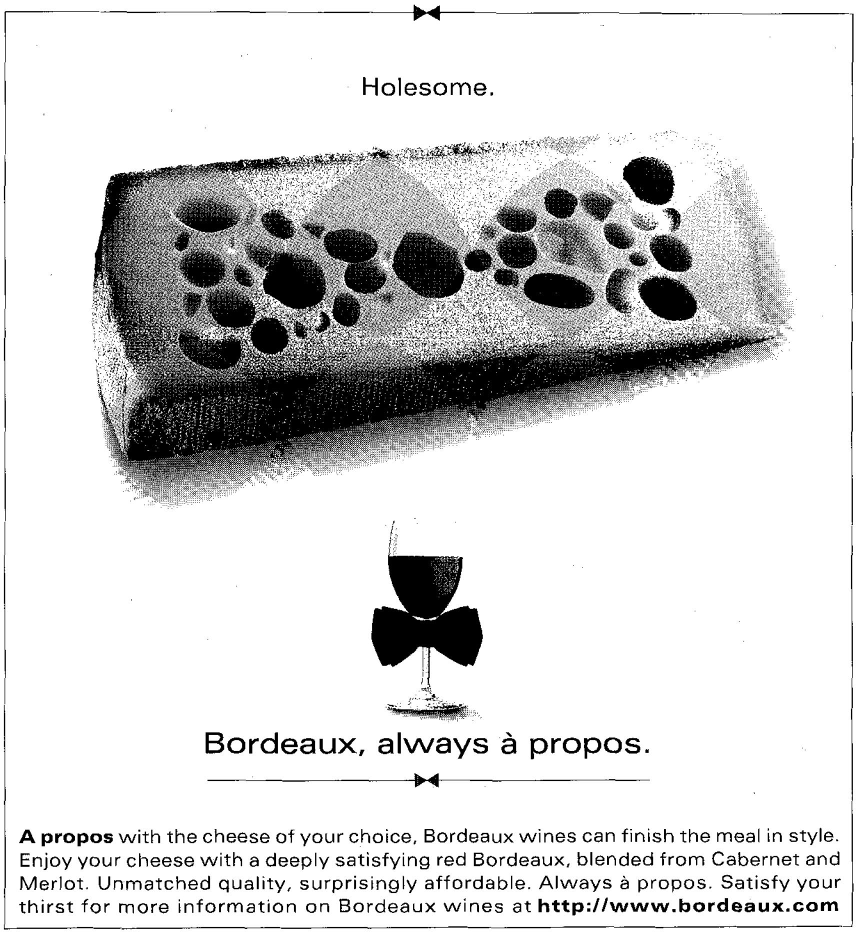
COMING SOON

DIRECTED BY NICHOLAS HYTNER

DOLBY

Read the Penguin paperback.

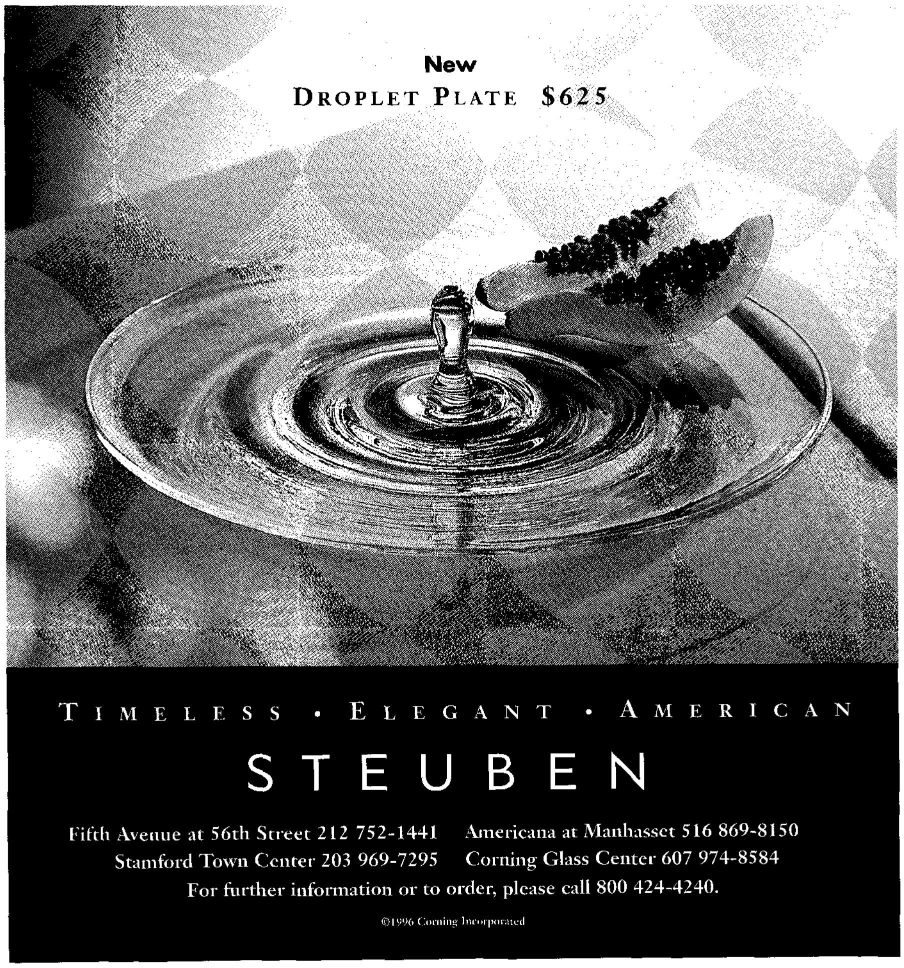
©1996 TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX



Holesome.

Bordeaux, always à propos.

A propos with the cheese of your choice, Bordeaux wines can finish the meal in style. Enjoy your cheese with a deeply satisfying red Bordeaux, blended from Cabernet and Merlot. Unmatched quality, surprisingly affordable. Always à propos. Satisfy your thirst for more information on Bordeaux wines at **http://www.bordeaux.com**



New
DROPLET PLATE $625

TIMELESS • ELEGANT • AMERICAN
STEUBEN

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street 212 752-1441 Americana at Manhasset 516 869-8150
Stamford Town Center 203 969-7295 Corning Glass Center 607 974-8584
For further information or to order, please call 800 424-4240.

©1996 Corning Incorporated

ALSO PLAYING

ANNA: *Film Forum.* . . . **BEAUTIFUL THING:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema. . . . **BREATHING ROOM:** 68th St. Playhouse. . . . **THE CHAMBER:** National Twin and Park & 86th Street Cinemas. . . . **EMMA** (reviewed in our issue of 8/5/96): 64th and 2nd. . . . **EVERYTHING RELATIVE:** Quad Cinema. . . . ***THE FIRST WIVES CLUB:*** Art Greenwich Twin, East 85th Street, Embassy 4, and 72nd Street East. . . . **FLY AWAY HOME** (9/16/96): 64th and 2nd and Park & 86th Street Cinemas. . . . **THE FUNERAL:** Angelika Film Center and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . **THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS:** *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.* . . . **HYPE!:** State. . . . **INDEPENDENCE DAY** (7/15/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **JACK:** Manhattan Twin. . . . **LOVE IS ALL THERE IS:** 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **MAD DOG TIME:** Baronet, State, and Waverly. . . . **THE SPITFIRE GRILL** (9/9/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **A TIME TO KILL** (7/29/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **TIN CUP** (8/12/96): Manhattan Twin and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **2 DAYS IN THE VALLEY:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **A VERY BRADY SEQUEL:** Worldwide Cinemas.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Baronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

At the Walter Reade Theatre, "The Centennial of Arab Cinema."

DUPUY-BERBERIAN

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams's droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set low-down in Mississippi. The infantile, flirtatious heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her balding, middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) Carroll Baker as the lazy girl who couldn't get through long division and Malden as a grotesque simp (lust makes him helpless) are all-out funny—it's unlikely that either of them ever gave another performance this good or had such wonderful material again, either. The director, Elia Kazan, did some of his finest work here—not just with the principal actor, but also with the hired hands, and the townspeople who laugh at Malden, and the happy gawkers at a fire; his choices seem miraculously right. Williams's script is based on two of his one-act plays—"27 Wagons Full of Cotton" and "The Unsatisfactory Supper."—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 22-24 and Nov. 26.)

The Bigamist (1953)—With a tad more wackiness, this could have been to bigamy what "Glen or Glenda" is to transvestism. Although it's sometimes cited as the apex of Ida Lupino's directorial career—presumably because of its earnest, sympathetic treatment of the title character—this problem picture about a deep-freeze salesman (Edmond O'Brien) who travels between Wife No. 1 (Joan Fontaine) in San Francisco and Wife No. 2 (Lupino) in Los Angeles is simultaneously obvious and inept. The high points are the low points: the thudding in-jokes about the casting of Edmund Gwenn, the Santa Claus of "Miracle on 34th Street," in the role of a dogged adoption investigator; the Beverly Hills tour-bus ride in which O'Brien makes time with Lupino while the driver points out the homes of stars like Jimmy Stewart, Barbara Stanwyck, and, yes, Edmund Gwenn; and the defining moment when Lupino affectionately calls O'Brien "You big lug." At its most daring, the movie makes the case that bigamy is more honorable than everyday adultery. Collier Young produced and wrote the script, from a story by Larry Marcus and Lou Schor.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 23.)

Europa Europa (1991)—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider); it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (Symphony Space; Nov. 26.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays a be-numbered Jewish survivor of the concentration camps who lives on in Harlem running a pawnshop—fat, sagging, past pain, past caring. Adapted from the Edward Lewis Wallant novel and directed by Sidney Lumet, the film is trite,

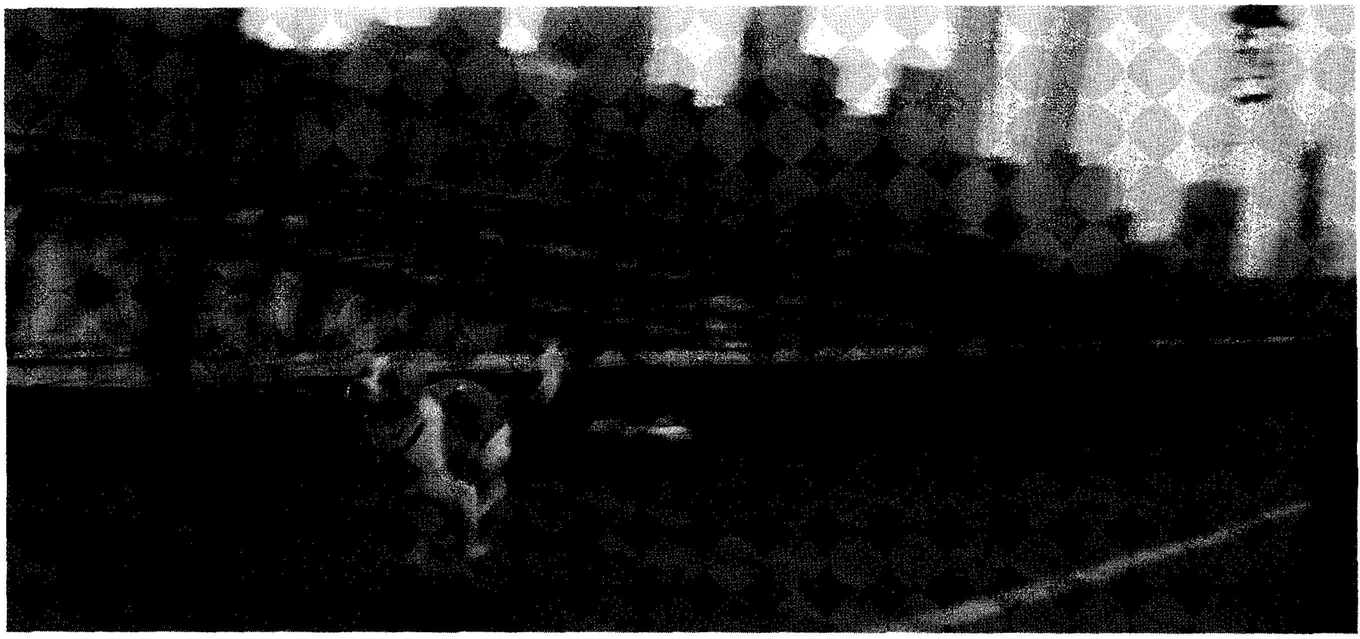
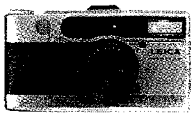


Photo: Ivo Von Renner; Leica minilux and Kodak lumiere 100; 1/2 sec at f/24; Dog: Bruce

Every picture tells a story. Obviously, this one's a crowd-pleasing yarn about a technologically advanced compact camera with a high-speed lens.

Only a camera with an extremely fast lens could capture this image so beautifully. And the new Leica minilux features the fastest in its class. Not to mention every automatic function from focus to exposure to flash. So pick up the minilux. Thanks to its Leica-designed 40mm f/2.4 Summarit lens, you'll make brilliant color, contrast and definition part of every story you tell.



For more information, call 1-800-222-0118.
Please visit the Leica Gallery at 670 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, 212-777-3051.

Leica

and you can see the big pushes for powerful effects, yet it isn't negligible. It wrenches audiences, *making them fear that they, too, could* become like this man. And when events strip off his armor, he doesn't discover a new, warm humanity, he discovers sharper suffering—just what his armor had protected him from. Most of the intensity comes from Steiger's performance and from the performance of the great old Juano Hernández, as a man who comes into the shop to talk. With Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez; cinematography by Boris Kaufman; score by Quincy Jones.—P.K. (Symphony Space; Nov. 26.)

Road House (1948)—The setting, a combination bar and bowling alley near the Canadian border, is unusual. The romantic quadrangle is routine. Richard Widmark, the joint's owner, imports Chicago singer-pianist Ida Lupino and falls for her (to the point of psychopathy); Cornel Wilde, Widmark's manager and best friend, at first gives her the cold shoulder but heats up fast; Celeste Holm, the cashier, loses Wilde gracefully to the entertainer. Lupino plays the kind of wised-up dame who reminds one customer of the first woman who ever slapped his face; she's got a hoarse charisma when she tickles the keyboard and sings "Again," "The Right Kind," and "One for My Baby." But out of the spotlight she's intense without being much fun (it doesn't help that Wilde is wooden opposite her). Although Holm's role reeks of good-hearted cliché, she seems to be having a better time. Jean Negulesco directed. Edward Chodorov produced and wrote the script, from a story by Margaret Gruen and Oscar Saul.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 23.)

Vertigo (1958)—The infinitely suggestive sights and sounds of Alfred Hitchcock's romantic thriller have been refurbished by the ace film-restoration team of Robert A. Harris and James C. Katz, and, although there's no new footage in the fresh 70-mm. prints they've made, the increased clarity of the oneiric, surrealist imagery and the soaring music (by Bernard Herrmann) is more than enough to release new meanings, surprising resonances. As the detective hero (James Stewart) tails a mysterious woman (Kim Novak) at a distance that becomes progressively less discreet, we gradually realize that, in the course of the film, the straight line of surveillance is constantly, imperceptibly curving, until finally it describes a perfect circle: the true shape of romantic obsession. This picture isn't a mystery story, but a story about a mystery: the mystery of why the ardent lovers, the detective and his quarry, are doomed to pursue each other endlessly. And the real, and terrifying, end of that investigation is a diagram of the cruel geometry of desire. Also with Barbara Bel Geddes and Tom Helmore. (The screenplay, by Alec Coppel and Samuel Taylor, is based on a novel by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac.)—T.R. (11/18/96) (Chelsea Cinemas.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Nov. 20: "Don't Touch the White Woman!" (1974, Marco Ferreri). . . . Nov. 21: "The Last Woman" (1976, Ferreri). . . . Nov. 22-24 and Nov. 26: "Baby Doll" (†). . . . Nov. 25: "Lonesome" (1929, Paul Fejos).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films by three Korean filmmakers, all in Korean, with English subtitles. Nov. 21 at 2:30 and Nov. 24 at 5: "Sopyonje" (1993, Im Kwon-Taek). . . . Nov. 21 at 6 and Nov. 23 at 2: "Daughters of the Pharmacist Kim" (1964, Yu Hyun-Mok). . . . Nov. 21 at 8:15 and Nov. 23 at 5: "My Mother's Tenant" (1961, Shin Sang-Ok). . . . Nov. 22 at 2:30 and Nov. 25 at 6: "Eunuch" (1968, Shin). . . . Nov. 22 at 6 and Nov. 25 at 2:30: "Daughter of the Flame" (1983, Im). . . . Nov. 22 at 8:15 and Nov. 24 at 2: "The Aimless Bullet" (1961, Yu). . . . Nov. 26 at 2:30: "Dream" (1964, Shin). . . . Nov. 26 at 6: "Gilsodom" (1985, Im). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 3 and 6: "Frontierland/Frontierlandia" (1995, Jesse Lerner and Rubén Ortíz-Torres; in English, Spanish, and Nahuatl, with Spanish and English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 3 and Nov. 23 at 2:30: Four short films by Peter Greenaway. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6 and Nov. 24 at 2:30: "The Trial of the Tilted Arc" (1985, Shu Lea Chang) and "Railroad Turnbridge" (1976, Richard Serra). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 7:30 and Nov. 23 at 5: "Strong Medicine" (1979, Richard Foreman). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 5 and Nov. 25 at 3: Three short films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6:30: "Trying to Kiss the Moon" (1994), directed by Stephen Dwoskin, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 3: Two short films by Edin Vélez. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 6: "I, a Man" (1968, Andy Warhol).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A continuing program of films from Arab countries. Nov. 20 at 2 and 6:15 and Nov. 21 at 4:15: "The Greedy Ones" (1991, Raymond Boutros; Syria). . . . Nov. 20 at 4 and 8:15: "Fertile Memory" (1980, Michel Khlefi; Palestine). . . . Nov. 21 at 2 and 9: "The Black Market" (1946, Kamil al-Telmassani; Egypt). . . . Nov. 22 at 2 and 6:30: "The Triumph of Youth" (1941, Ahmed Bedrakhan; Egypt). . . . Nov. 22 at 4:30 and 9 and Nov. 23 at 6:15: "Navigators of the Desert" (1984, Nacer Khemir; Tunisia). . . . Nov. 23 at 4 and Nov. 24 at 8:30: "A Touch of Fear" (1969, Hussein Kamal; Egypt). . . . Nov. 23 at 8:15 and Nov. 24 at 4: "The Extras" (1993, Nabil al-Maleh; Syria). . . . Nov. 24 at 6: "The Sin" (1965, Henri Barakat; Egypt). . . . Nov. 25 at 2 and 6:15: "Life or Death" (1954, Kamal al-Sheik; Egypt). . . . Nov. 25 at 4 and 8:30: "The Band and the Bracelet" (1986, Khairy Bishara; Egypt). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6:30: "Shooting Lily" (1996, Arthur Borman). . . . ¶ Weekend showings for children. Nov. 23-24 at 2: "*Godzilla* vs. *the Smog Monster*" (1972, Yoshimitsu Banno).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A program of films directed by, or starring, Ida Lupino. Nov. 23 at 2: "The Bigamist" (†). . . . Nov. 23 at 4: "Road House" (†). . . . Nov. 24 at 2: "Private Hell 36" (1954, Don Siegel). . . . Nov. 24 at 4: "They Drive by Night" (1940, Raoul Walsh).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—Nov. 26 at 7: "The Pawnbroker" (†). . . . Nov. 26 at 9:15: "Europa Europa" (†).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—A program of films by Jacques Rivette; in French, with English subtitles. Nov. 20-23 at 7 and Nov. 24 at 3: "Up/Down/Fragile" (1995). . . . Nov. 23 at 3 and Nov. 24 at 6: "Céline and Julie Go Boating" (1974). . . . Nov. 25-26 at 7: "Hurlevent" (1985). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 7:30 and 9: "Wings of Desire" (1987, Wim Wenders; in German). . . . ¶ Nov. 20-21 at 9:45: "Pulp Fiction" (1994, Quentin Tarantino). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 7 and 9, Nov. 22 at 6 and 10, Nov. 23 at 10:30, and Nov. 24 at 10: "Gold" (1972, Bob Levis). . . . ¶ A program of films by Raymond Depardon; in French, with English subtitles. Mr. Depardon will be present at some of the screenings. Nov. 22 at 8: "Reporters" (1980). . . . Nov. 23 at 7: "Les Années Déclic" (1985). . . . Nov. 24 at 5: "Empty Quarter" (1985). . . . Nov. 24 at 7:45: "Délits Flagrants" (1994). . . . ¶ Nov. 22-26 at 10: "Saturday Night Fever" (1978, John Badham). . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 9: "Rocco and His Brothers" (1960, Luchino Visconti; in Italian).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.—The 13th Annual Israel Film Festival, through Nov. 26 (except Friday), will screen feature, documentary, and short films. Among those being shown are "Lovesick on Nana Street," directed by Savi Gabizon, and "Underdogs: A War Movie," directed by Doron Tsabari and Rino Tzror. (For information about other titles and schedules, call 957-0951.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—The thirtieth anniversary of the New York Exposition of Short Film and Video will be held Nov. 21-23 in the Tishman Auditorium. (For information about titles and schedules, call 505-7742.)

Learn Another Language on Your Own!

Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Many were developed by the Foreign Service Institute of the U.S. Department of State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 10 to 12 audio-cassettes (10 to 18 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook. Some of our courses.

☐ Arabic, Saudi	$185	☐ German I	$185	☐ Latvian	$185	☐ Slovak	$185
☐ Egyptian	$185	☐ German II	$155	☐ Lithuanian	$135	☐ Spanish I	$185
☐ Bulgarian	$245	☐ Greek	$185	☐ Mandarin	$185	☐ Spanish II	$165
☐ Cantonese	$185	☐ Haitian Creole	$225	☐ Norwegian	$125	☐ Swedish	$185
☐ Catalan	$185	☐ Hebrew	$255	☐ Persian	$185	☐ Swahili	$225
☐ Czech	$125	☐ Hungarian	$195	☐ Polish	$185	☐ Tagalog	$295
☐ Danish	$135	☐ Italian	$185	☐ Portuguese	$215	☐ Thai	$195
☐ Dutch	$125	☐ Japanese	$185	(Brazilian)		☐ Turkish	$195
☐ Estonian	$295	☐ Korean	$195	☐ Romanian	$115	☐ Ukrainian	$195
☐ French I	$185	☐ Lakota	$185	☐ Russian	$255	☐ Urdu	$185
☐ French II	$215	☐ Latin	$160	☐ Serbo-Croatian	$195	☐ Vietnamese	$225

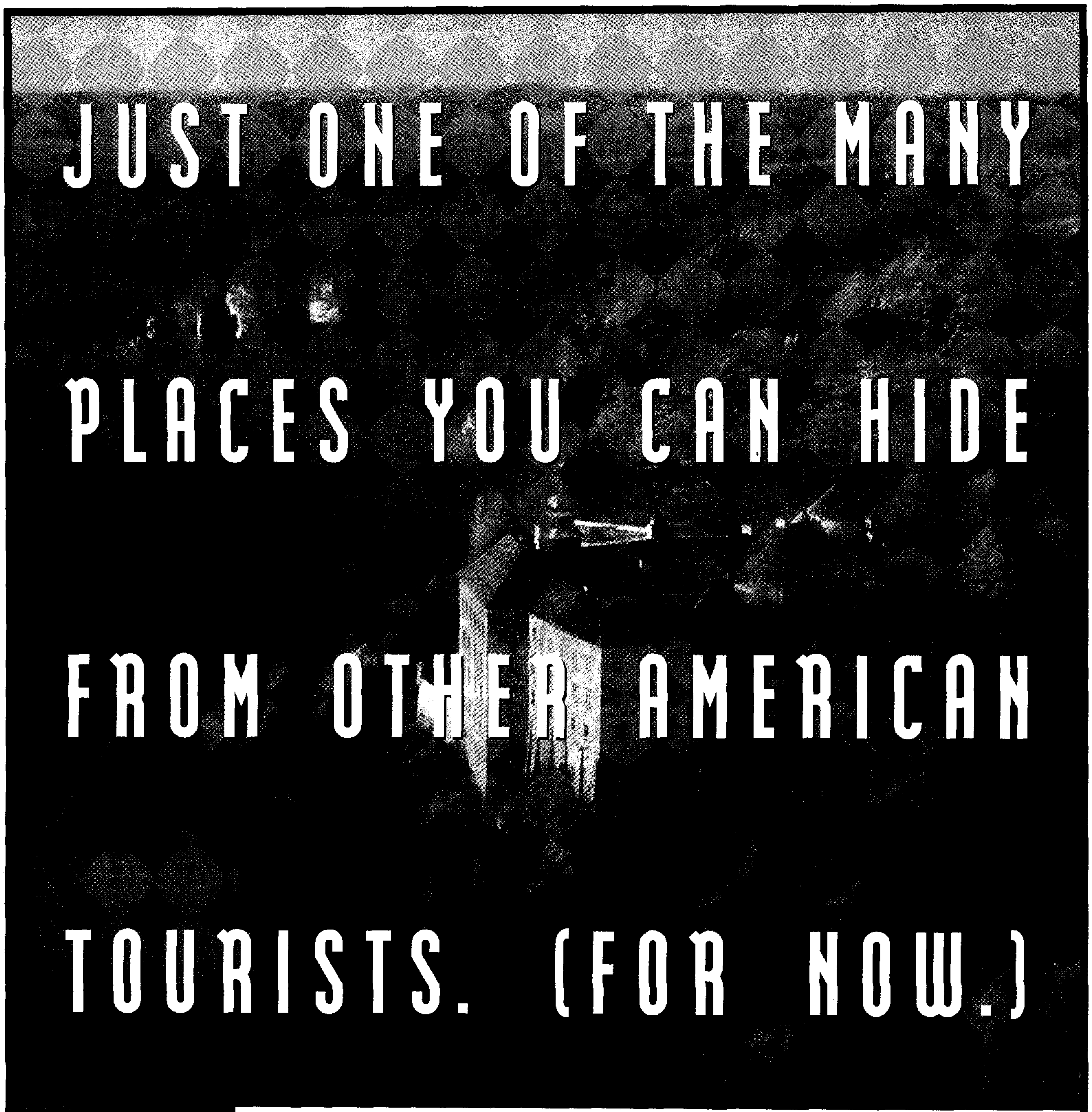
You can order now with a full **3-week money-back guarantee:**

Call toll-free **1-800-243-1234**, fax (203) 453-9774, e-mail:74537.550@compuserve.com

Or clip this ad and send with your name and address and a check or money order–or charge to any major credit card, by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature. Ask for our free 56-page *Whole World Language Catalog* with courses in 96 languages. Our 25th year.

AUDIO-FORUM®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Audio-Forum, Room 3832, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794



JUST ONE OF THE MANY PLACES YOU CAN HIDE FROM OTHER AMERICAN TOURISTS. (FOR NOW.)

While Poland has charming medieval cities like Warsaw and Krakow, filled with world-class hotels and restaurants, we also have pastoral villages like the ones you'll find in the Sudeten Mountain region. Where you're as likely to spot a horse cart as you are a car. And where your hotel can be a fifteenth-century castle straight from a fairy tale. (That won't cost you a king's ransom.) LOT can get you there faster than ever before. In addition to non-stop flights from New York and Chicago, we now have an alliance with American Airlines that gives you one-stop check-in from Miami and Los Angeles. So you can get to your castle in plenty of time to raise the drawbridge behind you.

LOT THE POLISH AIRLINE

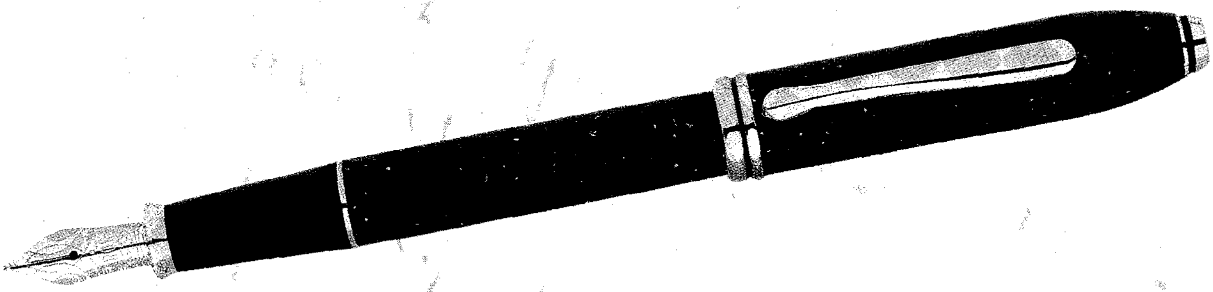
AA AmericanAirlines®

Call your travel agent or 1-800-223-0593. Or visit http://www.lot.com

Participating Authors (list in formation) • Diane Ackerman • Stephen Ambrose • Martin Amis • James Atlas • Lauren Bacall • Nicholson Baker • Dave Barry •
Gurney • David Halberstam • Philip Hamburger • Pete Hamill • Joseph Heller • Carl Hiaasen • George Higgins • Jules Feiffer • A.E. Hotchner • Philip

Louis Begley • John Berendt • Scott Berg • Daniel J. Boorstin • Patricia Bosworth • Barbara Taylor Bradford • Jimmy Breslin • Christopher Buckley • A.S. Byatt • Robert Caro • Susan Cheever • Deepak Chopra • Mary Higgins Clark •
Howard • Tama Janowitz • Mary Karr • Barbara Kingsolver • Maxine Hong Kingston • Jesse Kornbluth • Harold S. Kushner • John Lahr • Norman Mailer • Steve Martini • Christopher Mason • Armistead Maupin •

Imagine a letter so powerful that it could change the lives of 40 million Americans who can't even read it.



CROSS® invites you to participate in the Letters for Literacy Auction.

To help combat adult illiteracy, more than 80 of the world's most eminent writers have joined forces with CROSS® and The New Yorker. The result, the Letters for Literacy Auction, is your chance to own a personalized, handwritten letter from one of these writers on topics ranging from art to orchids. All proceeds will benefit **Literacy Partners**, an organization devoted to teaching adults to read and write.

The Letters for Literacy Auction will take place on **December 5, 1996**, at **Sotheby's. But you don't have to be there to bid.** For more information about Letters for Literacy or to receive a bid sheet, including a list of writers and topics, call 1-888-702-9049. Or visit The Book Report on America Online (keyword: TBR).

CROSS® FINE WRITING INSTRUMENTS and THE NEW YORKER present Letters for Literacy

Richard Rhodes • Anna Quindlen • George Plimpton • Joyce Carol Oates • Peggy Noonan • Michael Moore • Mary Tyler Moore • Lorrie Moore • Gita Mehta
• Clarissa Pinkola Estés • Nora Ephron • James Ellroy • Bret Easton Ellis • Dominick Dunne • E.L.Doctorow • Frank Deford • Clive Cussler • Mario Cuomo • Michael Crichton •

Ken Follett • Richard Ford • Marshall Frady • Paul Fussell • John Kenneth Galbraith • Henry Louis Gates, Jr. • Ellen Gilchrist • Brendan Gill • Nikki Giovanni • Stephen Jay Gould • Francine du Plessix Gray • John Guare • A.R.
Lillian Ross • Joan Ryan • William Safire • Carolyn See • Neil Sheehan • Gail Sheehy • Anita Shreve • Dr. Spock • James Stewart • William Styron • Calvin Trillin • John Updike • Tobias Wolff • Bob Woodward •

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

GUARDIAN ANGELS

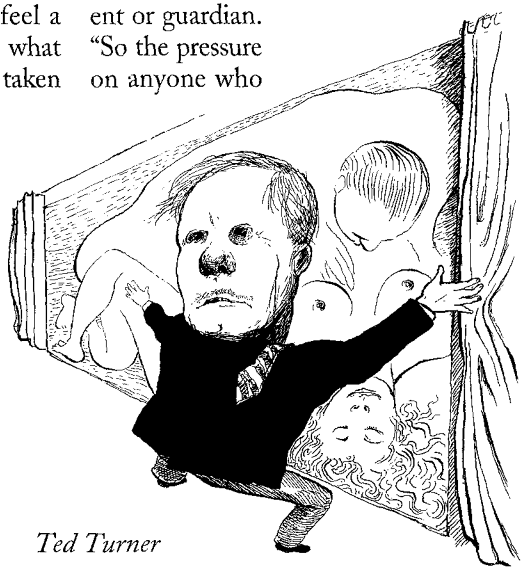
A SPECTATOR of the culture wars writes: For a while there, Bob Dole had me worried. Back in those halcyon days when his campaign was young, Dole denounced the entertainment industry for promoting "casual violence and even more casual sex" and for producing—well, "nightmares of depravity." Even though he seemed to forget about the nightmares of depravity almost as soon as the words were out of his mouth, they've haunted me ever since.

Lately, though, I've begun to feel a bit better. No, not the election. It's what I call the guardians of dreams. I've taken to reading the entertainment trade papers, and it was there that I discovered them. They've been around for a while, but they seem to be growing ever more protective.

One of the guardians is Ted Turner. A while back, Mr. Turner protected us by deciding not to let one of his many entertainment companies release Anjelica Huston's directorial début, a TV movie called "Bastard Out of Carolina," based on the novel by Dorothy Allison, because it gave him—this is the word in Hollywood—"incest concerns." More recently, Mr. Turner attempted to block the U.S. release of "Crash," a film by David Cronenberg, based on a J. G. Ballard novel, about the bizarre eroticism of car crashes. The film had won a jury prize at the Cannes Film Festival and been No. 1 at the box office not only in France but in Canada, where it opened last month. Mr. Turner declared, "I personally was appalled and am appalled by it. The people with warped minds are going to love this movie—I worry about the first teens that try it."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD COALE

Mr. Turner didn't mention that most teens wouldn't be able to try "Crash," since the movie has been rated NC-17. Of course, the rating system was, in a sense, our original guardian, having been created largely to protect the country from the nightmares. But it hasn't quite worked out that way. I called up the depraved Mr. Cronenberg, who told me, "The assumption now seems to be that every movie made should be watchable by a kid, that is, should be rated R"—which allows children to be admitted when accompanied by a parent or guardian. "So the pressure on anyone who wants to make a grownup movie is enormous. NC-17"—which bars entry to children under seventeen—"has become like an X. Blockbuster Video won't even stock NC-17."


Ted Turner

Happy about his movie's success in France, Mr. Cronenberg began doing publicity junkets to prepare for the film's scheduled October 4th release date in the United States. And then something funny happened. "I was on my way to New York," he said, "when my assistant tells me, 'You know, it's very strange, but Fine Line'—the U.S. distributor—'is not returning my calls anymore.' Finally, I got a phone call from the marketing guy, saying they'd decided to hold off release until next year. I said, 'You must be kidding. How will we keep the momentum?' Immediately there were all these rumors. Then someone said, 'You know, I bet it's Ted.' This had never occurred to me. Finally, someone admitted it *was* 'a Turner problem'—that essentially he had made it clear that he would be very displeased to see the film released. And, as an executive put it to me, 'if you are approached on this level, it is a real-world problem and you can't go running to the contracts to save you.' " (Fine Line insists that postponement was strictly a marketing decision.)

A guardian had struck, and Mr. Cronenberg found himself with few options. "At first, we said, 'Well, let's just take it away from Fine Line and give it to someplace else.' In the old days, the obvious place would have been Miramax, but now they're owned by Disney and so they have Disney's 'No NC-17' problem. There's October Films and a couple of other places, but they're much, much smaller. There *was* no place else to go."

A good deal of the guardians' power, as Mr. Cronenberg discovered, derives from the increasing concentration of the entertainment business. For instance, Blockbuster—which is part of the Viacom entertainment empire—rents twenty-five per cent of all videos in this country, and Wal-Mart sells about eight per cent of all compact disks. Because Wal-Mart refuses to sell any disks with "warning labels," bands are now omitting certain songs from their albums, bleeping out or changing words that might be objectionable, and even airbrushing details off album covers.

I can't help wondering where all this diligence is carrying us. Can you truly have a "marketplace of ideas" when the number of shops seems to be steadily shrinking and the remaining merchants are growing ever more powerful?

The more powerful the guardians are, the more fickle they can be. Turner recently announced that "Crash" would open after all, in March, insisting, according to the L.A. *Times*, that "the decision was made above me" (without specifying who he meant by *that*).

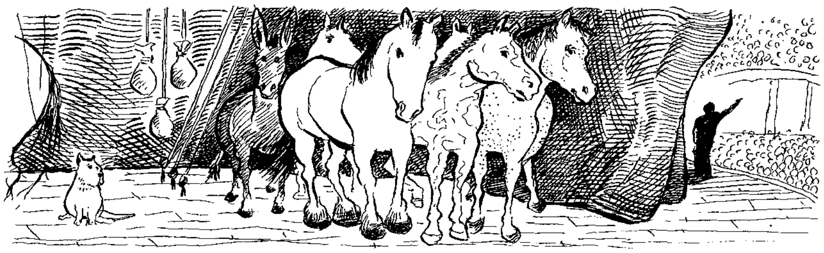
I'm also worried about what's rumored to be happening with the new movie version of Nabokov's "Lolita." The film has a big director, Adrian Lyne ("Fatal Attraction"), pretty big stars (Jeremy Irons, Melanie Griffith), a famous story, a forty-million-dollar budget—and so far has no American distributor. I called the press agent, who denied that there was a problem. But I wasn't convinced, so I called an old friend in Hollywood—a wily producer. I was advised to calm down. "Yes," she said, "the climate is different—you could certainly argue that today's audience is more bluestocking, very sensitive to the exploitation of minors. But, frankly, perverts have never been a huge factor in opening a movie."

She went on to speculate that the real reason "Lolita" hasn't yet found an American distributor is that "dirty movies don't work—they don't 'open.' I mean, look at the record: 'Showgirls' tanked, 'Striptease' tanked—and that had Demi Moore. And what's Adrian got? An unknown fifteen-year-old girl. Believe me, if some distributor was convinced 'Lolita' would open, they'd be all over it."

The problem is an unknown fifteen-year-old girl? I couldn't help but wonder what Nabokov would say to *that*. After all, he saw himself in the tradition of Dante and Poe, taking on a perennial subject of art—obsessive love. I think he would have just shaken his head and smiled.

A NIGHT AT THE HORSE OPERA

At eight o'clock on a recent night backstage at the Metropolitan Opera House, there were two donkeys, two horses, and three dogs waiting in the wings for their walk-ons in Franco Zeffirelli's new production of "Carmen." The director likes to tell people he puts a lot of animals onstage in the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi. Zeffirelli wasn't there just then. Human conversation in the semi-darkness was muffled. Barbara Weir, who owns a talent bestiary called All-Tame Animals and had cast the "Carmen" menagerie, seemed satisfied. "Zeffirelli puts animals in *everything*," she said. "He put two dogs in 'Don Giovanni,' and 'Don Giovanni' hadn't ever had a dog in it before."



The two horses—a black quarter horse named Sargeant and a bay American saddlebred named Bach—had walked from a trailer parked on Amsterdam Avenue, through a tunnel in the Met's garage, and then up a long corridor whose burgundy carpet had been carefully covered with brown paper. Cathy Mallary, a technical assistant at the Met, explained, "The chorus is persnickety about horse droppings."

It was the horses' first opera experience, and they had been cast as Spanish military steeds because of their "placid temperament" and "good looks," said Paul Novograd, who owns the Claremont Riding Academy, on West Eighty-ninth Street, where the horses live. "They're boring in a good way," he added. "Some horses we can't let out the front door. They just can't cope with the real world."

Sargeant was tall and rigid and looked as if only bad men with truncheons should ride him, not Plácido Domingo, who would. Both horses were wearing rubber shoes so they wouldn't slide. To prepare for their parts, the Claremont horses had had a recording of "Carmen" (with Domingo and Tatiana Troyanos) played for them "ad nauseam" in the barn. Now Domingo as Don José strolled over. "How's the baby today?" he asked Sargeant. Sargeant stared into space. The bass who was singing Zuniga, Jeffrey Wells, appeared, and the two men climbed up on the horses, using a mounting block so as not to split their breeches. Off they clomped.

Sargeant and Bach spent the second and third acts of "Carmen" resting in their trailer. They munched on hay held by nets swinging on ropes. Siberia, Novograd's tallest horse, a white American saddlebred with a high-set head and neck, had been waiting in the trailer all along, perhaps lonely, since he wouldn't make his entrance until the fourth act.

For Act IV, Novograd's three horses were joined by four fourteen-hundred-pound Belgian-cross horses, named Juliet, Katie, Brian, and Charlie, from the Chateau Stables, on West Forty-eighth Street. The Belgians were veterans of the opera stage, having started their careers years ago. They had big, kind-looking heads, thick legs with tousled hair above their hooves, enormous hindquarters, and, as Novograd noted, somewhat snobbishly, "feet like dinner plates." Their owner, Gloria McGill, said, "If they do nothing else, they do 'La Bohème' every year. Katie is particularly good at pulling a hansom cab."

When the seven horses moved toward the wings for "Carmen" 's closing act, the floor seemed about to collapse beneath them. "Juliet needs her hooves painted!" someone said. "Everybody's feet are shiny except Juliet's." A handler quickly brushed a mixture of hoof oil and baby oil on Juliet's hooves. One of the less experienced Claremont horses dropped some manure. Another handler rushed over with a shovel; it was gone very fast. With the swells of the bullfight music, it was time for the equestrian climax. Siberia pranced onstage with tremendous grace, and Novograd's other horses followed. And at last the Belgians rumbled out to the lights—immense and bored—to the greater glory of St. Franco.

THE EXECUTIONERS' SONGS

At the end of a week in which the District Attorneys of Manhattan, Queens, and Staten Island declined to seek the death penalty in cases involving the murders of a Manhattan store owner

BREITLING
1884

CHRONOMAT

The rugged and compact CHRONOMAT was designed and developed in cooperation with the crack pilots of Italy's elite *Frecce Tricolori* flying team.
Probably the world's favorite up-market selfwinding chronograph, its crisply technical good looks and straight profile are designed for total functional convenience. The BREITLING CHRONOMAT: mastering time with the ease and efficiency of the *Concorde*'s sleek flowing lines.

Mechanical chronograph

Designed for service in the demanding, split-second world of fighter aircraft, the CHRONOMAT is easy to handle and operate, measuring times from $\frac{1}{5}$th second to 12 hours and providing intermediate and cumulative flying times when needed. Its rotating bezel with rider tabs can be used to set a time reference or deadline.
Available in steel, steel and gold or 18K yellow or white gold. Leather strap; PILOT or ROULEAUX bracelet.

AUTHORIZED BREITLING AGENT:

WEMPE
Exquisite Timepieces & Jewelry

700 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
TELEPHONE (212) 397-9000

INSTRUMENTS FOR PROFESSIONALS

whose head had been smashed against the sidewalk, a couple who had been killed by a burglar in their home, and a fourteen-year-old girl who had been stabbed to death in another burglary, the *Daily News*' editorial page cried, "What's a guy gotta do to get executed in this town?"

When the New York State capital-punishment law went into effect, in September of 1995, legal experts predicted that fifteen to twenty per cent of murder cases annually would be "death-eligible." It hasn't worked out that way. After fifteen months, only about sixty cases—five per cent of the total—have been found to satisfy the law's requirements; of these, the state's prosecutors have sought the death penalty in a grand total of eight cases. The pattern, according to the *News*, is evidence that the criminal-justice system "has been compromised by city prosecutors who are eviscerating the capital-punishment statute."

It's true that four of the city's prosecutors have publicly voiced their opposition to capital punishment. But, in fact, as law-enforcement officials are beginning to realize, the greatest obstacle to death-penalty prosecutions is the law itself, which was carefully drawn to pass constitutional muster and apply to only the most brutal crimes. "I don't think everybody fully appreciated the fact that so many of the cases would not be death-eligible under the bill as it was ultimately enacted," the Queens D.A., Richard A. Brown, said earlier this fall. Probably the most heinous act that has occurred in Queens since the law took effect was the cold-blooded murder, last November, of a bodega owner and three others, allegedly by four men armed with an "Uzi-like" semi-automatic pistol. It seemed exactly the sort of case for which the new law was created. But, Brown says, the lone survivor could not identify the shooter; and since "acting in concert" with a killer is not a capital crime according to the statute, the crime was not death-eligible. Other crimes have not qualified because it could not be proved, as the law requires, that the defendant intended to kill his victim. Even a gung-ho prosecutor like Westchester County's Jeanine Pirro has yet to pursue the death penalty.

The prosecutors' reluctance to bring capital charges even in the few cases that meet the new law's standards probably has as much to do with tactical considerations as with moral ones. As one public defender pointed out, "Prosecutors are wary of juries being particularly rigorous in a capital setting." Thus the Staten Island D.A., William Murphy, explained a recent decision not to go for the death penalty by pointing out that the accused killer of the teen-age girl, Vincent Wilson, had no record of prior violent crimes, had been hospitalized for mental problems, and had a history of drug abuse. A jury might therefore find that "mitigating factors" outweighed the "aggravating factors."

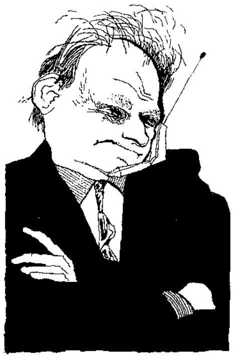
Sources familiar with the Queens case point out that the defendant, Fabian Romain, is relatively young—twenty—and has no prior violent-crime record. Moreover, evidence suggests that the killer did not premeditate the murders. The most controversial case is bound to be that of John Royster, who has reportedly admitted to four savage attacks on women, including one who died and the young pianist whose beating in Central Park this past June prompted considerable outrage. Manhattan's District Attorney, Robert Morgenthau, won't discuss his reasons for not pursuing the death penalty in the Royster case, but the accused man's history of psychiatric problems undoubtedly figured in the D.A.'s decision to go for life imprisonment without parole. (Wilson, Romain, and Royster have all pleaded not guilty.)

Brooklyn's Charles Hynes says, "I doubt very much if I'll still be in public life when the first execution in New York State is carried out." Perhaps the death penalty had to be enacted in order to become irrelevant.

ICKY WICKET

SCARCELY had the lights come up on the triumphant ending of "The Comeback Kid II" than the Bill Clinton Patrol was spurred into action over the news that the President had committed yet another personnel gaffe of unspeakable proportions. To the lengthening list of Clinton stalwarts who have been defenestrated on the ground of political inconvenience was added the name of Harold M. Ickes, the White House deputy chief of staff, who had been the President's top trouble-shooter during the campaign. His sudden departure from the inner circle was effected when the President announced that he was naming as his next chief of staff not Ickes but his golf and card-playing buddy, the Southern businessman Erskine Bowles, who had made the deputy's removal a precondition of his own ascension. It was a shot heard round the Tidal Basin.

As has so often been the case during the Clinton years, the fault lay less in what was done than in how it was done. Besides being a principal architect of the victorious campaign, Ickes may have been one of the most polarizing figures on the Clinton team—as famous for his fondness for profanity as for his tireless devotion to the President—but even his enemies didn't think he deserved to read about his fall in the *Wall Street Journal* instead of first hearing it from the boss. The arch-conservative commentator Robert Novak was so outraged that he rushed to the arch-liberal's defense in furtherance of the larger cause of bashing Clinton. Novak praised Ickes as a "disciplined, loyal lieutenant" who "bore strong similarities" to his celebrated father and namesake, the charter New Dealer who had been one of Franklin Roosevelt's closest confidants.



Harold M. Ickes

An informal polling of former Clinton lieutenants who had suffered a similar fate produced reactions ranging from "stunning" to "fucking outrageous." Several of them said that there had even been a term coined for the way the President who wants to feel our pain avoids confronting situations in which he might inflict some. They call it "the Clinton treatment." One victim likened it to the "Argentine tradition—people are just 'disappeared.' "

Inevitably, there were a few on the Clinton Patrol who took the long view. Lyn Nofziger, who was one of Ronald Reagan's closest advisers and who is now a Beltway lobbyist, said, "Every President I've ever known was terrible at delivering the bad news. Nixon was; Reagan was. And I'd bet you so was every other President in our lifetime. It's hard for them to go from wooing people to screwing people. They're the sort of person who seeks approval—that's why they want to be President." ♦

"Guardian Angels," Mark Danner; "A Night at the Horse Opera," Alison Rose; "The Executioners' Songs," James Traub; "Icky Wicket," Jane Mayer.

TASTE THE WARMTH
OF FINE COGNAC
BLENDED WITH THE
SMOOTH PLEASURE OF
A LEGENDARY LIQUEUR.

DOM
B&B
B&B
THE
COGNAC
LIQUEUR
Taste the best of both worlds.

BENEDICTINE Liqueur and Cognac
B&B and BENEDICTINE are registered trademarks of Benedictine S.A.
©1995 imported by Bacardi Imports Inc., Miami, FL. Liqueur 40% Alc by Vol.

A wonderful gift for the holidays

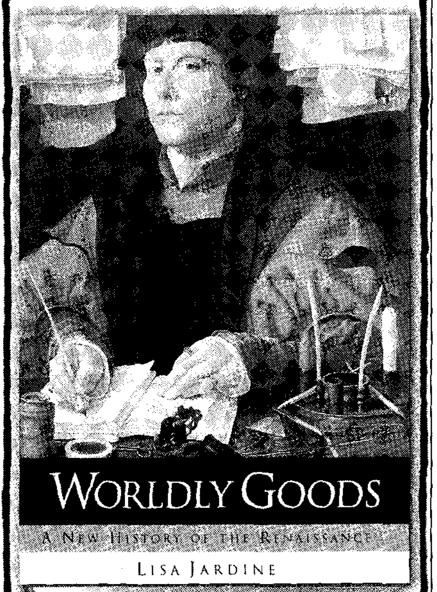
"A lively... startling vision... an entirely new approach to the Renaissance."

—Anthony Padgen, Professor of History, King's College, Cambridge

"New insights into a world in which knowledge was not only power, it was a commodity, to be purchased and owned and displayed."

—The Sunday Times

One of the world's foremost Renaissance experts has written a book as provocative and captivating as the era it evokes. Lavishly illustrated and highly accessible, this adventure-filled tour brings the golden age alive as never before.



33 color plates • 190 b&w illustrations

Available wherever books are sold
A Selection of Book-of-the-Month Club,
History, and Fortune Book Clubs
Visit our web site at www.bdd.com

Nan A. Talese • Doubleday

THE SPORTING SCENE

ONE FOR THE GOOD GUYS

A melodramatic World Series made the Yankees champions once again—and cuddly at last.

BY ROGER ANGELL

BASEBALL, a sneaky quick-change artist, sometimes arranges a dramatic shift in the look and feel of a game in the middle innings, even from one pitch to the next, but more often it is orderliness and the apparent stability of things—what we knew about these teams and these two pitchers, what we sensed about them in the first couple of innings—that is confirmed in the end. Now that the pastime has brought down the curtain on another season in customary fashion, with a storm of confetti and shouting and (it's hard to believe) the promise of another owner-induced labor crisis, it's a treat to think back on the post-season just departed, not only for the sparkle and grinding tension of the 1996 games but because they represented the most astounding shift in a baseball reputation since Pete Rose. The upset victory—well, almost an upset—pulled off by the Yankees over the defending Atlanta Braves, who were playing in their fourth World Series in the nineties, was the first championship for the Pinstripes since 1978, but this was almost less of an achievement than their apotheosis and captivating stroll down the runway in the role of Miss America. For a third of the century, the Yankees have presented themselves as the sports equivalent of imperial Rome. For them, bygone emperors and Praetorians can never die, and bewreathed shades of Ruth and Gehrig; DiMaggio, Berra, and Ford; Casey and Billy; Reggie and the Mick still shuffle about the Bronxian temple, rearranging their togas and clearing their throats during every losing streak. The Yanks' twenty-two prior World Championships, their thirty-three pennants, their thirty-eight plaques in the Hall of Fame, those thirteen "retired" uniform numbers, the weepy pregame encomiums on the center-field video screen to the recent or not so recent dead—Mickey Mantle, Mel Allen, Thurman Munson—have been made inescapable ingredients of each fan's visit to the Stadium. Visitors are also enjoined by the management to visit Monument Park, out by the bullpens: a Kremlin wall of the sport where twelve panegyrical monuments or embronzements have been added to the piquant scattering of stones and tablets that once looked in at us from deep center field.

The burden of this relentless and irrelevant P.R. during the Yankees' long struggles to regain their October form can at last be thrown aside—what a load it was!—and we are free to celebrate the new champions not for what they represented but for what they were: a competent though far from overpowering amalgam of engaging young stars and gritty hired guns who absolutely enjoyed themselves and each other during a succession of hairbreadth escapes in the late going, and were almost as entranced as the rest of us when they won. The Yankees—who'd have thought it—had become lovable.

How did we love them? Let us count the ways. Because they didn't spit. Because they didn't just hit home runs. Because of their fans (including one hooky-playing twelve-year-old from Old Tappan, N.J.). Because of their luck—oh, man, were they ever *lucky!* Because of Cecil's forearms—and his hands. Because of Derek and Bernie. Because Paul (it turned out) could still run, and Straw (it turned out) could still field. Because of Doc's no-hitter. Because of Macarena Night. Because of Mo Rivera in the seventh and eighth, and John Wetteland in the ninth. Because of John's cap. Because of George—no, scratch that; this is about *love.* Because of Zimm. Because of some umps (let's face it). Because of Joe Torre, yes.

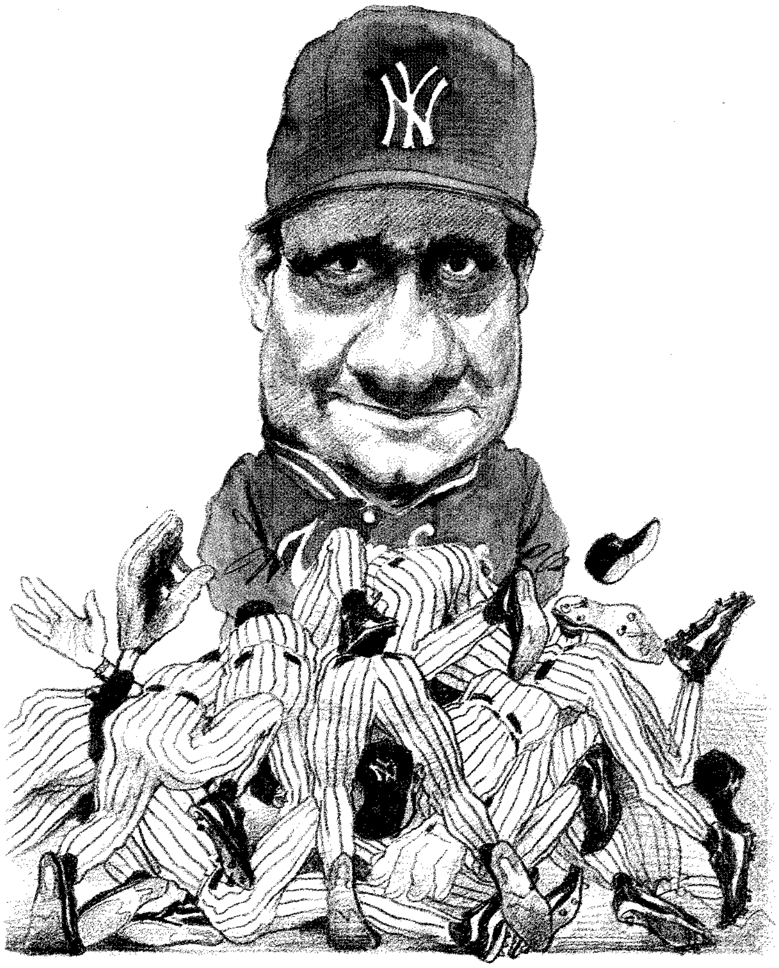
Enamored rooters for other freshly crowned major-league champions have been known to come up with stuff like this in the days and nights just after a

World Series, but rarely in recent baseball times has the doting run so deep. One would have to go back to the 1979 rival Pittsburgh and Baltimore clubs to find a similar affection, and fans of those Willie Stargell "We Are Family" Pirates, as I recall, did not include many new converts like—well, like me. I mean, sophisticated old baseball cognoscenti with a fully developed, long-standing coolness toward the club in question, who this time were absolutely turned around by six weeks' worth of terrific hometown ball. Not every New Yorker came over to these Yanks in the end, but the holdouts were rare and flinty of heart. Encountered in the elevator on the morning after Bernie Williams's eleventh-inning homer had beaten the Orioles in the first A.L. Championship playoff game, an upstairs neighbor of mine held up a warning hand when he saw my face and announced, "I hate the Yankees."

"But this Yankee team is *different*," I insisted. "Last night—"

"Fuck 'em," he said, and we finished the journey in silence.

Charlie and a few others aside, this was a local baseball autumn to savor, not so much because the Yankees won a World Championship as because so many of them seemed to be involved in the process. In spite of the club's sixty-six-million-dollar payroll; its blue-chip tenured stars like David Cone, Wade Boggs, Paul O'Neill, and John Wetteland; its between-season acquisitions of old pros Joe Girardi, Mariano Duncan, Tino Martinez, and Kenny Rogers; its midsummer trade for the weighty Cecil Fielder; and its brilliant revival of Darryl Strawberry, picked up by Mr. Steinbrenner from the Northern League St. Paul Saints, these Yankees habitually presented and appeared to relish a scuffling, low-rent, anxiety-prone form of ball, in which the club, by defense or pitching, or even by moving up an occasional base runner, attempted to scratch out a lead until it was Rivera time, with Wetteland waiting to turn out the lights. The team won twenty-nine of the thirty-one regular-season games in which the pair appeared—most often, it felt, inch by excruciating inch. This sort of effort requires a deep and busy roster. Everyone gets to play, because there aren't enough outs left to wait for the power hitters to come up again, and fans learn to expect the brief contributions of a middle-inning pitcher like the bankerish sinkerballer David Weathers or the trooper-erect Jeff Nelson; to notice that Tim Raines, back in the leadoff spot once again, has just rapped his third single of the day; to realize afterward that it was Bernie Williams's tag-up at first base that led to a critical late-inning run; and, in their mind's eye, still see the looped single to right by young Ruben Rivera that beat the Orioles in the tenth inning that September night.



Joe Torre watched over every pitch and play of the Yankees' championship, but his players took care of the party on their own.

DAVID LEVINE

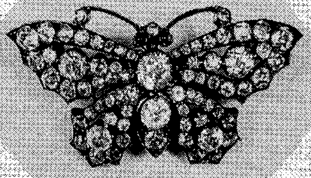
Watching the home side battle back on the scoreboard feels familiar to us only because of baseball movies, where the Mammoths or the Titans slowly but routinely make up lost ground against the bad guys, up in those little boxes. Real-life games may shift in tone, but the true turnaround doesn't come along very often—especially in the majors, where the first team to score in a game wins about seventy per cent of the time. Except this fall. Trailing in the eighth inning, in the ninth, in the fifth, in the eighth, in the eighth, in the fifth (by six runs), and then still in the eighth (by three), the Yankees won all six of those October games—and five more. Who cares about the 1927 immortals? Who needs the 1961 champs? These '96 Yanks wore us *out*.

THE Yankees slipped into first place in their division on April 30th and stayed there (despite some late lurches), but their new era of good feeling almost predated their success. For me, their spring clubhouse in Tampa felt different because of Dwight Gooden. In recovery from a year and a half of baseball exile, imposed after repeated drug-code violations, he looked like a soul released: a look that sports fans—and non-sports people, too, of course—have come to recognize and perhaps at last think about a little. His early struggles on the mound were almost pitiful, but everybody on the roster seemed to stop by his locker each day to bump fists with him or say a word, and his gratitude and excitement over the club's patience with this double rehab were touching. Owner Steinbrenner gets full marks here, and so do Manager Torre and his staff.

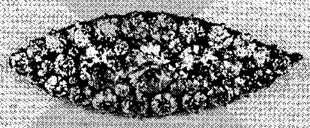
Gooden's no-hitter against the Mariners on May 14th felt like a deserved miracle. I came home from the movies or someplace that night and turned on the set in time to see him reeling and strug-

SHRUBSOLE

From our Collection of Victorian Diamond Jewelry



Diamond Butterfly Brooch c. 1870 $15,000.



Diamond Brooch c. 1890 $25,000.

Pair of Diamond Earrings c. 1870 $27,500.

104 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022
Tel. (212) 753-8920 Fax. (212) 754-5192

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think. Allows you to perform.

One Hundred And Ten Dollars

CA Residents: One Hundred Eighteen Twenty-Five

Feather Weight Version In Navy Only: Ninety-Five Dollars

Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, Navy, Lt. Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Emerald, Vicuna, Fuchsia, White.

VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041
415 967 3123

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

A BEAUTIFUL COPPER BIRDBATH

Hand-crafted of solid copper. Standing 3 ft. tall with a 21 inch pan, it will complement your landscaping and be an elegant gift. Call for info and/or brochure. $195 + S&H.

COPPERSMITH'S 508-842-7438

gling toward the finish line. He threw a wild pitch, a grunting fastball to an outer corner, and a slew of careful, dipping sliders. There was a scary play out behind first, where Tino Martinez scuttled on hands and knees toward the bag, too late for the out: an error, the scorer said. Doc's motions—the sudden swipe across his forehead with his glove tip, the storklike leg-lift—were familiar but no longer magical. In the closeups, he had lost the sphinxlike impassivity that he wore during his lengthy declining run with the Mets; now he was a sweating, workaday pitcher, battling like anyone else to hold things together. When it was over (it was Gooden's first no-hitter), my eyes were damp. Then the phone began to ring—old Mets friends, yelling and carrying on.

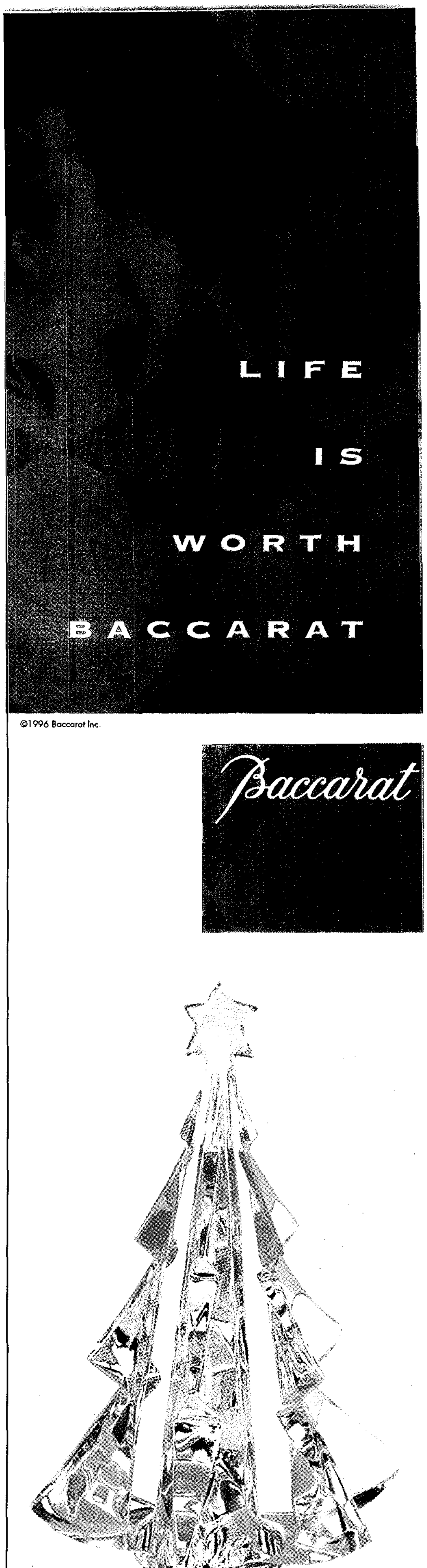
Other good stuff showed itself early, as three young homegrown stars stepped forward. Derek Jeter, a twenty-two-year-old rookie, imperturbably took over at shortstop and outperformed the more breathtaking Mets phenom across town, Rey Ordonez, at least at the plate. Mariano Rivera, a great young arm, a smoothie, was suddenly untouchable after 10 P.M. The stringbean Bernie Williams—scratching that surveyor's line in the dirt with his bat, boyishly jumping in the air over a big ball-four call, and turning on tough inside pitches like a young Yastrzemski—at last became the charismatic, middle-of-the-order, middle-of-the-field leader that scouts and prior managers had foreseen and had almost begun to despair of. And so on. When David Cone went down with an aneurysm in his pitching arm, early in May—a shocking blow—Andy Pettitte and Gooden (he went ten-and-two before wearing out, understandably, in late summer) and the restored Jimmy Key firmed up almost visibly, as did the middle-inning relievers. And when Cone, back from surgery, reappeared on Labor Day his seven no-hit innings delivered an E-mail message to the rest of the league about the Yankees' plans for themselves in the remainder of the going. Stopping by the clubhouse late in the summer, you'd spot Tino Martinez and Joe Girardi, say, visiting or eating with Paul O'Neill or Mariano Duncan or Tim Raines or Wade Boggs, and sense something about the team that was rarer than mere winning: the Yankees were grownups.

Joe Torre, the familiar onetime National League Gold Glove catcher and M.V.P., and ex-Mets, ex-Braves, and ex-Cardinals skipper, and just lately the All Greater Metropolitan, Italian-descended, Marine Park-born, St. Francis Prep-educated Manager, Father, Brother, Husband, and Everything Else of the Year, felt like a perfect fit for this mature bunch when he arrived this year, making it clear from the outset that the only Yankee business at hand was to win. No one—well, no one since Casey Stengel—had moved into the manager's office at the Stadium with more aplomb and fewer glances upstairs. Eighteen years as a major-league player and fourteen as a major-league manager had produced in him a calm tension that appeared impervious to ego or job anxiety. Perhaps because his Yankees did so well so quickly, his looks and managerial accoutrements, taken together, became an essential part of the mix. His saggy, dark-eyed gaze and rumpled face, with those late-game streakings of his lucky red candy around the mouth ("You look like you're wearing lipstick," observed the umpire Jim Evans during the Series); his prairie mortician's gait and glumness when he headed for the mound to remove a pitcher; his Don-like (Calabria, not Oxford) sidewise tilt and cocked ear for the ceaseless dugout gerbillings and counsellings of his bench coach Don (it's his name) Zimmer; his refusal to explain away strategic late-game moves that had gone sour; and his instinctive support for a young infielder or rival manager suddenly in the soup were job qualifications of a high order in his impossible post. He got along famously with the implacable New York media pack, partly from prior acquaintance during his five years of managing the Mets, but more because his instincts were toward openness and information, and away from the more common managerial traits of concealment and blather. "I try to avoid situations where you want to save your ass," he murmured at one point. More than just quotable, his responses took the dialogue to the right place. Asked after the game if he had seen a television replay of the hotly disputed home run (or fly-ball out) against the Orioles which was intercepted by the twelve-year-old Jeffrey Maier in right field, Torre said, "Did anyone see a replay of Bernie's home run?"—the Yankee homer that had indisputably won the thing. Prodded about another ump's call in another hard game, he said, "The umps weren't very good, but we were worse." Asked if he was happy about Strawberry's at-bats during a 1-for-10 slump, he said, "Straw isn't happy about his at-bats."

Other managers pick up this stuff, to be sure, but Torre is a natural, whether as a fan ("I can't sleep after we win and after we *don't* win") or as the weary older father (he's fifty-six) of an eight-month-old daughter: "We're both up three times every night. We're on the same schedule." When the whole Torre family was catapulted into tabloid and local-channel immortality after Joe's older brother Frank's replacement heart was stitched into place at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, late in the week of the World Series, the worn-down manager (by now he looked like a Beckett character) appeared to accept this ferocious assault on his privacy and patience as another part of the job. Facing the massed TV cameras, he answered all the reporters' questions (and then answered them again for the latecomers): he told how, just back from Atlanta in the middle of the night, he'd found the telephone message indicating that Frank's long-awaited heart had turned up at last; told what he'd said to Frank and what Frank had said to him before he went into the operating room; repeated what the doctors had said and what his super-fan sister, the Ursuline nun Sister Marguerite, had prayed and had said; discussed his pitching and his batting order and his dinner plans. Just another day at the office. The next evening, he was back uptown managing another tough game—the one that ended with the tying Braves runner still at third base and with Torre, pinned on the bench in an armlock, enduring a lingering kiss from Don Zimmer.

An umpire died on the field on opening day in Cincinnati; Roger Clemens struck out twenty batters in a September game against the Tigers, just ten years after he first performed the feat (he walked no batters in either game); Tom Lasorda at last stepped down as Dodger manager; and the Mariners displayed their new, six-foot-three shortstop, Alex Rodriguez, who batted .358, with thirty-six home runs, in the first flowering of what looks like a remarkable career. Nothing further will be offered here in summation of the 1996 season and its divisional-level playoffs—there it goes: bye-bye!—except a numerical footnote to mark the 4,962 home runs smacked this year (five hundred and four more than the old record), and the seventeen hitters who attained the once sacrosanct forty-homer level. I was there, in any case, for the most famous round-tripper of the year, which was hit by Derek Jeter and caught (in slipshod fashion) by Jeffrey Maier, a foot or two above the upstretched glove of Oriole outfielder Tony Tarasco at the foot of the right-field porch at the Stadium. My seat for the notorious event was deep in the auxiliary press rows behind third base, and for a time I had no more idea about what had happened (our press-box TV monitors were down) than Rich Garcia, the right-field-line ump, who amazingly only saw the ball disappear into the stands. Then I realized that Tarasco, pointing upward and shooting out his other arm like a cash-register drawer, was reënacting the caper à la Marcel Marceau. (He was lighthearted about it in the clubhouse later on, repeatedly describing the kid's swipe as a magic trick. "Merlin must be in the house," he said.) The homer stood, after an epochal beef, the Yanks won, and Jeff Maier got to come back to the Stadium the next day and sit in the *News* box behind the Yankee dugout. His fame, it is certain, will last a bit more than fifteen minutes. Whatever his fate or future, every year or couple of years or five years for the rest of his life he can expect a telephone call on the date—perhaps to the site of his archeological dig in far Uzbekistan, or his dental clinic in the Paramus Mall—and the voice of some scrounging faraway feature writer, saying, "Hello, Dr. Maier? Jeffrey? Aren't you the Jeff Maier who—" Jeff, say hello to Ralph Branca.

The Orioles didn't play very well in the League Championships, which the Yankees walked away with after three stifling wins at Oriole Park, thus sustaining their deep-voodoo 9–0 winning spell over the O's at home. The critical truth that came over me (and the Orioles' home rooters, too, I imagine) as play unfolded was the insufficiency or unreliability of air power—the home



SOME TREES NEED NO DECORATION.
THE NEW BACCARAT CHRISTMAS TREE, $175.
AT BACCARAT, 625 MADISON AVENUE
AT 59TH STREET, NYC. 800-777-0100
AND OTHER FINE SPECIALTY STORES.

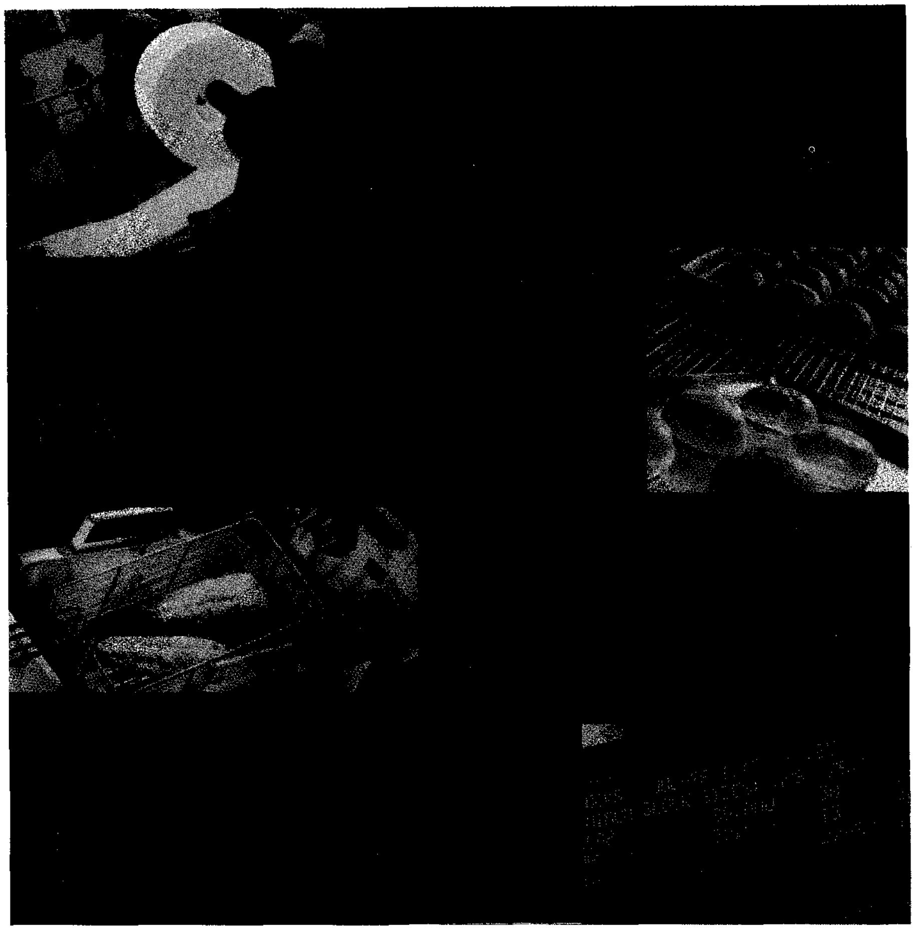
BIG MOON BREWERY
FOOD DRINKS
EST. 1913
Alphonso's Martinium
ALPHONSO'S MARTINIUM
MARTINIUM
W. Miller

run, that is—as a reliable strategic force. From my seat in the second row of the left-field upper deck, the cramped Camden Yards playing field, with its tight foul lines and short, quirkily angled outfield fences, felt like a subdivided suburban plot. You could go out and play here, but *watch out!* I could easily see how the O's had whacked their record two hundred and fifty-seven homers here this year, but even as the variously arcing or streaking or ricocheting dingers now began to fly about the place—some suddenly disappearing below my feet—they seemed to become less interesting as the games progressed, if only because the Orioles offered so little else in their own behalf. Thirteen of their nineteen runs in the series were scored on homers, but they never stole a base, rarely moved a runner, and left ten men to die on second or third base in the late innings. The celebrated center of their defense showed startling flaws—a weakness in Cal Ripken's throwing, and even some uncertainty by Robbie Alomar, an infield star of the first magnitude, whose between-the-wickets error in the final game opened the floodgates for a six-run Yankee inning. Nothing is gained by replaying here the infamous earlier moment when Alomar, in a late-September game, spat in the face of umpire John Hirschbeck after a disputed call at home plate. It might be noted, though, that the ultimate victim of the league's insufficient reponse to this offense (a five-day suspension, to be served when play resumes next April) wasn't the fans or the umpires but Alomar himself. Unshriven by the more obvious and appropriate penalty of immediate dismissal from all further games this year, he will now always be remembered, I believe, not just for his incomparable skills but for a guttersnipe moment that he cannot retract or repay.

“How come baseball makes everybody feel so *happy*?” a New Jersey woman (a daughter of mine, if truth be told) asked me over the phone the morning after David Cone's critical and steely 5–2 win over the Braves in the third game of the World Series. I can't remember what I said, but part of the answer could have been that the game, often at the very last instant, allows half the fans to feel the excruciating relief of not being on the other side. As parable, let's cut to the fourth Series game, down in Atlanta, where the Braves, the defending World Champions and familiar October-baseball habitués, had matters well in hand after five innings, leading by 6–0 and heading smoothly toward a 3–1 lead in this Series, which they'd begun by simply trampling the Yankees in the Bronx, winning by 12–1 and 4–0—and thus sustaining a post-season outburst of unmatched offensive ferocity in which they'd outscored their opponents by forty-eight runs to two. (Perhaps understandably, a dangerous smugness had begun to infect the Atlanta sports philosophes, with one local columnist suggesting that it was scarcely worth the bother of playing out such a one-sided Series, and another murmuring of the Braves, “Theirs is a higher standard.”)

Now, to be sure, the visitors scored three comeback runs in the sixth inning, on some singles, a walk, and a little Braves error out in right field, but the home-side reliever, Mike Bielecki, quickly struck out three Yanks in a row, ending the threat. Not to worry. Hanging around for the seventh-inning stretch, the happy Atlantans root-root-rooted for the home team, essayed a bit of farewell woo-wooing and forearm chopping, here and there flaunting those foam-rubber tomahawks, and then, in considerable numbers, began to file down the aisles, headed for home. You couldn't blame them: it was after eleven, and tomorrow was a school day. This Series was a lock, and they'd catch the rest of the Braves' win on the car radio. In one respect, at least, Yankee fans now suddenly had the better of it, for the vast majority of them were already *at* home, eight hundred and fifty miles to the north, where they were following the gloomy proceedings via Fox TV. Well, maybe one more batter, most were thinking—you couldn't blame them, either; it was another one of those late, overstuffed games—and they waited while Charlie Hayes's little lead-off nubber in the eighth rolled gently up the third-base line like a windup toy and died there, still two inches fair: an eighty-five-foot single. Laughing and shaking their heads—isn't baseball *weird*—they hung on a bit longer, waiting for the next thing.

All sports are eventful, but baseball, unlike the others, sometimes becomes situational as well, suddenly presenting its participants—the players and the fans



New efficient electric technologies can give American business a big competitive edge. How? By saving energy. Lots of it. Which allows us to produce higher quality goods faster and for less money. ▨ Electrically powered steel mills use 50% less energy and cut production time significantly, which results in higher profitability. Commercial ovens and electric induction fryers cut cooking time and energy use. They also emit less heat which reduces kitchen cooling costs. Infrared auto paint drying cuts energy use by 90% and greatly speeds production. ▨ These savings go right to America's bottom line. And, the same energy efficiency that makes the economy hum helps keep the air clean. American business is more productive than it's ever been. Today's energy-efficient electric technologies are one of the primary reasons why.

Electricity

The power to make life better

© Edison Electric Institute ,1996

together—with as many interconnections and possibilities and opportunities for interesting disaster as a Cheever Thanksgiving dinner. More and more relatives turn up and crowd in around the table, some of whom you didn't expect to see here at all, somebody is pouring another round of drinks, and suddenly there doesn't appear to be enough silverware or stuffing to go around. Nerves and certainties are fraying, cousins are eying each other apprehensively, voices are raised in the kitchen. Something awful is about to happen. How hot it is in here. How *fraught*.

Three batters along, with Mariano Duncan on first and Hayes now on third, Jim Leyritz, a late replacement, stood in to face the Braves' fireballing relief stopper, Mark Wohlers—a right-hander-vs.-right-handed-batter setup, and thus comforting for the Braves. Wohlers threw a fastball—a ninety-eight-mile-an-hour streak that Leyritz swung at smoothly and fouled back. Leyritz, a backup catcher, has a quirky style at the plate. After each pitch, he spins his bat forward in his right hand like a baton twirler, and when he steps back in, ready to swing, he stiffens his left leg and delicately points the foot forward in an almost feminine balletic gesture. On this at-bat, he also wore on his left elbow a thick, clunky-looking brace that looked like Japanese armor: protection for a painful bruise he'd sustained when struck on the biceps by a pitch in a playoff game against the Orioles.

Leyritz took a ball, then another, and, still putting a good swing on the ball, fouled off two more pitches. The home crowd had gone quiet, and up in the press box behind the plate you could hear the Yankee players, on the top step of their dugout, barking encouragement to Leyritz. Another pitch arrived—a slider this time, a slider that didn't slide—and Leyritz hit the ball over the left-field fence, tying the game and changing this World Series for good.

Although altered, the game situation persisted, thickening in detail and possibilities as the pitchers and batters came and went for both sides. We were in Atlanta, which meant National League rules: no designated hitter. Under these classic conditions, a tie game in late innings becomes a crisis in slow motion, with each manager glancing at his bullpen and his dwindling list of pinch-hitters, which he must match up, of course, against the right-handed or left-handed remaining pitchers on the other side, while also focussing on the possibilities from the point of view of his opposing skipper. Fans, happily surveying the field and studying their filling-up scorecards, in fancy begin to enter the minds of the rival managers:

Joe Torre (top of the ninth; two on and two out): *Look at Cecil out there, leading off second again. I sure don't want to lose his bat if this goes another inning, but he's no Road Runner, and how will I feel if we get a safe knock here and he gets thrown out at the plate? Damn . . . To run for him or not to run, that is the question. Well, O.K.—get Andy Fox out there. Sorry, Cec. Now we'll get a hit and go ahead in this thing, for sure.*

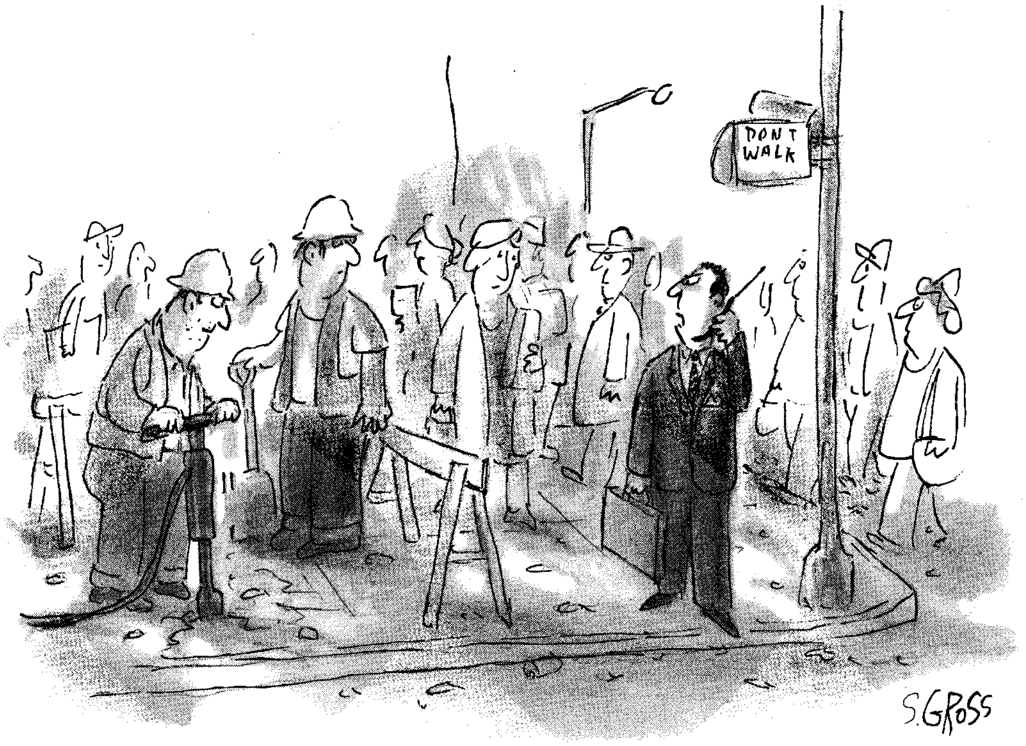
It didn't happen.

Bobby Cox (top of the tenth, two out, with Yankee base runners Tim Raines on second base and Jeter on first): *Well, here comes Bernie Williams up, wouldn't you know it? This guy killed the Rangers and killed the Orioles, and I'm not going to let him kill us here. I'll never hear the end of it if I put him on and the front guy scores, but it's sure as hell the right thing to do this time.* (He signals for the intentional base on balls to Williams.) *Who will they bat here—it's gonna be Boggs, bet your butt on it.*

Joe Torre: *Yes. Now. Finally it's Boggs time. All we need is ball four, Wade baby!*

Torre had already wheeled in five pinch-hitters or runners, and six pitchers (forty-one players got into this game before it was done, including thirteen pitchers and five different third basemen), and for him to have Wade Boggs, a five-time American League batting champion with a deadly eye for the strike zone, still available to pinch-hit in this extremity was a miracle of conservation. Steve Avery, the incumbent Braves pitcher, worked manfully at the task, throwing a one-and-two strike or near-strike that Boggs let go by and that ump Steve Rippley called a ball instead. Wincing, Avery delivered another ball and then ball four, forcing in the go-ahead run.

The thunderstruck Bobby Cox (we will skip a further visit to his noggin here, out of respect), beckoning in a fresh pitcher named Brad Clontz, also took care of the suddenly imperative need to play his last offensive card by simultanously inserting his left-handed slugger, Ryan Klesko, in the game, routinely switching the two names on his lineup card so that Klesko would lead off the Braves' half of the inning. Nothing, however, can be routine about a tenth-inning contretemps in the World Se-



"Do you mind? I happen to be on the phone!"

…ne [illegible]
…u [illegible]
Do it again.

It's rare that something to wear can actually bring you closer. But once or twice in a lifetime, it can happen. Like this holiday, when you give her the StarTAC™ wearable cellular phone. Marrying the style of a necklace and the sound of your voice. With the stunning technology of Motorola.

Something this precious could *only* be available at Motorola Signature locations. To find the one nearest you, call 1-888-STARTAC, or visit us on the Internet at www.STARTAC.com.

MOTOROLA

What you never thought possible.™

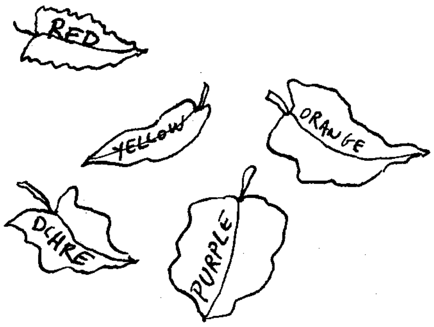
Ⓜ, Motorola, StarTAC and *What you never thought possible* are trademarks of Motorola, Inc. © 1996 Motorola, Inc.

ries. Idly regarding the Troy-like panorama below, the baseball gods noticed that Klesko, an indifferent fielder who had to take the field *somewhere* on this no-d.h. diamond, was playing first base, and arranged for the next Yankee batter, Charlie Hayes, to send up a soft little pop fly that Klesko somehow lost in the lights as the Yankees' insurance run came barrelling home. Later on—after Joe Torre and Don Zimmer had finished pounding and yelling at each other ("Wow! Wasn't that—!" "Shut up—who's pitching next?") and Klesko had struck out and Wetteland had come on to finish up and the reporters had cranked out their comparisons between this epic and the Mookie Wilson–Bill Buckner sixth game in the 1986 series—Torre said, "That was the best game I've been involved with, ever. Nothing else comes close."

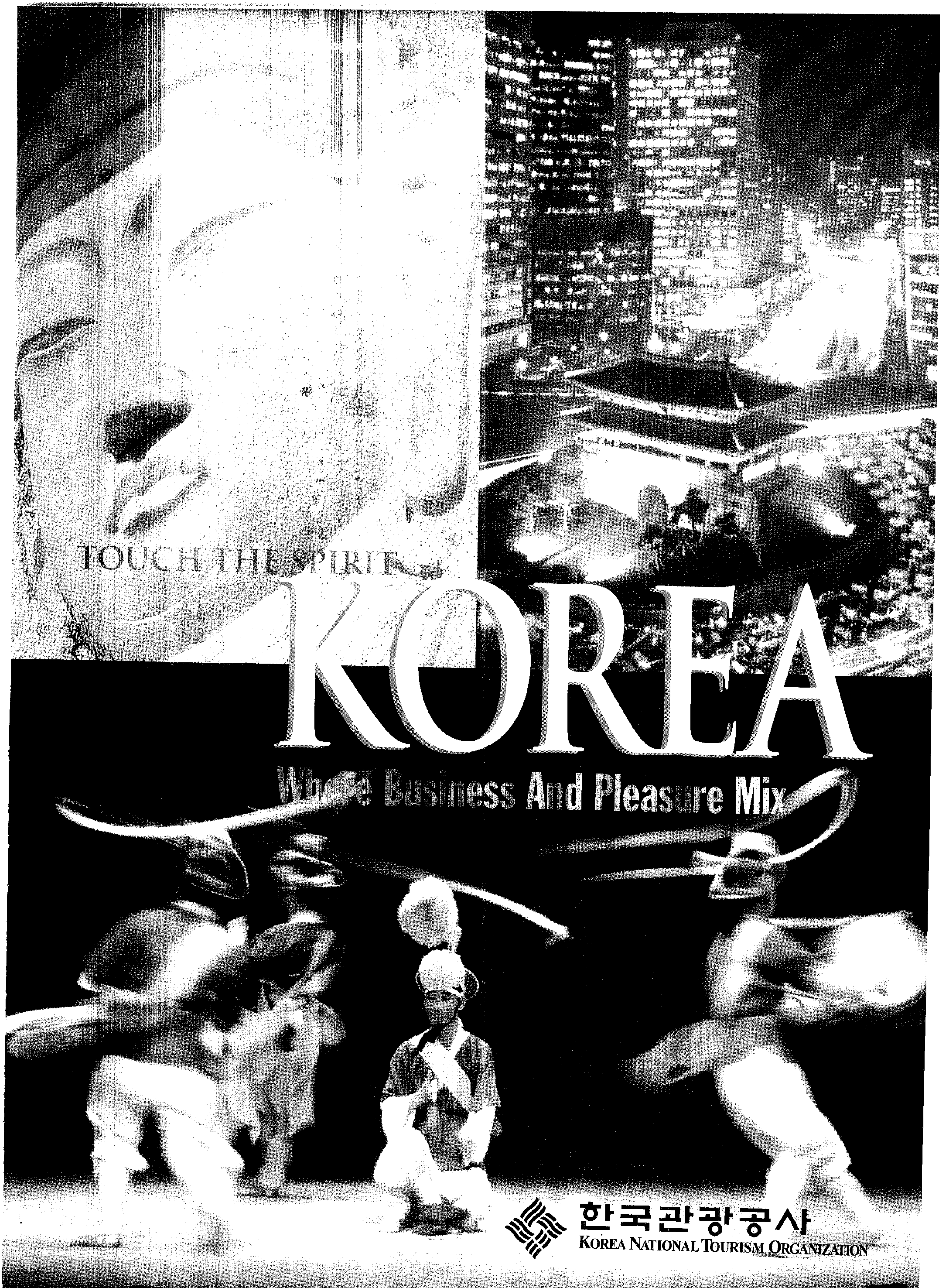
BASEBALL anxiety, which is to say baseball happiness, came in a different flavor the next night, when Andy Pettitte, matched against the Braves' John Smoltz in a face-off of this year's potential Cy Young Award winners, fired an edgy, hold-your-breath shutout that the Yanks won, 1–0, thanks to a fly ball that Marquis Grissom dropped in center field for a two-base error, and a Fielder double. Pettitte, who numbed the Atlanta batters with his tailing fastball, also contributed a pair of breathtaking defensive plays in the sixth, nervily barehanding a bunt and firing to third base for a force, and then, on the very next pitch, pouncing on a comebacker to begin the game's backbreaking double play. Sudden events like this can make careers, and for Pettitte—David Cone said it—this game was a defining moment. The win, nailed down when O'Neill caught up with Luis Polonia's drive to deep right center, wrapped up the Yanks' unlikely sweep down in Atlanta. They had won all eight of their post-season road games this year, which is unheard of, and that 8–6 comeback, the longest post-season game ever played, was the second-biggest turnabout in World Series history.

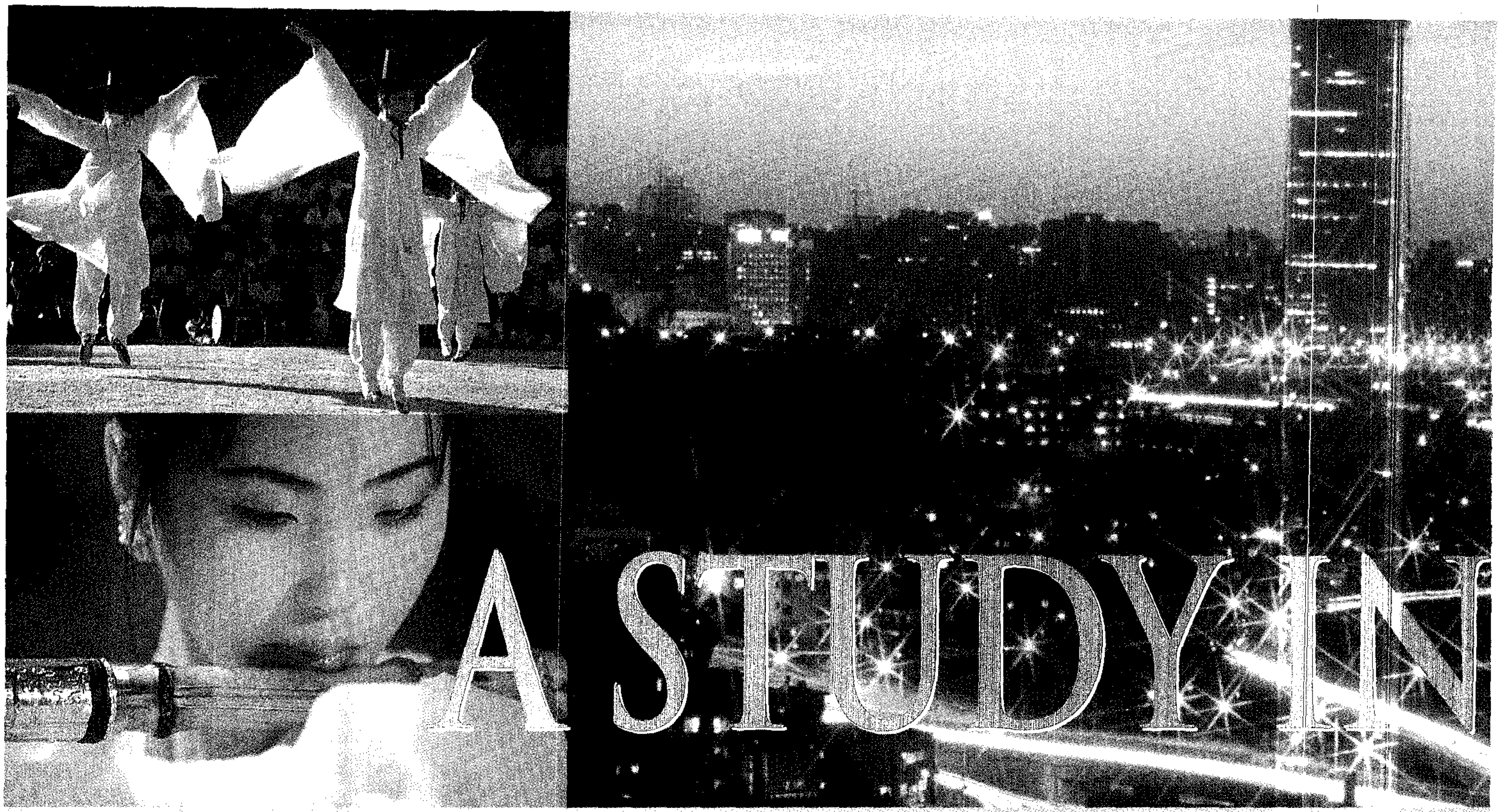
WE know the rest. The Yankees, back before their home hordes, scored all three of their runs in a third-inning flareup against the near-invincible Greg Maddux, with Joe Girardi contributing that rarest and most thrilling sight in baseball's catalogue, a triple over the center fielder's head. Jimmy Key, the Yankee starter, had inordinate trouble throwing strikes but never gave in, refusing to deliver the inviting, problem-solving, game-risking pitch up over the plate. Wetteland wrapped up, after practically inducing mass heart failure when he gave up three singles and the Braves' second run in the ninth, and the Yanks went into their pigpile. They had conquered a proud and powerful and (I heard this everywhere) unlikable team, after beating their unmatched trio of starters: Tom Glavine, Smoltz, and Maddux. Beat them in the toughest, most grudging competition imaginable, because the three did not exactly fold up: their combined earned-run average in these games, as they probably won't forget, was 1.23. Maddux, a four-time winner of the Cy Young Award, went out in style, saying, "Obviously, it hurts losing, but the atmosphere here is matched nowhere. It's exciting to be out there on the mound in front of people going freaky. It's wild. Even though we lost, in a while we're going to appreciate being in this place."

As always happens, I wanted the baseball back, even at the moment of its ending. Watching Wade Boggs up on that police horse, with his hat off and his fist in the air, and the field full of cops and debris, I kept turning back in my mind to the pleasures of Yankee baseball as it had been at this game's beginning, with the crowd, a mass somehow more tightly packed into a single body than at any other park, weaving and writhing together, rocking and boogying along between innings, to the enormous music from the videotron and sound system blasting out "Cotton Eye Joe" and "Rock and Roll (Part II)." It was better, of course, during the action, when everyone was jumping up for the play or the third strike, with their arms raised, and with that motion turning into a front-to-back moving wave, as its leaders—rows of friends together in their gear and their high spirits, all hand-slapping and high-fiving—began making those everybody-up gestures that drove me bananas even while they made me smile and got me up, too. There was the crowd sound, too—that many-thousands roar around you and above and below you, a curving, enveloping noise so deep and thick that you felt it inside your head and your stomach and lower inside you as well; sometimes the noise was so loud that the Stadium became a part of the instrument, trembling and thrumming with it, the way it has always done and was meant to do. The fans' joyfulness was there as well, along with their apprehension, with the crowd feeding on its own noise and its brash energy, and laughing at the power of its familiar deafening yells: "Oooh-oh! Oooh-oh! Oooh-oh!" and "Let's go, *Yank*-ees! Let's go, *Yank*-ees!" or, quicker, "Le'sgo*Yank*-ees! Le'sgo*Yank*-ees!" or the ancient, brisk clap-clap clapclapclap staccato—a one, two, threefourfive beat that zinged around the stands and lifted us with a quicker insistence.



This Yankee crowd is quick and dead sure of itself, and proud of its harsh, vulgar, big-city reputation as the most demanding and judgmental body in sports: the La Scala of the pastime. It knows baseball, it misses nothing, and it makes up its mind in an instant: that sudden deep "Booo!" or the irredeemable "Aaaaah-sole! Aaaah-sssole!" Plus it's funny. When the estimable Bobby Cox, his world in pieces around him, headed back to his dugout after protesting a terrible ump's call out at second base, and then got himself thrown out of the game by third-base umpire Tim Welke—they'd been wrangling all week—the bleachers and back-rows chorus did a triumphant parody of that gruesome Atlanta tomahawk chant, with its own fresh lyrics: "Fuck the Braaaves! Fuck thuh Braaaves!" and then had to stop; it had broken itself up. Yes, we had the nice victory parade and the ticker tape, with the Mayor and the Governor in their Yankee caps, and our guys, the smiling players, up on the trucks, but never mind all that now. This other stuff is what we'll want to hold on to, with winter coming along. Never mind the monuments. ♦


TOUCH THE SPIRIT...
KOREA
Where Business And Pleasure Mix
한국관광공사
KOREA NATIONAL TOURISM ORGANIZATION



A STUDY IN

As an international business center and an extraordinary place to relax and forget about business, Korea is a study in contrasts. Here the stunning skyline of its capital, Seoul, traced by glass-and-steel towers, is juxtaposed against lofty peaks whose breathtaking vistas reveal land untouched by man. Bustling, modern cities exist harmoniously with a 5,000-year-old nation that is steeped in tradition. The Land of the Morning Calm is an inviting host with two equally intriguing faces.

Each of Korea's seven regions has its own unique flavor, and each invites visitors to explore at their own pace. Discover the tranquillity and serenity of beautiful Chejudo Island, or take in all of Seoul's vibrant distractions from the Yong-in amusement park and zoo near Suwon to the Korean Folk Village, where the traditional lifestyle of the Choson dynasty is re-created. Ancient statuary and temples await throughout the country–excellent examples include the bronze Buddha of Popchusa Temple in Poun and the T'apsa Temple on Chinan's Mt. Maisan.

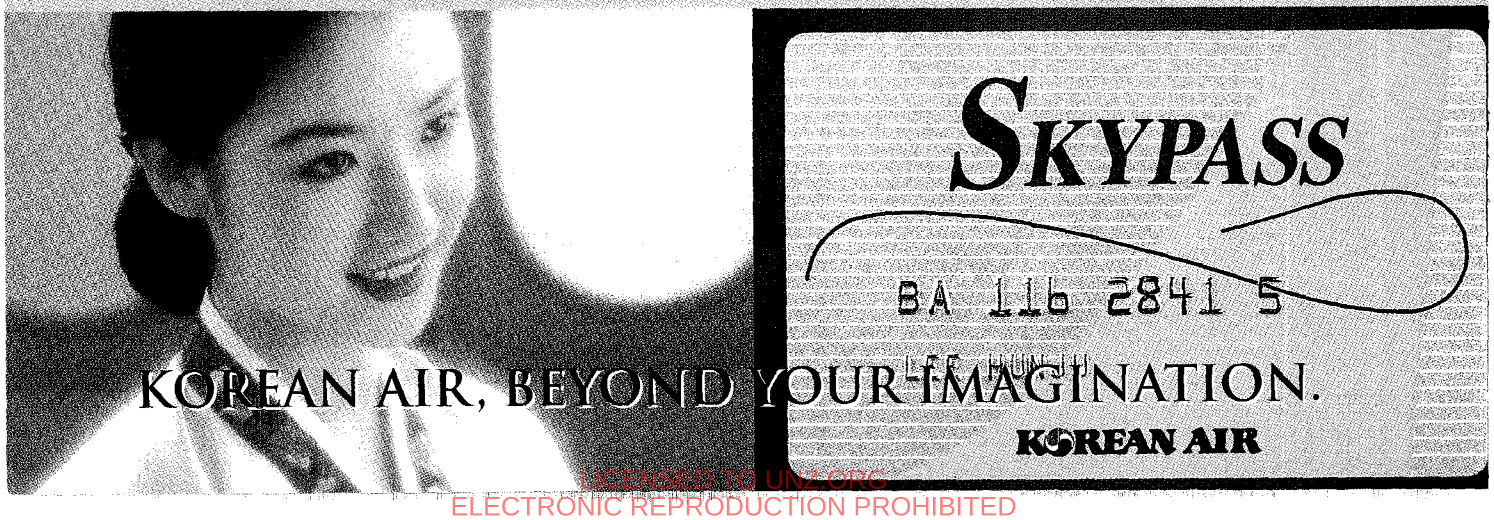
Festivals are extremely popular across this welcoming land; they are colorful and fascinating, and it isn't difficult to find one at any time of the year. Also prevalent are myriad sports for the dedicated spectator as well as the avid participant. They range from the unexpected, such as snow-skiing and windsurfing, to traditional Korean wrestling and *t'aekwondo*, the classic Korean martial art.

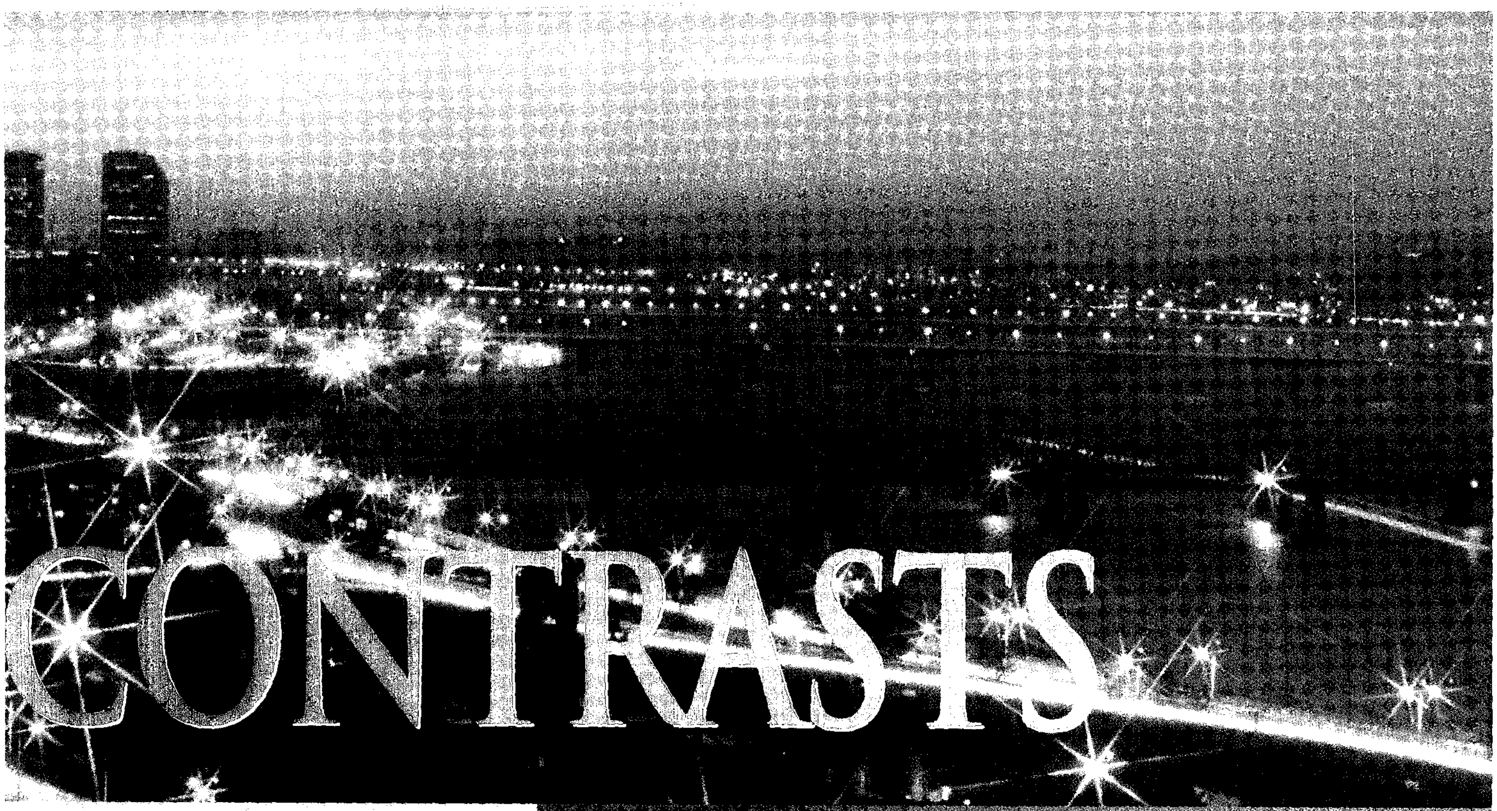
Exquisite examples of art, both time-honored and contemporary, abound. Delicate paintings, subtly patterned ceramics, and intricate jewelry all exhibit Korea's reverence for craftsmanship. While much of the country's art is displayed in museums, there is no shortage of beautiful pieces available in galleries, and these, along with antiques and hand-tailored clothes, are among the treasures most sought-after by travelers.

Beyond satisfying the lover of culture, the sportsman, and the inveterate shopper, Korea is also an adventure for the gourmet. The bountiful and tempting Korean cuisine, meticulously prepared and presented, is as much a feast for the eyes as for the mouth.

Yet with all the gifts this land possesses, what clearly distinguishes Korea are its people. They offer a kind of gracious hospitality that seems to have been forgotten in so much of the rest of the world. Warmhearted and eager, they are Korea's most precious treasure.

For more information on all that Korea has to offer, call the Korea National Tourism Organization at **800-TOUR-KOREA.**





Korean Air, now in its 25th year of serving the United States, offers travelers more than 80 flights each week from 14 gateways in the Americas. Every flight features superb cuisine sure to dazzle even the most demanding gourmet. To pamper the business traveler there's Prestige Class, the airline's business class accommodations. Truly in a class by itself, Prestige Class provides spacious seating and the kind of comfort usually found only in First Class. In fact, everything about Korean Air is special. Even their generous Frequent Flyer Program, SKYPASS, offers some surprising advantages. For information or reservations, call Korean Air's 24-hour toll-free reservation line at **800-438-5000.** For information on SKYPASS, call **800-525-4480.**

ONE OF THE VIEWS FROM OUR PRESTIGE CLASS· JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES·

If your view in Prestige Class seems just a little more expansive than what you're used to, it may be the full 42 inches of uninterrupted space you are stretching out in. Or, the fact you are seated in an area other airlines reserve for First Class passengers. **It's just one more pleasant surprise you'll find on Korean Air, and one more reason you should fly with us. Call 1-800-438-5000.**

KOREAN AIR BEYOND YOUR IMAGINATION

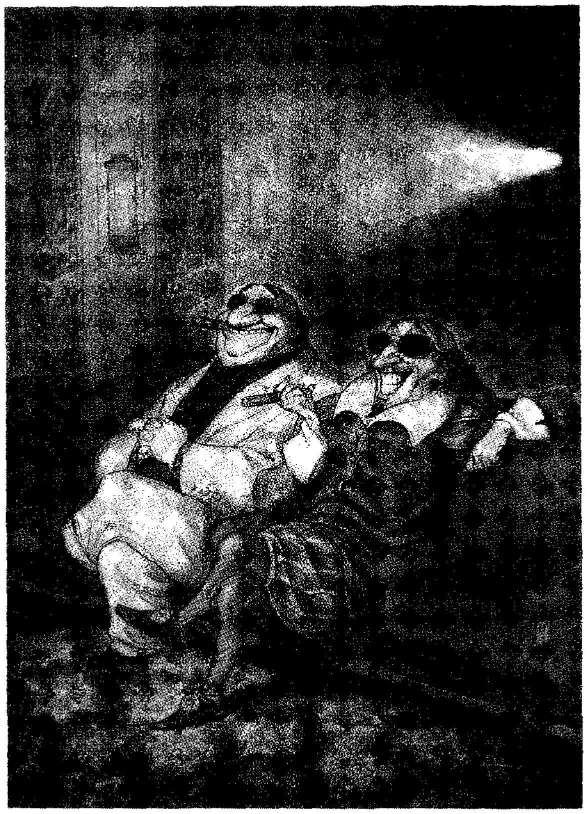
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

TIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!

What does it mean that the Bard recently hit No. 1 at the box office?

BY ANTHONY LANE



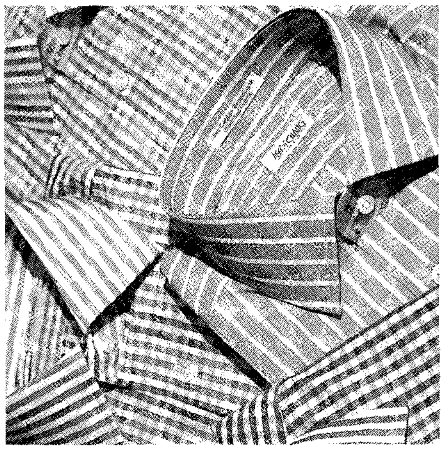
William Shakespeare: The guy behind the script.

PETER DESÈVE

IT was Rodney Dangerfield who got me thinking about Shakespeare. In "Back to School," Dangerfield plays a businessman of surpassing wealth and vulgarity who for various reasons decides to become a student again. There follows a series of low gags—Dangerfield inviting a poetry-loving babe to help straighten out his Longfellow, that kind of thing. But what struck me most was the scene in which our hero goes on a buying spree at the campus store, unleashes one of his fat-frog grins, and exclaims, "Shakespeare for everyone!"

Whether he knew it or not, Rodney was voicing one of the great ambitions of the movies. From the very infancy of the medium, stars and directors have seen an opportunity to open Shakespeare up, not merely to bring him to the attention of the masses but to convince the masses that he is ready for immediate consumption—easy on the eye, sweet to the ear. In the days of silent movies, the ear had a particularly rough deal: you might suspect that Shakespeare without words was like flying without air, but this handicap counted for surprisingly little with stalwarts such as Herbert Beerbohm Tree, who in 1899 filmed a scene from his own production of "King John." Last month, the American Film Institute festival showed a "Richard III" that was made in 1912 and had long been believed lost. The original publicity boasted of, among other things, "1500 People, 200 Horses, 5 Distinct Battle Scenes, A Three-Masted Warship, Crowded with Soldiers, on Real Water." Richard on Water sounds about as convincing as Timon on Ice, but already you can discern a two-way tug that will tauten the filming of Shakespeare for the rest of the century: for every elastic flourish of extravagance, there has been a countermove toward dramatic distillation. I like the sound, or the silence, of the 1907 French "Hamlet," which ran for all of ten minutes: you get the dirt from the ghost, skip the arras, kick the skull out of the way, and head straight for your stepfather.

In "Reinventing Shakespeare," a chronicle of the Shakespeare industry, Gary Taylor says that "in 1908 American studios alone produced ten Shakespeare films, more than in any subsequent year of the century." Taylor may



WHY AN ASCOT CHANG SHIRT IS ONE OF THE BEST IN THE WORLD...

Fabrics:
2,500 selections. From 100s 2x2 Egyptian to 200s 2x2 Swiss poplin.

Stitching:
Special needles create an almost invisible 22 stitches per inch. Other makers are satisfied with 16.

Seams:
All single needle French seams for durability and a neater classic look.

Buttons:
Only mother of pearl. Hand picked and matched. Wok shaped bottoms for easy access.

Collar Styles:
Unlimited. Every collar is designed and built to the client specific need.

Cuff Options:
15, to begin with.

Measurements:
Just the collar alone takes 7. There are 31 in all.

Body Reading:
The most critical aspect of custom shirt making. An art.

Trained Fitters:
On premise-minimum 20 years experience in every store.

Referrals:
10% of our new business comes from laundry recommendations.

Guarantee:
The same for 50 years. Satisfaction.

Pricing:
$85. to $450.

PERHAPS THE BEST?

ASCOT CHANG
A Gentleman's Shirtmaker

7 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019 212-759-3333
9551-9553 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, Ca. 90211 310-550-1339
For more information, please call 1-800-486-9966

have spoken too soon; the century is not dead yet, and there are signs that Hollywood may be limbering up to break the record. This past year has already seen a new "Richard III," starring Ian McKellen, and a flabby "Othello," stiffened only by Kenneth Branagh's Iago; last month saw the release of Trevor Nunn's disastrous "Twelfth Night," of Al Pacino's provocative and entertaining "Looking for Richard," and of a new "Romeo and Juliet," from the director of "Strictly Ballroom." Still to come are Adrian Noble's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Branagh's own version of "Hamlet," which is scheduled to run at a cool four hours.

Why this sudden gush of interest? The most depressing answer came in a queue outside a movie theatre, where I overheard someone say, "Oh, Shakespeare is this season's Jane Austen." Never underestimate the sheer horsepower of the bandwagon; all it took, perhaps, was one brief kick of rumor, three or four years ago, about Branagh and his prospective "Hamlet" to make producers gallop around in search of the guy behind the script. Whether there are more brooding, subterranean reasons for the fad—whether the time is so out of joint, as far as Hollywood is concerned, that only Shakespeare can set it right—is open to question, and I tend to prefer the more prosaic motive offered by the makers of the latest "Romeo and Juliet," who point out that, give or take a year, the play was written four centuries ago.

Anniversaries are cause for celebration, and the new "Romeo" certainly resembles nothing more than a humongous birthday party that spirals out of control. In the hands of the director Baz Luhrmann and his production designer, Catherine Martin, Verona has become modern-day Verona Beach, a lurid Latino dump patrolled by a pair of rival gangs. The opening prologue is intoned by a TV newscaster; Captain Prince rides around in a police helicopter; and a "sword" is now a make of handgun—a neat conceit that gets rid of any historical bumps in the verse ("Put up your Swords!"). For the first half hour or so, the joy of watching Luhrmann and his crew yanking every detail up to date is enough to set the audience fizzing, but gradually the inventiveness grows flat. So much energy is expended on preventing even one frame of the film from smelling of theatre, or of scholarly texts, that poor old Shakespeare—whose scholarship, whatever else you can prove about it, was quick and greedy, and whose love of theatricality extended far beyond his profession into a crystalline view of men and women as helplessly performative beings—is swept up in the druggy rush. The poetry is all but drowned out; music pumps over it as though to save the audience the constant grind and possible embarrassment of trying to follow the words. Some members of the cast, too, can do with all the drowning they can get; the howling intonations of Mercutio (Harold Perrineau) appear to be founded on the principle that if you rap and rant with sufficient brio the meaning will somehow be sprung loose like a beast from its cage. The irony is rank: here is a movie that strains every fibre to prove to a young audience that Shakespeare consists of more than John Gielgud filling the aisle with noises, but the actors end up twice as stylized, and a tenth as intelligible, as the loftiest Gielgud performance. I don't mind if the film recruits Shakespeare to the banner of hip, but I resent the covert implication that Shakespeare still, to an extent, gets in the way of the hoopla, and that the language is more hindrance than help.

THERE has long been a curious unease in the treatment that moviemakers mete out to Shakespeare: most of them revere him, but they don't trust him. They believe that he lends automatic weight to a film, but, on the other hand, they don't want to be burdened, and every director likes to devise a patent method for lightening the load. There was a notorious and admirably up-front piece of work at United Artists in 1929, when "The Taming of the Shrew" was heralded by a credit that read "with additional dialogue by Sam Taylor." Why did the studio bosses bring in Sam? I guess they got exasperated when Will failed to show up on the lot. Maybe he was too busy picking up

---

MUNGO BAYS THE MOON

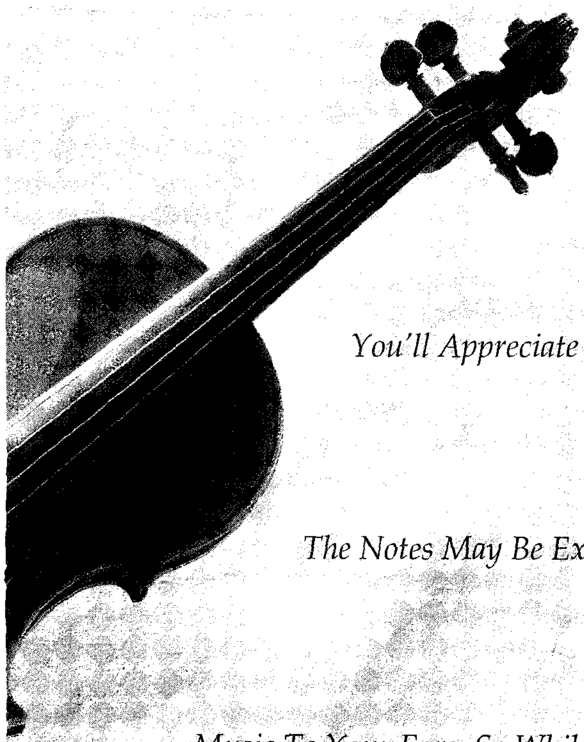
My dog Mungo under my window
Barks in the dark. Is that an owl?
What fowl? What foe? His note ends in a howl
So now I know. He bays the
Full-bellied moon, my Mungo dog.

Here in Tuscany they say
Never move the wine when the moon is full,
Never prune the trees while she waxes.
Your hair your nails your beard are growing long
With the swelling moon, the moon, and Mungo's song
Declares the same. Magnetic moon
He howls, my Mungo dog. Pregnant ball in the sky,
Most pregnant, listen-to-me, my serenade, my howl.

He comes out of his kennel to sing in the night,
My Mungo, my brown dog.

—MURIEL SPARK

If You Appreciate The Difference Between Mozart Performed By The Symphony,



And Mozart Performed By Anyone Less,

You'll Appreciate The Difference Between Santa Margherita And Other Wines.

The Notes May Be Exactly The Same, But It's The Performance That Makes It

Music To Your Ears. So While Anyone Can Turn Grapes

Into Wine, Santa Margherita Brings Wine To Life.

Pinot Grigio
Alto Adige
Santa Margherita

Santa Margherita Pinot Grigio.
For Those Who Appreciate The Difference.

PATERNO IMPORTS

The Wines From The House of Santa Margherita

*Call for a free copy of "**The Wine Spectator's Wine Tasting Dinner Party Guide**", featuring a host of entertaining ideas.* 800-595-5478

Suitable Gifts
from $85 to $795

JAMES II
GALLERIES, LTD.
Established 1966
11 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
TELEPHONE (212) 355-7040 FAX (212) 593-0341

SCOTTISH CASHMERE CAPES

$589.00 Small
$689.00 Full Size
100% Scottish Cashmere
Ruffle or Plain Edge
BLACK, NAVY, NATURAL, GREY, PLUM
RUBY, CAMEL, BOTTLE, DARK BROWN
Madison Av. quality at half price!
ALBERENE CASHMERES
435 5th Ave., New York 10016
5th Ave at 39th • MC, VS, AX, DS
800-566-6817
Shop our Showroom
or Call for Brochure.
Sweaters, Coats, Scarves
Shipped Free!

The Remarkable Beatrix Potter
by Alexander Grinstein, M.D.
Exploring her work in detail and coordinating this with the known material about her life as well as unpublished letters in private collections, Grinstein throws fresh light on her multifaceted personality—and especially aspects of her fascinating inner life. $50.00
International Universities Press, Inc.
59 Boston Post Road, Madison, CT 06443
1-800-835-3487 or Fax: 203-245-0775
SC8496

NEW MOON
The Magazine for Girls and Their Dreams

Award winner • International • Edited by Girls!
Praised by NY Times, Ms., Utne Reader, Chi. Trib., US News
Profiles, History, Cartoons, Arts, Sports for Real Girls!
$25 / year (6 issues) 1-800-381-4743
PO Box 3620-Y, Duluth, MN 55803

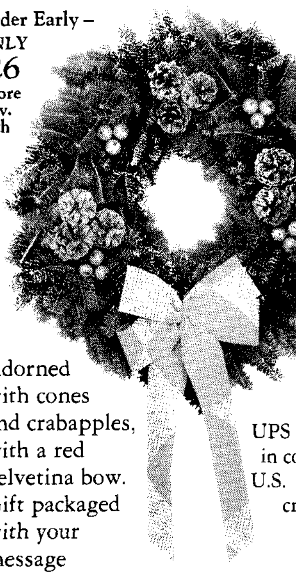
dark ladies on Sunset Strip. It's worth remembering that most of the plays are in any case cut-and-paste jobs, some of them patched with interpolations from the scripts of actors in Shakespeare's own company; in this light, anything that Hollywood can do to fatten or skin the lines is less a matter of sacrilege than one of continuing a long-established and rather messy practice. The best Shakespearean joke of the last few years came in "Last Action Hero," when Schwarzenegger appeared without warning in heroic costume. "To be, or not to be," he said. There was a pause. "Not to be." And with that Elsinore was blown into the sky.

Arnie, in short, was rising to the challenge that confronts every Shakespeare adapter, which is not to preserve the virgin text but to ravish it without causing too blatant an uproar. You can always tell a pro in this game: he will be the one who is so at ease among the lines that he has no compunction about hacking them around at his own convenience. Zeffirelli's 1991 "Hamlet" is deadly with decent respect, whereas men like Laurence Olivier and Orson Welles know from long experience that Shakespeare is far stronger than anything they can inflict on him. They charge in with blue pencils flying: Olivier insures that "Richard III" hits the ground running by starting with a helpful scene taken from the end of "Henry VI, Part III," and the film returns to that play to steal a moment of magnificent annoyance, when Richard—or, as he then was, Duke of Gloucester—ponders his own fixation:

> I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
> And whiles I live, t'account this world but hell,
> Until this misshap'd trunk that bears this head
> Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
> And yet I know not how to get the crown.

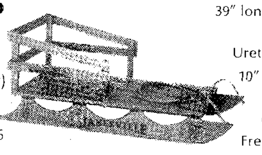
Olivier is not showing off here, however large his acquaintance with Shakespeare; he is simply demonstrating that a great actor is more often than not a great thief and a great scavenger, too—grabbing his opportunities wherever he can. Once moviemakers grasp what is available to them, their rapport with Shakespeare is quickened by a kind of febrile excitement, as if they were reading the stuff for the first time. For one thing, they find themselves unencumbered by an intermission; none of that nonsense of leaving the Macbeths to buff their daggers while we go and jostle for warm Chardonnay. Within the text, moreover, some of the treacherous archaism drops away; the aside, for instance, can now be genuinely private and underhand, sparing us the trickiness of a bellowed whisper and a stageful of fellow-actors all pretending not to have overheard. The heart-to-heart, or the drunken gossip, or the murmured threat—any of the staples of Shakespearean conversation—can be pronounced and recorded at a natural level instead of being beefed up and thrown out into the auditorium. As for the soliloquy, what else was voice-over invented for? You could certainly argue that many of the monologues in the history plays, or those of Othello and Macbeth, demand to be voiced out loud; the need to set the record briskly straight, or the sinewy drive toward self-persuasion, is too forceful—too outspoken, you might say—to be holed up in the mind. Hamlet, however, is another matter: this guy, you feel, would happily order a drink inside his own head, and his preferred method for hearing the narration of his dead father would probably be through a Walkman. So it seems natural that Olivier's prince should deliver most of "O that this too too solid flesh . . ." in voice-over, occasionally interrupting himself, like a madman, with fragments of naked speech.

Grigory Kozintsev, in his 1964 Russian version, goes one better: again, Hamlet (played by the splendidly named Innokenty Smoktunovsky) intones the speech to himself, but this time he does so at a *party*—drifting through the crowd, setting his features in a mask of politesse, acting the dutiful son as he ponders self-slaughter. Kozintsev's movie is rather too artful for its own good, but this is a moment of genius, for it reminds us that Hamlet is, among other things, the first angry young student—hating his parents but doing what they say, and then hating himself for caving in so bonelessly. Kozintsev's hero has less to do with Elsinore, or with the Royal Shakespeare Company, than with Dustin Hoffman in "The Graduate," fleeing the ghastliness of a pool-



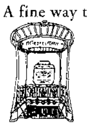
Give the gift of Maine,
a fragrant BALSAM FIR
WREATH $27.
Order Early – ONLY $26 before Nov. 15th
Includes Shipping!
Adorned with cones and crabapples, with a red velvetina bow. Gift packaged with your message enclosed.
Shipped UPS anywhere in continental U.S. All major credit cards accepted.
Approx. 22" diameter
Color brochure upon request.
The Christmas Greens Shop
Dept. N25 • Blue Hill, ME 04614
Call TOLL FREE 1-800-255-8874
In Maine: 207-374-5156
9-6 EST Monday-Saturday
FAX 207-374-2967

Longstemmed Roses Pin
14k Gold $345
Sterling Silver $ 49
Satisfaction Guaranteed
1-800-235-0471
Visa, MC, AMEX
S/H $5.75
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
17 NW Irving Ave. • Bend, OR 97701
Size 1-1/2" Tall



JANESVILLE®
SLED
$90
+$8.00 UPS
($10.00 West Coast)
Check
Visa or MC
(608) 754-0026
Solid Oak
39" long, 15" wide
5" to deck
Urethane finish
10" Stake sides
Steel on runners
Free Brochure
Wisconsin Wagon Co. 507 Laurel, Janesville, WI 53545

ANTARCTICA
Expedition cruises aboard Russian icebreakers!
Since 1980 TravelWild EXPEDITIONS
Call for a free color brochure
1-800-368-0077
NY04



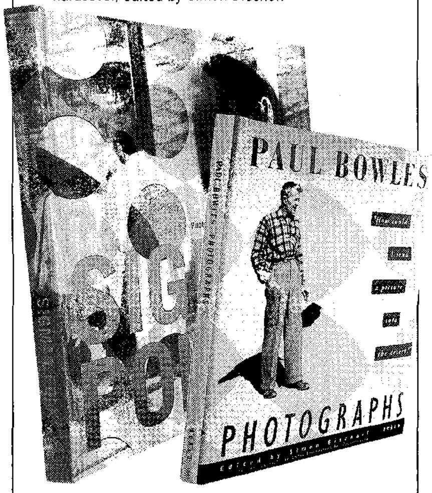
PARIS NOTES
The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris
A fine way to stay in touch with the world's favorite city.
History, Culture, Art, Trends, Books, Current Events, People, Fun Facts, Restaurants, Hotels, and More.
$39 per year (10x). Sample copy $6. Cheques only.
PO Box 3668, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(310) 545-2735 • Full money back guarantee!

side party for that dream-blue underwater peace: "Hello darkness, my old friend. . . ."

Many Shakespeare pictures leave you with this imponderable sense of regeneration—of Shakespeare's suddenly becoming both stranger and more familiar in front of your eyes. When you see "Hamlet" onstage, you come out discussing the acting, the pacing of the direction, where to go for dinner, and so forth, whereas movies return you sharply and unerringly to the text, to the whole landscape of felt argument which it reveals. Olivier's "Hamlet" film is not important, or even worth talking about, as an interpretation of the play; what it does is scrape the mold off your senses and press you up hard against the swords and stones of which Hamlet's world is composed. The air really is nipping and eager; the battlements on which the prince encounters the ghost seem to sweat with anticipation, or at least with the dirt and salt flung up by the sea. Everywhere looks primed for a haunting—the castle's warren of passages, the staircases that curl into gloom behind Hamlet as if to mock the baffled contortions of his will.

To view it another way: "Hamlet" is film noir. American audiences who had spent the previous decade in movie houses could count themselves fully prepared. Hamlet's shadow life, his pointed gibes, his appetite for the half-light, his tracking of a mystery that can never work out well: none of this would be news to anyone versed in "The Big Sleep." And what of the astonishing shot that greets the start of his best-known soliloquy? The camera scurries through corridors and winds up at the back of Hamlet's head, as if preparing to bore into his skull and continue its quest within the matching labyrinth of his brain. "To be or not to be," he asks gently, overlooking a boiling sea: a tempting drop, and an echo, I suspect, of Hitchcock's "Rebecca," in which Olivier had starred eight years before. Then, there is the sad sight of Ophelia, stranded with her prayers in a drafty hall while the prince on the stairs talks down to her; we could be watching Susan Alexander Kane and her jigsaw, and the looming figure of Charles Foster Kane. Far from dragging "Hamlet" down, these allusions excite the movie—they

The Novels That Lurk In Pictures
SCALO
SIGMAR POLKE
PHOTOWORKS: WHEN PICTURES VANISH
Sigmar Polke, one of the most influential painters of the postwar era, has serious competition. It's Sigmar Polke the photographer, who is making his presence felt in an impressive survey. *The New York Times*
Alchemist and artist, Polke continually redefines his medium and its boundaries. Presented here is the most comprehensive look at this famous German artist's photographs. With essays by Paul Schimmel (LA MOCA) and Maria Morris Hambourg (The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York).
256 pgs, 263 color and duotone images, 10 x 11 in., hardcover
PAUL BOWLES
HOW COULD I SEND A PICTURE INTO THE DESERT? PHOTOGRAPHS
Featuring the unpublished photographs of the renowned composer and author, this volume reveals his private world in Morocco, his fellow expatriates and the consummate artist, Paul Bowles.
"Composed, carefully considered images that reflect back on the subjects of his fiction like mirrors of the soul." *Los Angeles Reader* — "I'm delighted with the book ... I was astonished to see how good the photographs looked ..." *Paul Bowles*
256 pgs, 192 duotone photographs, 7 3/4 x 9 1/2 in., hardcover, edited by Simon Bischoff



AT BOOKSTORES NOW
For more information
SCALO U.S. Marketing & Publicity
Tel. 212/271 0700, Fax 212/271 0704
TO ORDER TEL. 800-338-BOOK
FAX 908/363 0338

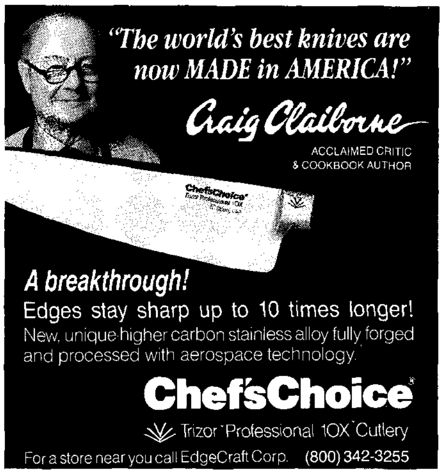
LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S
YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS
with the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

EXCLUSIVE HOME VIDEO OFFER!

At last, the most exciting musical experiences of the century are available on home video. The YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS — thrilling concerts with commentary for music lovers of *all ages*. Order *What Is Classical Music?* (#8002A) on VHS for only $19.95 (plus $4.95 S&H). Hear, enjoy and *understand* masterpieces by Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Handel and Haydn. See Leonard Bernstein bring great music to life with wit, charm and passion. This is a richly rewarding experience for everyone who loves music. You'll also receive a FREE illustrated companion guide.

BONUS OFFER!
Order the YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS Sampler Set (#8003X) — six specially selected programs on three VHS videocassettes: • *What Is Classical Music?* • *What Does Music Mean?* • *What Is Sonata Form?* • *What Makes Music Symphonic?* • *The Sound of an Orchestra* • *What Is a Melody?* All for just $89.95 (plus $7.95 S&H). Includes FREE illustrated guide plus a FREE VIDEO: Bernstein on *Teachers & Teaching* ($25 value).

Call **1-800-514-0011**
or mail orders and checks payable to:
THE LEONARD BERNSTEIN SOCIETY
P. O. Box 3930 (Dept. 0011)
Milford, CT 06460
(All orders add S&H + NY/CT sales tax if applicable)

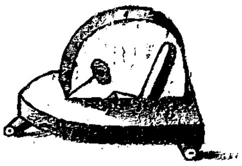

"The world's best knives are now MADE in AMERICA!"
Craig Claiborne
ACCLAIMED CRITIC & COOKBOOK AUTHOR
A breakthrough!
Edges stay sharp up to 10 times longer!
New, unique higher carbon stainless alloy fully forged and processed with aerospace technology.
Chef'sChoice®
Trizor® Professional 10X® Cutlery
For a store near you call EdgeCraft Corp. (800) 342-3255

Only CHILD NEWS
Are you? Do you have? Do you know?
Send $39.00 for 1 year (8 issues), $8.00 for sample to:
Only Child News, 137 N. Larchmont Blvd. #556,
Los Angeles, CA 90004 *www.onlychild.com*
e-mail: onlychild@earthlink.net

WHAT EVERY CAT'S BEEN HUNTING FOR
"Kitty Safari" is a video cats really watch, full of busy birds, mice, squirrels and more. Cats love it—some touch the screen, some look behind it. Great fun for kitties and their humans. 25 min. VHS.
Call tollfree **1-800-557-3378**
$19.95 + $3.95 P&H. Visa/MC.
Creative Dept. P.O. Box 69552 Portland, OR 97201

feed Shakespeare into a world of give-and-take, into the sort of image exchange in which he himself learned his trade. The play of "Hamlet" grew out of creaky, overheated revenge dramas by lesser talents, just as film noir bloomed from the rotten romance of pulp.

If we look back, the real surprise is that Olivier, lord of all theatre, should have not only filmed "Hamlet" but turned it into a movie about movies. His moment of revelation had come in 1944, with "Henry V," when he unhesitatingly took his cue from the images of speed and flight that course through the text; the battle of Agincourt, parcelled out on the page between a few close encounters of friend and foe, is loosened into a flowing charge. Reading between the lines is no longer the prerogative of the prying editor but a hunt for concealed action; what remains most amazing about Olivier is that a man whose fame had been forged in the momentum of verse-speaking should realize when he came to make a movie that the combustible core of the drama lay in a dry scattering of stage directions—"Alarum. Excursions." His opening device for the picture—an aerial approach to the Globe Theatre, into an Elizabethan performance, then out into an unstaged world—is both homage and farewell to the arena that Olivier had previously made his own, as fraught a moment in the history of Shakespeare as the playwright's own move from Stratford to London. Henceforth the throng in the Globe's pit can be multiplied, and reproduced a thousand times over, in the movie houses of the world. Shakespeare for everyone!



WELL, that's the idea, at any rate. "Looking for Richard," which registers Al Pacino's long-nourished obsession with Shakespeare—and more particularly with "Richard III"—shows what happens to that idea in practice. The movie is split between excerpts from the play—staged with black-blooded gusto by actors like Kevin Spacey (Buckingham, of course), Alec Baldwin (Clarence), and Pacino himself as the King—and a shrugging, loose-limbed documentary about the problems inherent in getting people to watch Shakespeare at all. The early scenes are studded with moments of vox pop, as Pacino and his crew trawl the streets of New York asking passersby what they know of the Bard and what, if anything, they make of him. In a way, it's the least convincing part of the picture; this reaching out to an ideal public is bound to be a disappointment, because the majority of the population doesn't care a whit for Shakespeare and never will. You could argue that Pacino is putting the wrong question: Ask not what you know of Shakespeare but what Shakespeare knows of you.

It's no wonder that, as the movie proceeds, Pacino narrows his gaze and pulls the rest of the action tight around the play; he talks less with the common herd and turns to rarer species—actors, academics, those who can fix Richard to a particular patch of history and those who would drag him into line with modern concerns. "Looking for Richard" is in some ways a slender movie, but its very lack of portentousness is cheering; there is something sly and rather Richard-like in the throwaway glee with which it approaches matters of grave intent. It is, in short, a comedy about a tragedy—the first, perhaps, since Lubitsch's "To Be or Not to Be" of 1942, in which Jack Benny and company staged "Hamlet" in Warsaw on the brink of the Nazi invasion. Pacino's film is less bitter to the taste, but it still marks a distinct shift from the efforts of Olivier and Ian McKellen, both of whom have played Richard on the screen; in their versions, the comic and the tragic have been collapsed into a kind of vicious camp. Olivier's Richard enjoys himself hugely; his rapport with the other characters is as flat and flimsy as the sets, but he makes love to the camera, as if the true purpose of soliloquy were to strip the audience naked. It's fun to watch, but it's such a *performance*, and the film hasn't the strength to do anything but record it for posterity. Pacino, on the other hand, takes his evil neat; there are laughs to be had in circling around the role, but once he climbs into it and begins to speak the movie grows darker and more doomy than any stage production I've seen. The passage in which Richard must turn

ADVERTISEMENT

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

R.S.V.P.

The Reader Service Value Program features* New Yorker *advertisers who want to offer additional information. You are invited to respond directly by telephone (just look for the ✆ symbol) or by checking the corresponding number(s) and mailing the attached postage-paid card.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

✆ THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE brings Quaker beliefs into action. Since 1917 they have stood with the oppressed and needy, and promoted peace and reconciliation. For information call **1-888-588-AFSC** or E-mail **mruddell@afsc.org**

1. **Leica Camera, Inc.** Highest quality cameras, lenses, and binoculars. Made in Germany. Write: **Leica Camera, Inc., 156 Ludlow Avenue, Northvale, NJ 07647.** Call **1-800-222-0118.**

APPAREL & ACCESSORIES

2. **L.L. Bean.** Value, gear, and clothing for people who love the outdoors. Products that stand up not only to Mother Nature but also to Father Time. All backed by 100% satisfaction guarantee. For a catalog call toll-free **1-888-975-4552.**

3. **sonicare**®plus™ **sonic toothbrush.** At a sonic brushing frequency of 31,000 strokes per minute, sonicare is clinically proven to remove hard-to-reach plaque bacteria. To order, or for the retailer nearest you, call **1-800-SONICARE (766-4227).**

4. **Spirit Dog**® **of Santa Fe.** Simply the most fabulous pet and people accessories anywhere. Our catalog includes wonderful things for people who love dogs, cats, and horses. Please call **1-505-988-9555.**

5. **Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.**

AUTOMOTIVE

✆ **Lincoln Continental.** For information on Lincoln Continental, visit our Internet site at **http://www.lincolnvehicles.com** or to receive a free brochure, call **1-800-446-8888.**

6. **Saab Cars U.S.A.** How can you find your own road if you don't know who to call for details? Call **1-800-582-SAAB, ext. 247.**

CHILDREN'S PUBLICATIONS

✆ **Stone Soup Magazine.** Fiction, poetry, art by young people ages 8 to 14. Quality, inspiration, great gift! Visit our web site at **http://www.stonesoup.com** or call **1-800-447-4569.**

FURNISHINGS & ACCESSORIES

7. **NiteOwl**®**, the Ultimate Book Light.** Works with books and magazines. Runs on either AA batteries or available AC and DC adapters. Please call **1-800-586-2832.**

8. **SwimEx Systems.** Swim in place at your own pace. No jets, tethers, propellers or turbulence—just a smooth, deep water current that you swim against. Call **1-800-877-7946.**

9. **Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.**

GOURMET

10. **Bigelow**® **Tea.** Many fine products to make teatime special: lovely tea chest, teapot and mugs, Tea Notes gift set, tote bag and more. For a free gift catalog call toll-free **1-888-BIGELOW.**

11. **Forest Glen Winery.** For more information on all three Forest Glen Wines (Barrel Fermented Chardonnay, Merlot, Cabernet Savignon) and where they can be purchased, call **1-800-692-5780.**

✆ **Gracewood Groves.** 50% off ½ bushel. Oranges & red grapefruit, 4 grapefruit spoons, honey. Reg. $39.95, now $19.95 plus $2.95 shipping/box. Item #30SBG. Please call **1-800-678-1154.**

12. **Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.**

HEALTH CARE

13. **The American College of Surgeons** offers a free brochure on retaining your right of Patient Choice as well as important information on surgical care.

ON-LINE SERVICES

E-NEWS. Look for *The New Yorker* at The Electronic Newsstand on the World Wide Web and browse what's new from our advertisers. **http://www.enews.com/magazines/new_yorker**

SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE INVESTING

✆ **South Shore Bank.** Where America banks its values. Invest in America's cities, through checking, money market or our new CD*2000 account. For information call **1-800-669-7725, ext. 5636.**

TRAVEL

✆ **AT LARGE Travel Newsletter.** Produced by the Promotion Department of *The New Yorker.* Each issue includes the latest news on travel, special promotions and packages, and profiles of exciting destinations. 1 year subscription (3 issues) for $10 plus a fourth issue free. To order your subscription please call **1-800-759-9838.**

CRUISES

14. **Cunard Line.** No matter what you want your world to be, Cunard's Vistafjord will take you there. For our portfolio of European, South American and Caribbean cruises, please call **1-800-7-CUNARD, ext. 27V.**

HOTELS & ACCOMMODATIONS

15. **The Fisher Island Club.** Located minutes from Miami, provides luxurious accommodations in an exclusive tropical setting. Please call **1-800-537-3708** or **1-305-535-6020.**

16. **Halekulani Hotel.** Waikiki Beach is the site of Honolulu's only AAA 5 Diamond property. A serene enclave of understated elegance and luxury. Please call **1-800-367-2343.**

17. **The Handlery Union Square.** Enchanting, full-service European-style hotel with pool, located in San Francisco's exciting Union Square where world-class shopping and dining abound. Family owned and operated for over 87 years. For more information call **1-800-843-4343.**

18. **Helmsley Hotels.** 5 fine hotels located right where you want them to be in New York. Call **1-800-221-4982; 1-212-697-8300** in New York.

19. **Lana'i, Hawaii** offers 2 lavish resorts—the Lodge at Koele nestled in the upcountry, and the Manele Bay Hotel overlooking Hulope'e Bay. Call **1-800-321-4666.**

20. **The Lido Resorts.** Luxurious accommodations, gourmet dining, 24-hour room service, premium liquors, unlimited water sports, tennis—everything's included. A private yacht at Grand Lido and natural-spring spa facilities at Sans Souci Lido. No tipping. Free Brochure.

21. **Safety Harbor Resort & Spa.** On Tampa Bay. Historic, grand spa resort and fitness center. For your free Spa Vacation Planner please call toll-free **1-888-BEST-SPA (237-8772), ext. 74.**

22. **Sandals Resorts.** The Caribbean's #1 all-inclusive luxury resorts for couples only has resorts in Jamaica, St. Lucia, Antigua, and the Bahamas. Call **1-800-SANDALS.**

23. **Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.**

TOURISM BOARDS

24. **Air New Zealand Pacifica Vacations.** Australia. New Zealand. Tahiti. Fiji. Tonga. Western Samoa. The Cook Islands. We fly to 8 of the world's most exotic destinations. Call **1-800-GET-A-LIFE, ext. 140.**

25. **British Tourist Authority.** "UNEXPECTED LONDON" has great theatre, food and nightlife—without the crowds! For your free copy of "London Life" call **1-800-651-3030.**

26. **Caribbean Coalition for Tourism.** The Ultimate CARIBBEAN VACATION PLANNER...with over 300 sun-soaked pages to help you plan your dream vacation in paradise. For your FREE copy call **1-800-356-9999, ext. 438** and start living your dream today.

✆**The Out Islands of The Bahamas.** 11 Islands...57 Resorts that specialize in personalized service, warm hospitality, miles of secluded unspoiled beaches. Call **1-800-688-4752**, e-mail **boipb@ix.netcom.com** or visit our website at **http://www.bahama-out-islands.com**

27. **Park City Chamber/Visitors Bureau.** Park City, Utah. Three ski resorts. The Greatest Snow on Earth™. For your Free Winter Vacation Planner call **1-800-453-1360.**

28. **The Principality of Monaco.** Come to Monaco and celebrate 700 years of pure magic. For your complete calender of events and Enchanted Holiday Planner please call **1-800-753-9696.**

29. **Spain.** Do you have a passion for life? Then you'll love Spain for its culture, history, magnificent countryside and fascinating cities. Call toll-free **1-888-OK-SPAIN.**

30. **Tourisme Quebec.** Come explore our universe of winter activities! Please call **1-800-363-7777 (operator 318)** and ask for your FREE 1996-1997 Winter Vacation Packages brochure on neighborly Quebec.

31. **United States Virgin Islands.** Enjoy beautiful beaches, crystal-clear waters, and nature at its best in one of the world's most romantic settings. Call **1-800-372-USVI.**

32. **Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.**

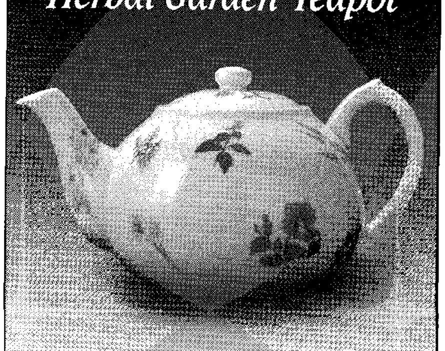
TOURS

✆ **American Museum of Natural History, Discovery Tours.** Explore the world's most exotic places in the company of world-renowned scientists. **1-800-462-8687.**

33. **Butterfield & Robinson.** Biking and walking trips that have set the standard for 30 years. Treat yourself to a trip in Europe or a worldwide expedition. Call **1-800-678-1147** for a trip of a lifetime.

© 1996 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER *READER SERVICES*,** 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036.
IF RESPONSE CARD IS MISSING, SEND YOUR REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER,** P.O. BOX 5347, PITTSFIELD, MA 01203-9892. OFFER VALID UNTIL FEBRUARY 17, 1997.



Make Teatime Special with Bigelow's® exclusive Herbal Garden™ Teapot

Add a touch of elegance to your tea time with this collector's porcelain 37oz. (4 cup) teapot. Perfect for entertaining, gift giving and those special moments.

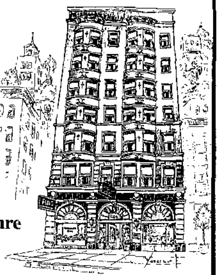
$42.95 plus $5.50 shipping and handling

For Credit Card orders (Mastercard and Visa only)

Call 1-888-BIGELOW
Toll Free / 24 Hours / 7 Days a Week
(1-888-244-3569)

Or send a check or money order with name and address (no P.O. Boxes) to:
R. C. BIGELOW, INC.® DEPT. NYB96,
P.O. BOX 3921, MILFORD, CT 06460

Offer good only in the U.S.A. Cash or COD's not accepted. Please allow 2-3 weeks for shipment. Offer valid while supplies last. Price subject to change. Residents of KY, CT, ID and CA add applicable sales tax.
Satisfaction fully guaranteed. 1996 R. C. Bigelow, Inc. ©



The SAN FRANCISCO ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ Lover's Hotel!

The Andrews Hotel
Named one of S.F's Top Ten for value in the NY Times

- 2 blocks to Union Square 5 to the Financial District
- Continental breakfast and wine hour
- Intimate Italian restaurant and full bar
- Special business extras

$89 SPECIAL!
Call for a complimentary brochure
1-800-926-3739
624 Post Street San Francisco 94109

A UNIQUE ROYAL GIFT THEY'LL NEVER FORGET
Elegant private dining at the family home of *Princess Diana*, and much more!
For a Brochure (800) 235-3158
1019350-40
Whispers™
Celebrity Tours Of England

Out of Africa
Mystical safari bracelets woven by hand. 4 knots slide to adjust. Specify Petite, Regular or X-Large.
14K Gold.......$795.⁰⁰
Sterling w/14K Knots..$239.⁰⁰
Sterling Silver...$99.⁰⁰
1-800-473-3011
NJ residents add 6% sales tax.

Lady Anne from enmity to love—by reputation, an almost impossible scene to bring off—is wonderfully played by Pacino and Winona Ryder, who seem to beckon us to draw close and join them in their hothouse mood. As Richard lauds Anne for her beauty

> that did haunt me in my sleep,
> To undertake the death of all the world,
> So I might live one hour in your sweet
> bosom,

his gaze flicks for half a second to her breasts, as if to check them one more time for sweetness. He is playing very dirty indeed, and she, despite her most honorable instincts, is getting into the game; and only the intimacy of the camera can catch them at it.

What's pushing Pacino here? Not, I would suggest, his credentials as a Shakespeare nut but his track record as a movie star. If his Richard is colder and more convincing than, say, Ian McKellen's—despite the fact that McKellen's feel for the swing and surge of the pentameter is infinitely more practiced—then the person to thank is Michael Corleone. Three "Godfather" movies do not merely prepare a man for the diplomatic savagery that is required to place him on the English throne; they also offer a fresh angle of approach to a tale grown musty with use. One thing I love about Shakespeare movies, even some of the lousy ones, is their tendency to induce a chronic allergy to greasepaint. Without really trying, they perplex a settled theatrical tradition, bending and breaking a long line of grand performing masters in favor of something not just more sneaky but also, in an odd way, more democratic; it is those who carry the least Shakespearean baggage who tend to step most lightly. I was not a fan of Branagh's "Much Ado About Nothing," but I did relish the realization that, for all the long shadows of Burbage and Kean and Garrick and Irving, there are times when what you really want from Shakespeare is Denzel Washington in leather pants. The issue is not simply one of novelty or in-jokes; I have a particular horror of Zeffirelli's "Taming of the Shrew," which traded with a nudge like a sledgehammer's on the celebrated courtship of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. Zeffirelli took pains to set the picture in period, but, sadly, the period in question, thanks to Miss Taylor's unique way with mascara, is unmistakably 1967.

Mind you, people often sneer with similar distaste at the remembrance of Marlon Brando playing Mark Antony for Joseph Mankiewicz's "Julius Caesar." The implication is that here, too, was an actor way out of his depth—out of his ground, at any rate—and that the movie records his desperation to prove himself more than a Hollywood player. But Brando *was* more; he pushed his art beyond that of his peers, and the courteous, slightly leaden calm of "Julius Caesar" is ruffled and whipped into life by his appearance. Watching the elegies for Caesar, you are struck as never before by the obvious difference between Brutus and Antony: one speaks in prose, the other in verse. Antony is self-consciously raising the lyrical stakes. This is not to say that he fakes his grief for Caesar; he is genuinely moved. But not for an instant does he consider doing anything besides dramatizing that grief for the sake of worldly gain. He reaches into himself, inspects his feelings, and uses them; he is, in short, the Marlon Brando of his day. That is why the scene entangles us so tightly in the machinations of the original, and why it remains surprising that Hollywood has never made much of the other Roman plays, "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Coriolanus": they are object lessons in Method politics, and Hollywood is still well stocked with actors, and even with a couple of directors, whose hearts are hard enough to make such armored poetry ring.

The most telling clue to what is going on in Brando's speech comes when he cracks (or feigns a fractured nerve) under the strain:

> Bear with me,
> My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
> And I must pause till it come back to me.

He throws in a caesura where none is expected—a sobbing stutter on the word "pause." The crowd begins to murmur its sympathy. Antony turns his back and walks up the steps of the Capitol; only the camera can watch him now, and it makes the most of that advantage. Brando's face spreads wide across the frame; he bows his head but stares up under his brows, like Schwarzenegger thwarted in mid-mayhem, and, just before we cut to the next shot, there is a ghost of a smile. As the people warm toward him, he is thinking, *Suckers.* The perfection of this deceit would be undetectable onstage; even if you could arrange for your Antony to swivel around and still face the audience, he would need a grin like a slice of watermelon to project his little secret to the back row.

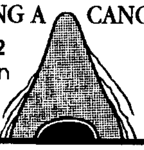
DOES one dare to claim that Shakespeare is better on film than onstage? Probably not; it is an unhelpful heresy, and there will always be millions who prefer the one-shot high of the stage. (There are even some of us who like nothing better than to stay home and *read* the stuff, but that is now the most underground heresy of all.) Suffice it to say that there are times when you can't help telling yourself that Shakespeare was waiting for movies to come along. What could be more rapturous, or less theatrical, than the smothering of Desdemona in Orson Welles's movie of "Othello"? No pillows required: he pulls a white bedsheet over her face and molds it tight like a death mask, as indeed it is. Then he kisses her—stops her mouth, as a Shakespearean lover would say, and thus takes her breath away.

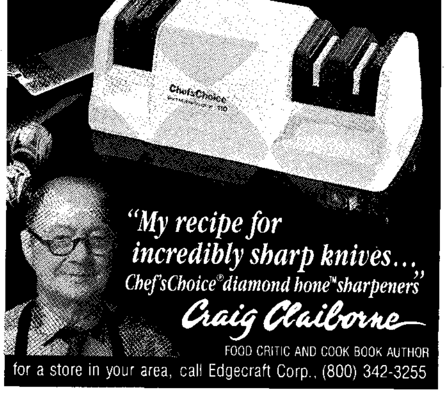
This "Othello" is a mess; it was shot on the kind of budget that would just about cover the intermeal-snack expenses on a Tom Cruise project; filming took place so erratically, and in so many locations, and over such a long period—from 1948 to 1952—that there is no sure way of telling whether characters engaged in conversation are actually standing in the same country, let alone in the same room. The text is in shreds—what you can hear of it, that is, since post-synching was one of the more common casualties of the Orson Welles Experience. And yet out of this farrago, this blur of bad business, came a work that delved more cleanly and swiftly into the essence of its original than any other Shakespeare movie. It reminds you that evil, like sugar, is best left unrefined. "Othello" the movie is not a version of "Othello" the play, nor is it a reading of it: it is a fantasia on the theme of Othello himself—and on that of Iago, too, for Welles found in the Irish actor Micheál MacLiammóir a villain so clearheaded, so capering, and so enamored of his own malice that the movie

1/2 OFF!
Grove-Fresh Florida Fruit For The Holidays
A GREAT GIFT!
A big half-bushel of sugar-sweet Navel Oranges and delicious Ruby Red Grapefruit, 4 stainless steel Grapefruit Spoons and 1 jar of golden Orange Blossom Honey. Delivered in a beautiful gift box. The perfect treat for family and friends. (*Limit 3 boxes, please.*)
Regular Price ~~$39.95~~
You SAVE – 19.98
Your Price $19.97
Add $2.95 per box shipping
20 LBS. Delicious Fruit 100% GUARANTEED
HUGE
World-Famous
INDIAN RIVER FRUIT
CODE NY97 • ITEM #30SBG
EXP. 1/15/97
CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-678-1154
Fax 561-567-1160
Customer Service 1-800-678-2407
Ordering Hours
8:00 a.m. – 6:00 p.m. EST, Mon. – Sat.
Thanksgiving through Christmas
8:00 a.m. – 10:00 p.m. EST, 7 days a week
Or mail orders to:
GRACEWOOD GROVES
9075 17th Place
P.O. Box 2590, Dept. NY97
Vero Beach, FL 32961-2590
Hand Picked Fresh from the Grove
Grove Fresh Indian River FRUIT

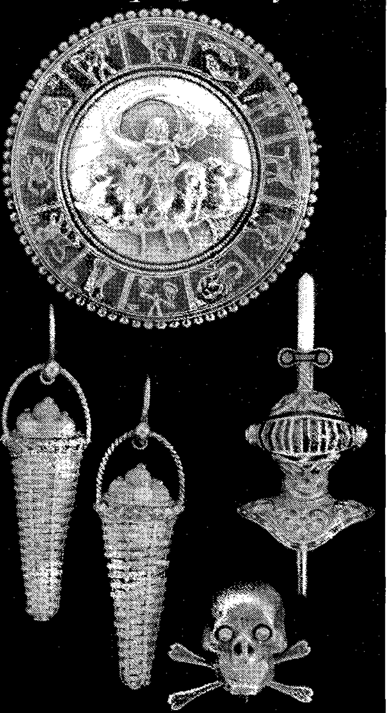
OUR 18th YEAR
Rent Mother Nature®
Lease A Sugar Maple Tree Or Sap Bucket For One Year
A truly memorable CHRISTMAS GIFT. First, we'll send each person on your list a copy of an authentic 1890 TREASURY DEPT. lease, hand-personalized and suitable for framing — plus a GIFT CARD from you. During the harvest each lessee receives PROGRESS REPORTS full of facts & folklore, thus sharing in the adventure of sugaring. In Spring '97, when all the sap has been processed, each Tree Tenant will get at least 50 oz. of the finest 100% pure wood-fired MAPLE SYRUP in decorated jugs (25 oz. guaranteed to Bucket Borrowers) even more if Mother Nature is bountiful. We do all the work, your friends get the delicious results, you get the raves! **100% satisfaction money back guarantee.**
Tree Lease $44.95 or
Bucket Lease $34.95
Add $6.95 per lease for shipping & handling.
Send for FREE Catalog!
RENT MOTHER NATURE®, Dept. 823
52 New St., Box 193, Cambridge, MA 02238
Phone **(800) 232-4048**
VISA, MC, AMEX, Discover
© 1996. Rent Mother Nature, Inc.

WHEN LEARNED MEN MURDER
by David Patterson
Higher education and the quest for a higher humanity, written by a Holocaust scholar.
$32 (+$5 s&h). Hardcover.
ISBN 0-87367-484-7
Phi Delta Kappa International
ORDER DIRECT 1-800-766-1156


THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only **22 pounds**. You can buy more than a canoe.
606-986-2336


Chef'sChoice®
"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives…
Chef'sChoice® diamond hone™ sharpeners"
Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR
for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255

From our selection of
Antique Jewelry



J. MAVEC & CO.
946 Madison Avenue at 75th Street
New York 10021 Tel (212) 517-7665

Give the Gift of North Carolina . . .
Fragrant Fraser Fir Wreath
Huge 24" diameter
$32.00 Includes shipping
Shipped anywhere in continental U.S.
All major credit cards accepted.
Color brochure upon request.
Adorned with a waterproof red velveteen bow.
Gift packaged with your message enclosed.
The Christmas Wreath Shop
P.O. Box 15514, Asheville, N.C. 28813
Phone: 1-800-455-3046 • FAX: 704-277-7552

SILVER SLED
James Breakell's perfect replica of an old fashioned wooden sled to pin or to hang. In sterling silver $40. 14k gold $295. Add $4 handling. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalog available (800) 767-6411.
J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. NYSS, Newport, RI 02840

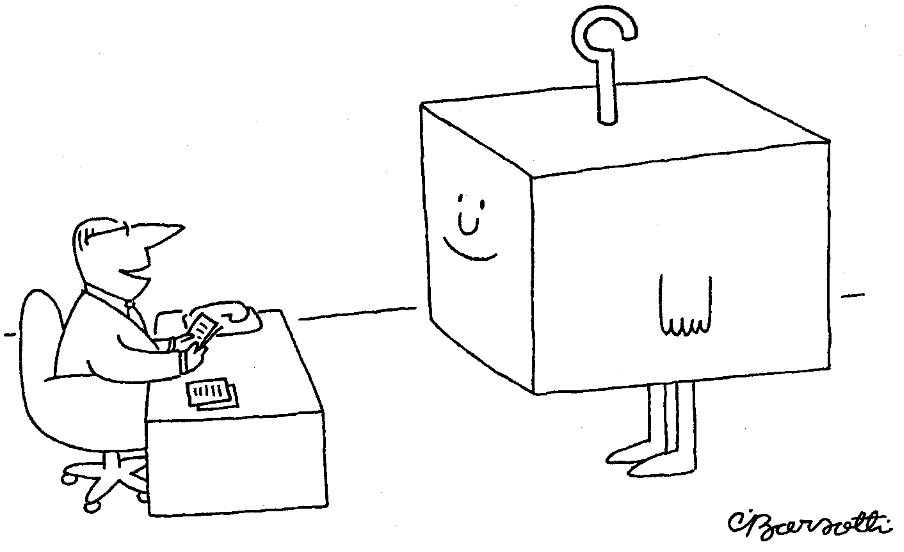
The Black Dog®
Enjoy our free winter catalog & '97 calendar full of Martha's Vineyard's best stuff. Hats, sweatshirts, vests, boxers, china, toys, biscotti, cookie tins, hearth bread and new recipes from:
The Black Dog • P.O. Box 2219N
Vineyard Haven MA 02568 • (800) 626-1991

can hardly help being touched by his spirit.

In David Thomson's new biography, "Rosebud," easily the best book on Orson Welles, he says of "Othello" that "the poetry hangs in the air, like sea mist or incense," and I suppose that is what I love about the film. Some of the action was shot in Venice, and I sometimes wonder what crept into the camera casing; the movie looks blackened and silvery, like an aged mirror, or as if the emulsion of the print were already poised to decay. You can't tell what is or isn't Shakespeare, where his influence begins and ends. There is fine acting, and yet the film hardly seems to be performed at all. It is as if the story were driven by a spell, or a premonition; this is "Othello" redrawn as a midsummer night's bad dream, and whether it passes muster as tragedy is a moot point. The wittiest shot in the film comes after a brawl around a fountain, when the characters depart and a little dog patters and splashes into view. The composition is born of the comic instinct—that is, of the need to hang back and wait for life to resume its normal service once the aberrant tumult has passed on. Comedy, like happiness, is a long shot.

So where are the comedies? What happened to the romances? Why, after a century of cinema, is there no enduring movie of "Love's Labor's Lost," or "As You Like It," or "The Winter's Tale"? Max Reinhardt's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," of 1935 ("Three centuries in the making!" crowed Warner Bros.), manages the interesting feat of going heavy on the wispiness, with an Oberon who appears in black spangled catsuit and matching antlers. No movie director has ever worked out precisely, or even roughly, how much Shakespearean comedy is supposed to weigh. Trevor Nunn, in his new "Twelfth Night," is no nearer to solving the conundrum. There are some dense, velvety interiors that suggest a sumptuous relish in Viola's mourning, and Nunn is rightly intrigued by the vengeful vows with which Malvolio gashes the happy ending; but the stateliness of the movie soon descends into the merely sluggish, and the efforts at farce are so unwatchable that I had to turn my face away from the screen. The last time this happened to me was during a screening of "Much Ado About Nothing," as Branagh messed around with a deck chair, and as revellers gambolled happily in masks. Masks! Get me out of here!

Shakespearean roistering is notoriously hard to bring off—all that dreary raising of goblets—and the verbal knottiness of bawdy is almost impossible to unpick, but my heart still sinks at the thought of Michael Keaton and Ben Elton in "Much Ado," as they carefully mangled the lines into gibberish. The slapstick in that film, as in "Twelfth Night," is puppet-stiff, but then nobody has choreographed any decent slapstick since the death of Preston Sturges, so I guess we shouldn't complain. What I miss in such movies is any whisper of relaxation: the spats be-



"Congratulations. You have the skills we're looking for, and you'll just fit a cubicle."

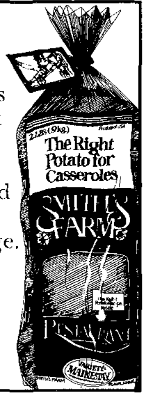
Double Protection For The Outdoorsman

The Filson® Original Double Mackinaw Cruiser
The ultimate garment for warmth and protection from the elements. A deep cape forms a seamless double shoulder, back and sleeves. 100% virgin wool.

"Might As Well Have The Best"
FILSON
Since 1897

For the name of the Filson retailer nearest you, or a catalog, call 1-800-624-0201, or write us at P.O. Box 34020, Seattle, WA 98124.

THE RIGHT GIFT
Our farm grows The Right Potatoes for our restaurant's favorite recipes. A boxed set of four, 2-pound packages provides four varieties for baking, casseroles, soups and salads. The Right Potato recipe is inside every package.
$15.50 post paid
VISA/MasterCard accepted
To order: 1-800-294-6868
Internet: http://www.farmdirect.com
Smith's Farm Restaurant
PO Box 189R, Blaine, ME 04734



EROTIC PRINTS
Romantic *and* sexually explicit art from the 18th century to the present day. For discreet mailing of our wicked, 80pp colour catalogue (fully-illustrated), send check for $7.50 [made to 'EPS'] to:

EPS (Dept NY2)
PO Box 10645
London SW10 9ZT, UK

THE *Erotic* Print Society

Form & Function
beautiful hand-made gifts
by America's finest artisans
800.861.6999

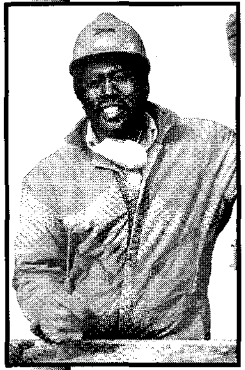
tween Beatrice and Benedick are mentally hectic, as they should be, but even so you feel the movie pulling a muscle as it strains to make them hilarious. This is a common failing of Shakespearean comedy on-screen; the exact point at which Reinhardt's "Dream" finally lurches beyond the pale is the moment when Mickey Rooney, as a pubescent Puck, says "Lord, what fools these mortals be." Or, to be precise, when his spotty, half-broken voice yodels to the surrounding glade, "Looohhhrd! Haha! What foools these muttals behehe!" Rooney seems to think that Puck should laugh heartily, and indeed randomly, so as to indicate that we are in the blessed presence of comedy.

It could be argued that the finest comedy turns up in Shakespeare when you least expect it—that one of the problems with approaching his works is that they are awkwardly shovelled into holes where they don't belong. If "Pericles" is a romance, that is only because it swerves aside from tragedy; the final, exquisite reconciliation of father and daughter is barely an inch away from "King Lear." Cinema, of all things, should be double-jointed enough to accommodate these near misses, these clashes of emotional color. As a tragedy, Luhrmann's "Romeo and Juliet" is nothing, and the climax left me as cold as if Friar Lawrence had slipped something nasty into my Coke; but to the film's credit it demonstrates how hugely untragic most of the original is. It is more of a sprinting, pun-packed, and fairly filthy comedy that breaks its head open in the final minute. Luhrmann is thirty-three, but Shakespeare was even younger when he wrote "Romeo and Juliet," and both play and film have a just-you-look-at-this quality, easily read as young men's riffs. The one dab of brilliance in Luhrmann's picture is his notion that Romeo (Leonardo DiCaprio) does not speak his monologues on the topic of Juliet's perfection but jots them down in a journal. He is a poet—your basic horny teenager trying to collect and prettify his thoughts on paper—or, if you prefer, a Shakespeare in bud. This tallies beautifully with our apprehension of the play's youthfulness, of a poet who was still wrestling his own unnerving dexterity ("Venus and Adonis" and the Sonnets

Help us rebuild America's inner cities...
and we'll pay you back with interest!

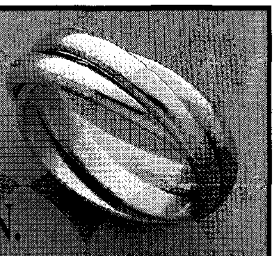
Our new CD*2000 is targeted directly to the inner-city neighborhoods we serve. And you'll earn an attractive, guaranteed return right through the year 2000. Contact John Houghton today for details: 800-669-7725, ext. 5636 or deposit@sbk.com.

MEMBER FDIC



South Shore Bank
Where America banks its values.

THREE COLORS YOU'LL LOOK GREAT IN.

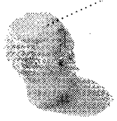


It's the famous designer tri-color [illegible] in solid 14k yellow, pink and white gold. $149. [illegible] Earrings [illegible]
Call 800-[illegible]-1520
Visa/MC [illegible] Satisfaction Guaranteed. Check or [illegible] to: *Marc Simon Fine Jewelry,* 19300 Rinaldi St., Suite #501, Porter Ranch, CA 91326

OFFICIAL SWISS RR WATCH **$125+S/H**

HANS HIFLIKER SWISS FEDERAL
RAILWAY STATION CLOCK
RENDERED WRIST SIZE.
SWISS QUARTZ (AUTOMATIC $225)

PHONE: **800-897-0151**



CLARK'S REGISTER 150 CHESTNUT, PROV. RI 02903

TENNIS FANS...
See your favorite players.
Australian, Italian, Monte Carlo, and French Open, Wimbledon, US Open, The Lipton and Newsweek/Evert Cup.
Call for a free brochure.
Grand Slam Tennis Tours
1-800-289-3333
A Vacation To Remember

ROPE SOMEONE SPECIAL IN STERLING SILVER
• 18" Necklace $415.00
• 8" Bracelet $193.00
Shown actual size.
Also available in bigger diameter. Call for prices.
To order please call: (800) 730-5643
Or mail your order to: PO Box 367 Purchase, NY 10577
FAX: (914) 694-6173
CALL FOR A FREE BROCHURE
Libby Peters
AmEx, Discover, MasterCard or Visa

For people of all ages considering career choices or changes
career discovery program
architecture
landscape architecture
urban design
Design at Harvard
Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
(617) 495-5453
June 23–August 1, 1997
IMAGE: LILLIAN KURI '96

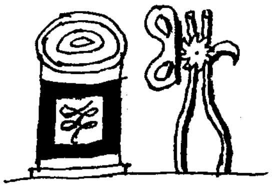
1995 WHITE HOUSE TREE
National Champion—18 1/2 Ft. Fraser Fir
Displayed in the Blue Room
TREES FROM 5 1/2 TO 7 FT.
MAIL ORDER DIRECT TO YOUR DOOR
CUT & SHIPPED SAME DAY
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
1-800-548-8981
HUDLER CHRISTMAS TREE FARM

LATTICINIO GLASS HEARTS
• Intricate Patterns
• Exquisite Colors
• Handmade USA
Med. (1-3/4") 26.00
In red velveteen bag
1-800-924-2401
CUNEO FURNACE

ENGLAND IRELAND SCOTLAND WALES •
• Rental accommodations.
• Enchantingly rustic to simply elegant.
• Cottages, manor houses, castles.
• London and Dublin flats.
• Weekly or monthly.
As You Like It 415/380-9848

were already under his belt, as were the early Histories) into dramatic submission.

One of the lasting oddities of Shakespeare movies, in fact, is how frequently they turn to the earliest works. "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III," most of the "Henry" plays, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are attributable to the playwright's salad days. Maybe directors warm to the green unsubtlety of that period, as they do to the big-name heroics of the major tragedies. Anyone running his eye down a list of Shakespearean cinema might find it dismal and cowardly, its preferences tied to the orthodoxy that is first encouraged in the classroom. You study "Julius Caesar," for example, and along the way you watch the loyal movie version, and that's that. The glory of Shakespeare on film, however, rests in its leaning toward the inglorious; even the whistling arrows of Olivier's Agincourt strike the ear like a death hiss. Above all, there is Welles's "Chimes at Midnight," which is liable to make most Shakespeare professors wake up in shock. Alternately wistful and savage, it is a stew of the "Henry IV" plays, with sprinklings of "Richard II," "Henry V," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and yet a Shakespeare novice who drank in its wintry humor and floundering fights could be forgiven for concluding that it was based on the ripeness of late Shakespeare. Basically, the movie is potted Falstaff, although what Welles means to conjure up is not just historical continuity—the very best of Sir John—but a sense that the Complete Works of Shakespeare constitute, as it were, one vast poem, from which his devoted and audacious interpreters are free to quote. I watch "Chimes at Midnight" and see the canon beginning to slip its moorings and drift free; the picture both honors Shakespeare and spurns the industry, academic and theatrical, that has encrusted him over time. From here, it is but a short trip to Gus Van Sant's "My Own Private Idaho," in which Prince Hal and his cronies have become gay hustlers on the streets of Seattle, overseen by the Falstaffian figure of Fat Bob. Shakespeare is all but banished from the dialogue, but he lingers like a drug in the rough, melancholic joys of the film's camaraderie; he gets into its bloodstream in ways that we can't directly trace, and at times when you think he is long gone.



So when will our revels end? Never mind the movies that will emerge as the Shakespeare sensation glows and burns itself out. What of the films that could yet be made? The ones that will *never* be made? The ones that could do delicious damage to the text, or could even—and this would be a faithful service—make audiences wonder whether Shakespeare was quite as heartening, or touching, as they had previously thought?

I have frequently pondered, for example, a version of "Troilus and Cressida." The play is not much known and not remotely loved, and it is cussedly resistant to definition, but that very twitchiness would bring it profanely alive onscreen. It is a love story that skews out of control and crashes; it is an epic, set outside and within the walls of Troy, with plenty of dashing chaps in greaves and cuirasses; and it is a livid and scandalous comedy, in which the waxy hearts of Troilus and Cressida are melted together by Pandarus, a mock-sentimental Machiavel who has seen it all before, and are chipped away by Thersites, a pot of poison who squats in the fringes of the action and waits to feast upon the end of everything, not least the fall of Troy. Thersites has Steve Buscemi written all over him, but Pandarus? Could someone persuade Brando to drag himself back? Imagine his mirth and girth as he lumbers into the postcoital boudoir with an unromantic snigger—"How now, how now, how go maidenheads?" Ralph Fiennes could reprise the sleek and shattered Troilus that I saw him offer onstage, and there are any number of leading weirdos who would relish Achilles' metamorphosis from tented languor into homicidal rage. Cressida would be the toughest role to cast, for she is the most baffling of all Shakespearean heroines: she loves a Trojan in all sincerity, then swaps him for a Greek. Her lechery makes sense only in the way that Goneril's venality does: their betrayals must rise out of a moral miasma, an atmosphere of laughable rot that creeps into the characters' eyes and ears like sand. The whole thing would make Polanski's blood-laced movie of "Macbeth" look like "Brigadoon." How could a director say no?

It's not as if the contemporary audience would be taken aback by such goings on. "Troilus and Cressida" swerves back and forth between long paths of tortuous talk and sudden detonations of violence. Tarantino, anyone? For American viewers, too, schooled as they are in the Civil War and Vietnam, the prospect of Troy—of a conflict that seems to its participants as if it will never end, and whose ethical purpose has been all but mislaid in the bloodbath—would slide with ease into the guts of their imaginations. On the other hand, the Shakespeare critic Barbara Everett (who is, incidentally, one of the experts quoted to acute effect in "Looking for Richard") did once draw attention, in an essay on "Troilus and Cressida," to its stretches of "fascinating boringness," and something tells me that this might not wash too well with the moguls. It is a pleasing idyll—to sit by a pool in Santa Monica, with a script on one's knees and a trio of producers awaiting a verdict. "Bernie? Brian? Biff? You're going to *love* this, guys. It's so . . . fascinatingly *boring*." For this reason, if for no other, "Troilus" will never see the light of a projector. But it is the duty of Shakespeare addicts—and, even more, of movie lovers—to follow the reveries that appear to unspool, with only the gentlest tug, from one's favorite plays. Orson Welles made Shakespeare for everyone, but only because of his arrogant and justified faith in wanting Shakespeare all for himself. Culturemongers may believe that we need Shakespeare, but reason not the need: it is enough to want him. No other writer has been so thoroughly filtered through other eyes and minds; he comes out differently every time, although it is we who are transformed as he passes through. Movies cannot put Shakespeare on a pedestal or a stage, although they are sometimes plucky enough to put him on hold; they plunge him into the dark, five fathoms down, and a few of them haul something rich and strange back into the light. As someone in "To Be or Not to Be" says to Jack Benny, "It's nothing alarming, it's only Shakespeare." And Benny replies, "That's what *you* think." ♦

Is it ever wise to improve on perfection?

Fujiyama 2^{tm} Ceramic Pen and still only $\$39^{95}$*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

Folk wisdom has it that it's seldom wise to fix what isn't broken and to attempt to improve on perfection. It is therefore with some trepidation that we introduce the *Fujiyama* 2^{tm} *Ceramic Pen, ("son of Fujiyama")* after having sold over 150,000 of the original in the last few years. Many believe that the *Fujiyama* 2^{tm} *Ceramic Pen*—made in Asia and with a cartridge that is the finest product of German stationery technology—is the most handsome and best-writing pen in the world. Fujiyama 2^{tm} has stunning hi-lacquer gunmetal finish, fine gold-plated accents and snappy clip. It has perfect heft and feel and, of course, just like its predecessor, it writes like a dream. And with its new cushioned *Turbogrip*^{tm},which lets you write for hours without tiring, this pen has now been brought to the edge of the 21st century.

The most remarkable thing about the *Fujiyama* 2^{tm} *Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive importers and distributors of Fujiyama stationery in the United States and are therefore able to bring you this updated model still at the same old price of just $39.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy, an even greater one if you take advantage of our 3-for-2 "better deal". Get with it—get your *Fujiyama* 2^{tm} *Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

• *The brand-new* Fujiyama 2^{tm} Ceramic Pen *is an object of beauty. Many have called it the "ultimate writing machine." It contains a large German-made ceramic-ball cartridge. It holds lots of ink, enough to write many letters and memos. As an added service, we include two extra refill cartridges with each pen.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367
24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week.

For customer service and wholesale orders call 415-543-6675. We can apply your company logo to Fujiyama 2^{tm} Pens on minimum quantities of 100 units.

Please give order **#1049C540** for Fujiyama 2^{tm} Ceramic Pen(s). We need daytime phone # for all orders. Add $4.95 standard shipping/insurance charge (plus sales tax for California delivery). You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967 **haverhills**®
185 Berry Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

HARRINGTON'S™ *of Vermont*

Vermont Cob Smoked Ham & Turkey —now at a $29.00 savings!

Special Introductory Offer
Reg. price $68.90
Now only $39.90
Limit 2. Expires 12/27/96

HARRINGTON'S 100% GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK PROMISE

"You won't find a better-tasting ham than the old-fashioned Corncob Smoked Ham that Harrington's makes up here in Vermont. And for turkey lovers, here's our tender, moist and fully-cooked Cob Smoked Boneless Turkey Breast. It's smoky-delicious, 100% white meat with no fillers. You'll love them *both*—and that's my promise or your money back!" *Vern Richburg, Smokemaster*

FREE!

Order *your* Harrington's Ham *and* Turkey Breast now (both shipped to same address) at this special combination price and we'll include 6 oz. of our Aged Cheddar and 1/2 lb. Cob Smoked Bacon—free!

HARRINGTON'S™ *of Vermont* 1842 Main Street, Richmond, VT 05477

☐ 137-679 Send your GOURMET PACKAGE: Ready-to-Cook Half Ham (6 lbs.) plus Fully-Cooked Boneless Turkey Breast (2 lbs.) to same address for only $39.90, plus $7.95 shipping, total $47.85. Includes 6 oz. Cheddar and 1/2 lb. Bacon FREE.

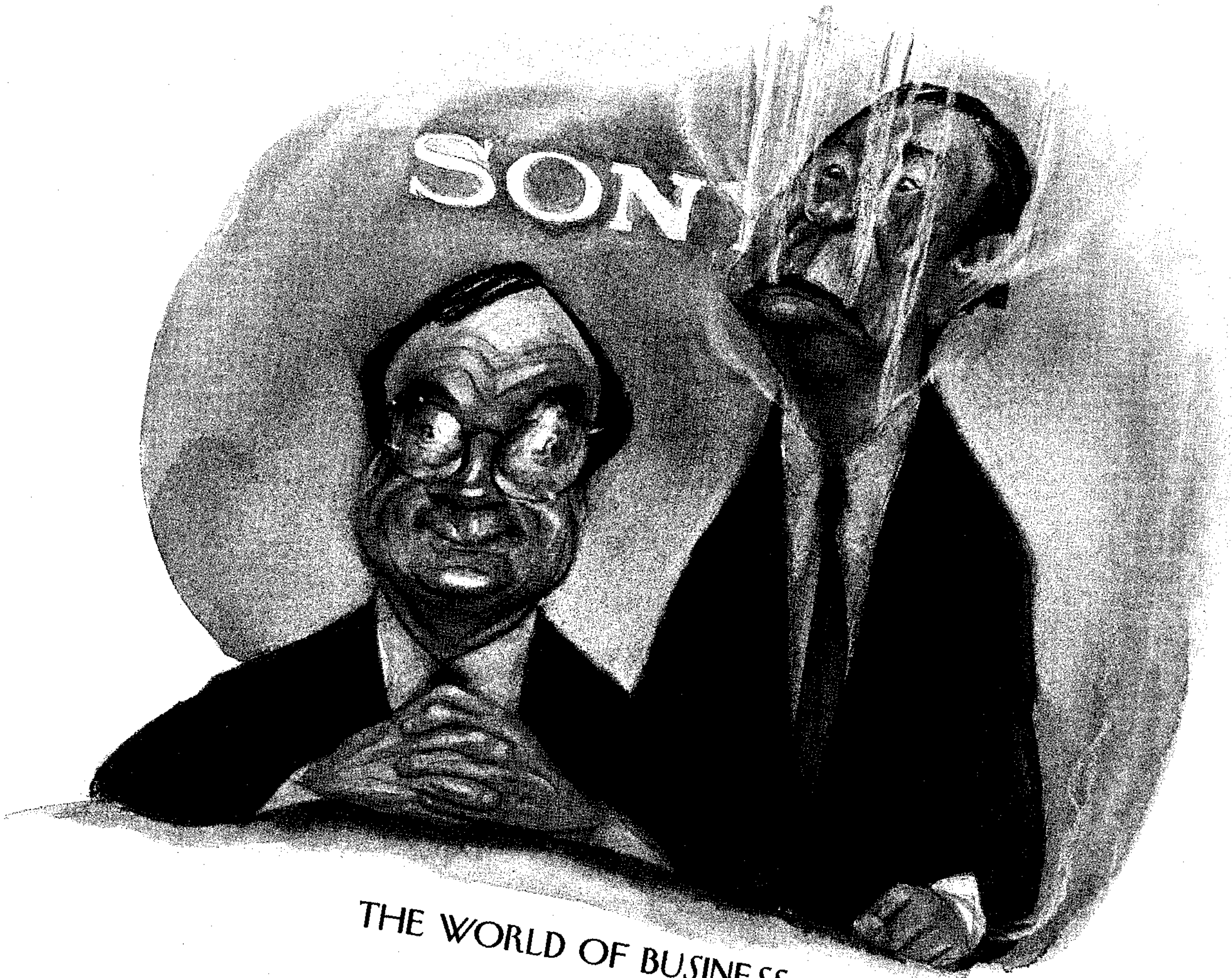
Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____________________ Zip __________

☐ Payment Enclosed
☐ Charge my ( ) VISA ( ) MC ( ) AMEX ( ) Diners ( ) Discover
(Include card no. and exp. date, plus your name and address if different from shipping address above.)
Available in Continental US only.
Limit 2. Not for retail stores.

RUSH Orders: (802) 434-4444



THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

ENDGAME

When Sony finally took action against the executives at Columbia TriStar who had cost the company billions of dollars, it moved in a way that took Hollywood by surprise.

BY JAMES B. STEWART

THE marriage of Sony and Hollywood has been—from the beginning, and notoriously—a match made in hell. In 1989, when Sony, the Japanese electronics-and-entertainment conglomerate, bought Columbia Pictures, TriStar Motion Pictures, and their related studios, for six billion dollars, the public reaction here—encapsulated by a *Newsweek* cover showing the Columbia lady draped in a kimono—was unexpectedly hostile. Stunned, Sony decided to stay out of the way. For years, it allowed the studios' top executives in California to continue running the film business without serious oversight; no one from Sony's Tokyo headquarters even had an office in Hollywood. The result was one financial and artistic disaster after another, culminating two years ago in Sony's recognition of a $3.2-billion loss on its investment. Then Sony's aging leadership chose a new president, Nobuyuki Idei, and the conglomerate's attitude began to change.

In December of 1995, Michael Schulhof, a twenty-year Sony veteran who, as the head of the Sony Corporation of America, had served as liaison between the Hollywood studios and the Japanese, was forced to resign. Japanese executives were installed in Sony's New York headquarters. They ridiculed the former American management and demanded greater accountability from Hollywood. Last April, Idei himself made a kind of state visit to the studios, pledging his support. However, he also began to make frequent trips to Los Angeles, not to buck up his studio executives but to confer privately with

Columbia's Alan Levine and Sony's Nobuyuki Idei. Levine hoped to save himself, but Idei was determined to break with the past.

STEVE BRODNER

others in Hollywood, asking questions and listening to their evaluations of the combined Columbia TriStar Motion Picture Companies. Some of the comments were scathing.

Idei took no immediate steps. His top executives in Hollywood were given the message "Make a successful summer, and we'll back you." The studios had spent the previous year investing heavily in a big action-comedy for the summer of 1996, "The Cable Guy." Studio executives had guaranteed the comedian Jim Carrey an unprecedented twenty million dollars for his performance, believing that it was a reasonable price to pay for a project that had all the appearances of a huge success. "The Cable Guy" opened on June 14th. That same day, the New York *Times* called it "the true disaster film of the summer," and deplored "the shocking sight of a volatile comic talent in free fall." Box-office receipts, fuelled by an expensive advertising campaign, were strong the first weekend, then plunged.

The summer was a financial catastrophe for the Sony studios. Only two of a dozen releases in the first nine months of this year seem certain to earn a profit. (One of them, oddly, is "The Cable Guy" itself, which will slip into the black once international and video sales are accounted for; the other is "The Craft," a teen-witch movie.) But it wasn't just the disappointing financial results that angered Idei. It was also the fact that "The Cable Guy" was so unenjoyable and mean-spirited that not even a high-priced celebrity of Carrey's stature could salvage it. Idei, a former marketing and communications executive who had spent much of his career burnishing the Sony name, found it acutely embarrassing to have the brand even associated with such a product.

In Hollywood, meanwhile, the men who ran the studios awaited the parent company's next step. Over the past seven years, Sony had dismissed a number of top executives after similar failures, and it was clear that someone would have to go. Alan J. Levine, Sony's ranking Hollywood executive, hoped to insure that it would not be him.

Since taking over Sony Pictures Entertainment, in 1994, Levine, a soft-spoken, conservatively dressed lawyer who had been with the company for five years, had kept a relatively low profile in the Hollywood creative community, leaving the care and nurturing of "talent"—stars, directors, producers—to Mark Canton, his studio chairman. Levine's specific task had been to bring some fiscal order to the studios. Now, with the summer's bad results, his hold on his job was precarious, and he knew it. But he apparently believed that if Canton were sacrificed he could be saved. In August, he arranged for a call to be placed to Arnold Rifkin, the worldwide head of motion pictures at the William Morris Agency. The call was from Rifkin's lawyer, Skip Brittenham. "Your name has come up," Brittenham told Rifkin, and asked if he would be interested in joining Sony as chairman of the studios.

Rifkin, a former furrier in Manhattan who, upon arriving in Hollywood in the mid-seventies, had worked as a shoe salesman before becoming an agent, was not surprised to learn that Levine might be looking for someone to replace Canton. Canton's tenure had been dogged by one debacle after another, starting in 1993 with "Last Action Hero," the doomed Arnold Schwarzenegger vehicle. For many people in town, the only mystery was why Levine had waited so long to act.

Rifkin projects an air of restless energy coupled with introspection; he is forty-eight, but he is lean, and close-cropped hair and a healthy tan make him look younger. Armani suits worn casually belie a highly disciplined exercise regimen and careful grooming. In his office, he occasionally lowers the wooden Venetian blinds and lights candles to create the right mood for relaxed communication, which has given him a reputation as a New Age mystic. He is also a friend of the self-empowerment guru Anthony Robbins ("Awaken the Giant Within"), and he exhorts colleagues to "seek" and "discover" the "God-given asset" that he believes is bestowed upon everyone. He detests what he calls "negativity," and refers to "releasing" people rather than firing them. Yet he is so zealous in representing his clients that he hates vacations and rarely takes one. (He did, however, recently go on an African safari with Jeffrey Katzenberg, a partner of DreamWorks SKG, and wears an orange-beaded Masai bracelet he brought back from the trip.)

Rifkin had been instrumental in reviving the William Morris Agency at a time when it was almost moribund. To boost morale, he held retreats for the entire motion-picture staff. At the most recent one, which was held near the beach in Santa Barbara in April, Rifkin had dramatized the agency's cohesion by unveiling a large chain of a hundred and sixty silver links—two for each agent—stretched around a map of the world, and called upon each agent to step forward and cut off the links as a keepsake.

Rifkin's clients include Sylvester Stallone, Whoopi Goldberg, and Bruce Willis. As their careers soared, so did the reputation of William Morris and, with it, Rifkin's ability to package movie projects featuring his stars. Nevertheless, Rifkin was a surprising choice for Canton's job. He had no studio experience, and in style and demeanor he bore some resemblance to Peter Guber, Levine's free-spending predecessor at Columbia TriStar, whose tenure had been especially problematic for Sony's top Japanese executives. Rifkin even wondered why he would consider relinquishing his success at the agency for the chaos at Sony. But he was attracted by the challenge of running the two major studios. However wealthy and powerful agents may become, they remain supplicants, inhabiting a world dominated by rejection. A studio head, and only a studio head, has the power to "green light" a major film venture. Rifkin believed that he could finally escape the negativity that plagues any agent's career. He agreed to meet Levine for dinner at Levine's home, in Beverly Hills, the next evening.

At dinner, Rifkin and Levine exchanged philosophies of moviemaking. Rifkin explained that, in his view, the "material"—a script, a book, an idea—is most important. Great material is what attracts talent, not just the courting of stars or networking with producers and directors. At William Morris, Rifkin had started with material he believed in, then matched it to stars and directors. This is what had attracted top clients to the agency. Of course, both an agency and a movie studio need leadership and direction. Levine agreed.

Implicit in their conversation was that Canton had to be sacrificed, and Levine made clear that he'd already decided that he should go. Levine didn't dwell on Canton's shortcomings—and Rifkin thought it unbecoming to call attention to them—but he said that communications between him and his studio chairman had "broken down," a problem exacerbated by what some considered Canton's short attention span and unwillingness to listen.

Rifkin felt that he and Levine had hit it off. Levine even went along when Rifkin said he'd need at least four months' transition to extricate himself from William Morris. Still, Levine did point out that although the choice of a studio head was his to make, Rifkin would need the pro-forma approval of Idei, Sony's Japanese boss. It was understood that secrecy about their discussions was imperative—Sony was known to be angry about press leaks that Michael Fuchs, the former head of HBO, was being considered for the job. Even Idei was not to be told Rifkin's identity until the last possible moment.

By early September, negotiations between Rifkin and Levine had been essentially completed. On Monday, September 9th, Levine flew to New York, where the next day he and Idei attended the première of a new Columbia release, "Fly Away Home." Levine arranged for Idei to meet his choice for studio head on the following Thursday morning. Idei was told Rifkin's identity and was provided with a dossier, so he'd have a couple of days to prepare for the meeting. Rifkin told his William Morris colleagues that he'd be in New York that day to meet with Stallone, who was filming a movie there. Then, on Wednesday morning, *Variety* trumpeted, "SONY'S COURTING RIFKIN: WMA PIC HONCHO IN TALKS TO TAKE OVER CANTON'S POST."

When Rifkin arrived at William Morris for his usual eight-thirty film-agents meeting that morning, the second-floor conference room was packed with more than sixty agents, and he could see that virtually all of them were holding a copy of *Variety*. Rifkin put aside his prepared notes for the meeting—a dozen pages' worth—and said, "Before we start, does anyone want to raise anything?"

"We just want to know—is it true?" an agent asked.

"I can see that this will be a difficult meeting," Rifkin replied, and there was nervous laughter.

Over the next hour and a half, Rifkin conceded that the *Variety* story was true but emphasized that nothing was certain. No final deal had been struck, and he hadn't yet resolved to leave the agency. Still, he gave the impression that Idei's approval would be a formality, and that the job was his if he wanted it. He said that he wanted people to "share what they were feeling," and added that it was O.K. for them to be angry, even to cry. He invited people to speak with him individually, and many lined up outside his door. Around noon, his secretary asked him to step out of his office. There in the corridor, stretching in both directions, was his entire division, holding aloft the silver-chain links they'd been given at the Santa Barbara retreat. Rifkin himself started crying and, referring to his Sony negotiations, told the crowd, "It's off."

"My inner child just turned sixty-five."

But by late afternoon it was on. Rifkin's lawyer called to say that Idei still wanted to meet him. Rifkin spoke with a few top people at the agency, saying that he was now thoroughly confused and emotional but felt he needed to see the process through; he didn't tell them he was flying to New York that very night. He agreed to begin talks about renewing his contract with the agency. He told the staff that he'd be in late the next day, because he had to be at his daughter's school.

Instead, Rifkin boarded a private jet chartered by Sony and flew to New York. He went directly to the St. Regis Hotel, situated across the street from Sony's Madison Avenue headquarters, where a room had been prepaid, so that he wouldn't have to give his name at check-in. After shaving and showering, he was escorted to Idei's suite at the hotel. Only two other people were present: Levine and an aide to Idei, Tadasu (Ted) Kawai.

There were none of the usual amenities. Idei, a carefully groomed fifty-eight-year-old who, unlike his predecessors at the head of Sony, speaks fluent English, seemed to be holding himself in rigid control. When he spoke, it was as though he were expressing the accumulated rage of Sony's disastrous seven-year, six-billion-dollar foray into the Hollywood film industry. Aiming his remarks directly at Levine, he said that he had been embarrassed: he'd been accosted within

Sony, asked why he'd been kept in the dark about Rifkin's identity, even as Levine and Rifkin had behaved so indiscreetly that the press knew almost as soon as he did. His tone was withering. When Levine tried to respond, Idei ignored him.

Idei then turned to Rifkin and asked pointed questions about what qualified him to run Sony's studios. After hearing Rifkin's answers, he turned back to Levine. There would be no immediate decision, he said, thereby undercutting Levine's assurances to Rifkin that he had the authority to name a studio head. The timing of the decision would be dictated by Idei, not Levine. Then, without further comment, Idei rose and left the room, followed by Kawai and, after him, Levine.

Rifkin immediately called Brittenham and told him that he was ready to consider a new long-term agreement with William Morris, and the sooner the better. On Friday morning, he convened another meeting at the agency and, in a similar emotional atmosphere, pledged loyalty to his fellow-agents and announced that he would definitely remain.

That same morning, Levine, still intent on saving his own job, summoned Mark Canton to breakfast at his home. The son of a movie-marketing consultant, the energetic Canton had spent his whole life in and around movies. “I need to make a change,” Levine told him. After the Rifkin fiasco, Canton thought that Levine was going to announce his own resignation. Instead, he fired Canton.

Canton was incredulous. “Why?” he asked.

“I was ordered to,” Levine replied.

Two weeks later, it was Levine's turn. On October 1st, Levine was in New York for another meeting with Idei. Idei made it clear that Levine could not continue as president of Sony Pictures Entertainment (which includes both the film and television operations) but said that he was willing to explore the possibility of a lesser role for Levine within Sony. By keeping Levine on, Idei hoped to avoid a costly settlement of Levine's contract. Idei was courteous, but Levine was not given the face-saving independent-production deal that fired studio heads and their superiors ordinarily receive. Idei offered Levine nothing even remotely satisfactory, and Levine returned to Los Angeles after Sony announced his resignation, on October 2nd.

Victoria Roberts

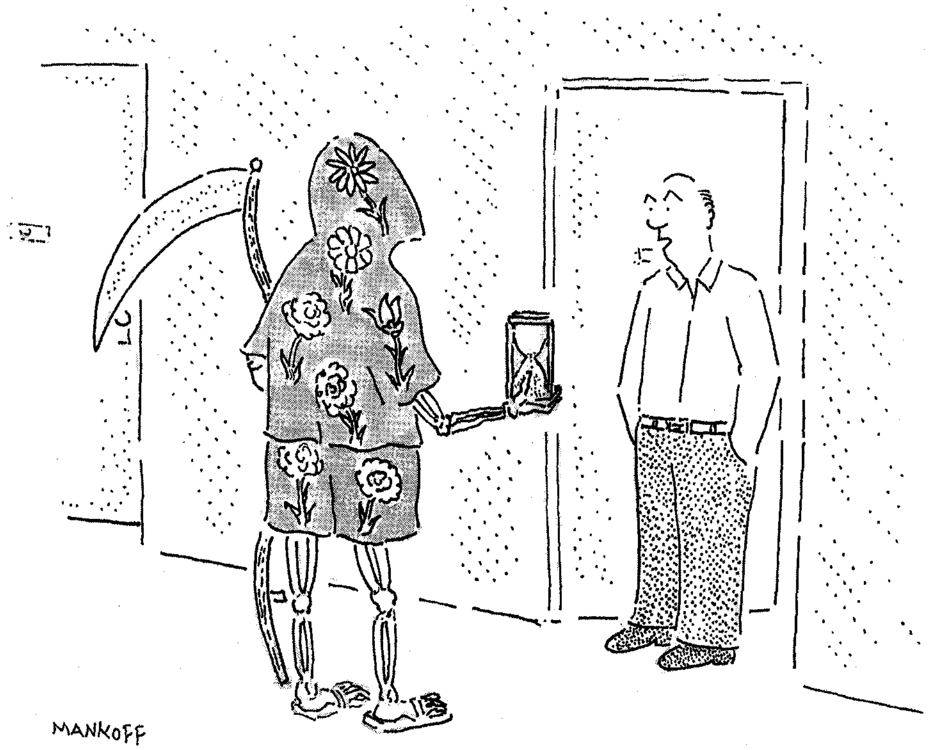
“Everybody's just a teensy bit in love with me. How about yourself?”

• •

In an effort to quell the turmoil, Sony appointed a new regime that month: the company named John Calley, the respected head of the United Artists division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer/United Artists, as president and chief operating officer of Sony Pictures, with authority over the studios; Jeff Sagansky, a former CBS executive, was now co-president, concentrating on the television operation and international business; and, most significant, Masayuki Nozoe, a little-known Sony executive, was now executive vice-president. All three were to be based in Los Angeles. Though Nozoe was to report officially to Calley, his function was clear: he would be Idei's eyes and ears at the studios—a presence that ended the hands-off era for good.

Whatever happens now at Columbia TriStar might well be little more than an exit strategy leading to a sale of all or part of the assets—something that Sony has been trying, off and on, to accomplish for two years. “The Japanese don't like us very much,” one Sony Pictures executive who remains at the studio said the other day, in what seemed an understatement. “Can you blame them?”

A SONY executive recently recalled the first time he saw Peter Guber, Levine's predecessor, and Norio Ohga, Idei's predecessor, together at Sony's New York headquarters. It was just after the Japanese acquired the studios, in 1989, and installed Guber and his then partner, Jon Peters, the seventh-grade dropout and hairdresser who had been involved with Barbra Streisand and had produced several of her movies, to run them. The dignified Ohga, who had been trained as a classical musician, was wearing a dark Savile Row suit and a white shirt with a starched collar. Guber was wearing a sweatsuit, Day-



"You call this 'death with dignity'?"

• •

Glo socks, high-top sneakers with the laces untied, and a ponytail.

At the time, Sony showed little concern that it might have overpaid for the studios; perhaps it was lulled by the success of its two-billion-dollar investment in CBS Records, in January, 1988, which had also been criticized at the time as too much. Indeed, CBS Records served as the model for Sony's investment in Hollywood. Under a legendarily colorful chairman, Walter Yetnikoff, CBS Records had thrived with minimal Japanese oversight. In his approach to the entertainment business, Yetnikoff patterned himself on Steve Ross, the late chairman of Time Warner, who had emphasized the care and nurturing of talent above all else, leaving tedious financial details, including budgets, to others. Yetnikoff struck up an improbably close relationship with Ohga, who liked to refer to him as "the funny American." Sony was so delighted with Yetnikoff that it originally envisioned him as the overseer of its combined entertainment operations.

For Yetnikoff's purposes, it may have been just as well that Ohga's command of English was limited, since Yetnikoff had an expletive-filled conversational style that might well have alienated most American executives. The journalist Fredric Dannen has recounted, in "Hit Men," that on more than one occasion Yetnikoff attended meetings while he was under the influence of alcohol. He was a known cocaine user, and smashed china and glassware for emphasis; he insulted women, revelling in his image as a male-chauvinist pig; and, in one notorious incident, he publicly accused a rival record executive of engaging in oral sex to woo a recording star.

When the Columbia deal closed, Yetnikoff had just returned from a month in drug rehabilitation and was out of the running for the entertainment-mogul job. Nevertheless, Sony followed Yetnikoff's advice and settled on his hand-picked choices for the studio management, Guber and Peters, who had run an independent production company, with a contract at Warner Bros. However flamboyant they may have appeared to others in the film community—a flamboyance that has been amply documented by Nancy Griffin and Kim Masters in "Hit and Run: How Jon Peters and Peter Guber Took Sony for a Ride in Hollywood"—by comparison with Yetnikoff "they just seemed like some other Americans" to the Japanese, one of Sony's advisers at the time has said.

Sony paid two hundred million dollars to acquire Guber and Peters's production company, gave up assets worth an estimated five hundred million dollars to extricate them from their contract with Warner Bros., and—most conspicuously—paid another hundred million dollars to renovate the studios to their exacting and lavish specifications. Guber and Peters demanded and were given access to Falcon 900 corporate jets. Sony acquired a florist to cater to their requests. Guber bought Grant Tinker's former home in Bel Air, a house in Malibu, and a ranch in Aspen. Rather than selling his other house in Southern California's flat real-estate market, Guber sold it to Sony, for more than five million dollars. Nepotism was rampant: Guber gave his wife, Lynda, a production deal, though her only experience in filmmaking was a yoga video.

Several people whom Sony consulted at the time of the purchase say that once the studios' management structure was in place virtually nothing would change it, since any change would constitute a loss of face to Ohga and, above him, Akio Morita, Sony's gadget-loving founder and chairman. Using Schulhof, based in New York, as an intermediary had worked brilliantly with records, and Ohga and Morita believed that the same process would work with movies and television.

This isn't to say that there was no management oversight of the Hollywood operations. As the number of flops mounted and costs soared, executives were fired. Although Guber's power and authority seemed only to grow, Peters was forced out in 1991, after little more than a year and a half of sharing power. Frank Price, the more sober chairman of Columbia, whom Guber and Peters had brought in with them, was ousted a few months later, and, in early 1994, so was Mike Medavoy, the chairman of TriStar, even though the two had accounted for the few hits that the studios had produced (notably "Boyz N the Hood," at Columbia, and "Sleepless in Seattle," at TriStar).

Schulhof was close to Guber. (Their children were dating, and Guber bought an eight-million-dollar co-op in New York, which allowed their families to spend more time together.) According to executives who worked with Schulhof at the time, he did try to curb his friend's excesses. "On more than one occasion, Guber said to Schulhof, 'You think you know how to run a studio? Then I'll leave my keys on your desk,' " one former executive says. But Schulhof, caught between Guber and Morita and Ohga, who abhorred management turmoil, inevitably backed down.

To the astonishment of many people working at the studios, Price and Medavoy, widely respected veterans in Hollywood, were replaced by Mark Canton, first as the chairman of Columbia, and then, after Medavoy's ouster, of TriStar, too. Guber had apparently been planning to bring in Canton all along, as soon as Canton could free himself from a contract at Warner. Many at the studios felt that Canton's primary qualification was slavish loyalty to Guber. Short, trim, and exuding a restless ambition, Canton brought enthusiasm, if not judgment, to the job. He prided himself on his relationship with talent, and was yet another executive at Sony who claimed Steve Ross as his model. Many other former colleagues praise the unconditional support they received from Canton, citing him as "a terrific boss," as one put it. Unquestionably, he did get things done. In total revenue (though not profits), the Sony studios came in just behind Warner Bros. in 1993.

In the beginning, Canton had some hits: "Single White Female" and "A League of Their Own," in 1992, and "In the Line of Fire," a Castle Rock production distributed by Columbia, in 1993. Like Ross, he sought to pair talent with the right project, then give the producers free rein. Thus, he signed Arnold Schwarzenegger to an action film and Jim Carrey to a comedy. "A three-year-old could come up with that strategy," a former colleague of Canton's says.

Soon his tenure at Columbia became marked by financial calamity. "Last Action Hero," Columbia's big film for the summer of 1993, proved that even Schwarzenegger was no box-office guarantee. (After years of public predictions from the studios that "L.A.H." would break even, it is now clear that the movie lost close to twenty million dollars.) Christmas brought "Geronimo," a fifty-million-dollar epic co-produced by Neil Canton, Mark's brother; it lost more than thirty million dollars. And the following winter "I'll Do Anything," one of the first projects Canton had approved—as a vehicle for the director James L. Brooks—opened not as a musical, as it was originally filmed, but as a comedy, from which all but one of the songs were deleted. It lost forty million dollars.

As these movies failed, some of Canton's bad habits just seemed to get worse. In meetings, he increasingly kept people waiting, not just his own employees but directors, writers, and agents—in fact, all but the top stars and directors. A standard line at the studio was "What time's the four-thirty meeting?" Six o'clock was often when it turned out to be. One executive recalls that he had been waiting outside Canton's office for forty minutes, when Canton stuck his head out of the door and said, "I'm on the phone with my real-estate broker." He was faulted for signing up projects, then losing interest in them. He seemed to give short shrift to concerns about the values promoted by Hollywood. After President Clinton called for less violence in movies, Canton told the New York *Times* that he'd "take Sunday to put things in perspective." And, even by Hollywood standards, colleagues say, Canton was self-absorbed, telling anyone who would listen about his therapy sessions; he told the magazine *Los Angeles* how his shrink had talked him through the failure of "Last Action Hero."

Even after a lacklustre screening, Canton's "approach was to act like there was no problem, then go around town saying 'Big hit, big hit, big hit,' " a producer who has worked closely with Columbia says. "He'd spend even more money. He did this on 'Cable Guy,' he did it on 'Bonfire of the Vanities.' It was massive denial. He'd say they were brilliant no matter what."

Canton himself has told a friend that the problem was style, not substance: "I got up every day and got into the game—it was like going into war. I had to motivate people. Is enthusiasm a fault? People feed off my enthusiasm." But, he conceded to this friend, "it turned on me."

SONY'S Japanese executives were isolated from Hollywood not just geographically but also by Schulhof. Morita, Sony's chairman, and Ohga, its president, made few visits to the stu-

WmHamilton

"You have such a familiar face. Who did it?"

dios; because they spoke little English, they relied on translators; and on occasion, according to participants, they dozed through studio presentations at the quarterly board meetings in New York. Information about the studios was controlled by Schulhof, who had credibility with the engineers at Sony because he had a Ph.D. in physics, from Brandeis, and who put the best possible face on the studios' results, emphasizing, in the Japanese style, market share rather than profitability. Guber attended the board meetings, but Canton, the studio chairman, didn't. Press coverage of the studios' troubles had become increasingly critical, and evidently infuriated Morita and Ohga even more than the losses themselves. They seemed determined to prove their critics wrong, to ignore outside advice, and to maintain management stability. At least, that appears to be the only explanation for a public announcement by Sony in November, 1993, after "Last Action Hero," that it had renewed Guber's contract for five years. (What wasn't disclosed was that, as part of this arrangement, either Guber or Sony could terminate his tenure as chairman, and he would become an independent producer with an exceedingly generous production agreement.) Guber, in turn, extended Canton's contract, which still had two years on it, by three more years, so that Canton could expect to earn as much as twenty million dollars, with bonuses. To many in Hollywood, profligacy and incompetence were being perversely rewarded—a pattern the Japanese seemed ready to continue indefinitely.

Schulhof had hoped that a successful summer might buy some time, but the 1994 season proved a disappointment. "Wolf," with Jack Nicholson as a modern-day werewolf, and directed by Mike Nichols, went over budget, costing sixty million dollars, and barely broke even. Other offerings—"City Slickers II" and "North," co-produced by Castle Rock—were financial and artistic duds. Even more worrisome, efforts to restrain costs had caused Columbia and TriStar to cut back their production schedules. Their market share, which Guber and Schulhof had boasted about the year before, fell alarmingly, to sixth place among the major Hollywood studios.

In mid-September, Schulhof flew to

AT THE GALLERIES

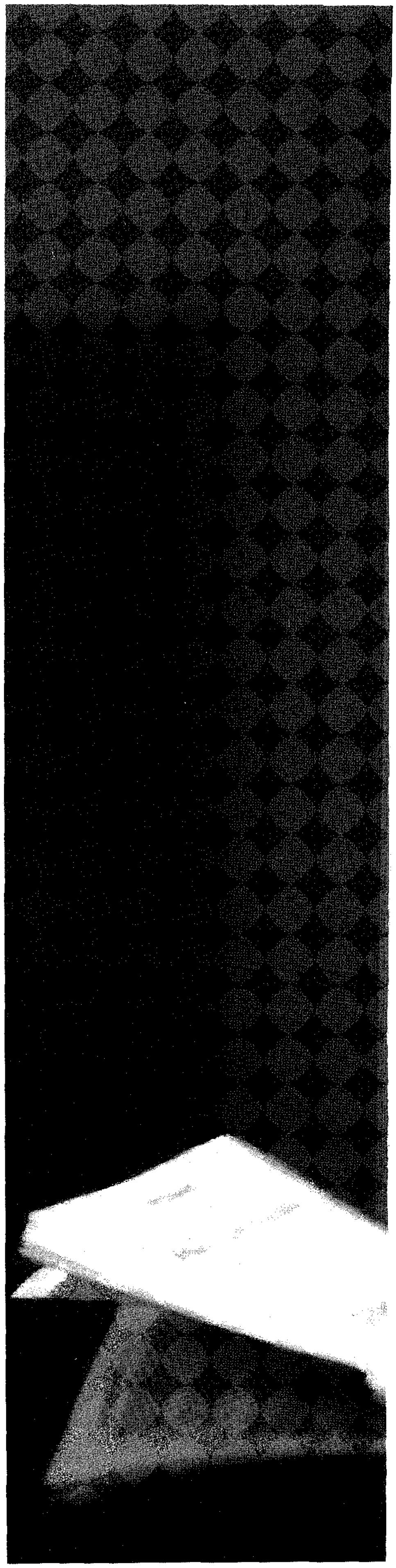
DIFFERENT STROKES

GERHARD RICHTER is a master of contradiction—a German artist of international stature who works in alternating abstract and figurative modes and gets away with it. His abstract paintings are technically dazzling and emotionally neutral. His figurative work derives from photographic images that, projected onto canvas, become the basis for moody, evocative landscapes and, occasionally, portraits, such as this luminous "804 Lesende" ("Girl Reading"), on view in Richter's current exhibition at the Marian Goodman Gallery (through November 30th).

Basing his art on photographs was a way for Richter to avoid self-expression. "I refuse to see the world in a personal way," he once said. Wanting to be avant-garde, but without giving up the traditional tools of Western art, he found his way in the early nineteen-sixties with paintings that had the elusive, fleeting quality of snapshots but also the tactile solidity of paint on canvas. In an age of "environmental" and "installation" and "anti-form" art of all descriptions, he has never stopped being a painter, although the dizzying proliferation of styles and methods in his work sometimes makes him seem to be three or four different painters. "Girl Reading" is a portrait of Sabine Moritz, his third wife, whom he married in 1995. The fall of light on hair, neck, and shoulder, the etched profile, the way pearls and fabric touch skin, and the perfect balance of this body in that space suggest that Richter has largely abandoned the rigorously impersonal strictures he used to impose on himself.

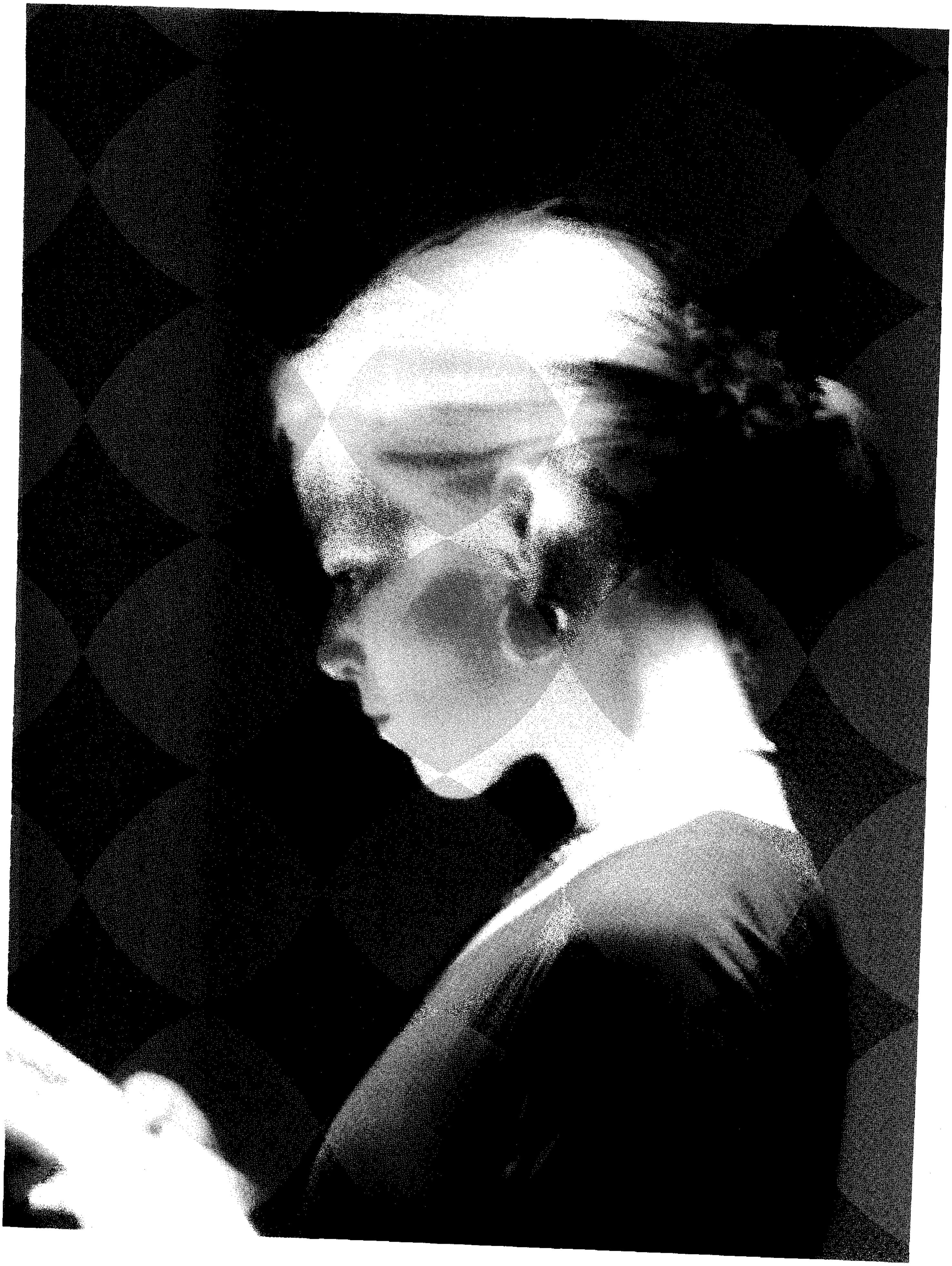
"I am fascinated by the human, temporary, real, logical side of an occurrence which is simultaneously so unreal, so incomprehensible, and so atemporal," Richter told an interviewer in 1966. "And I would like to represent it in such a way that this contradiction is preserved."

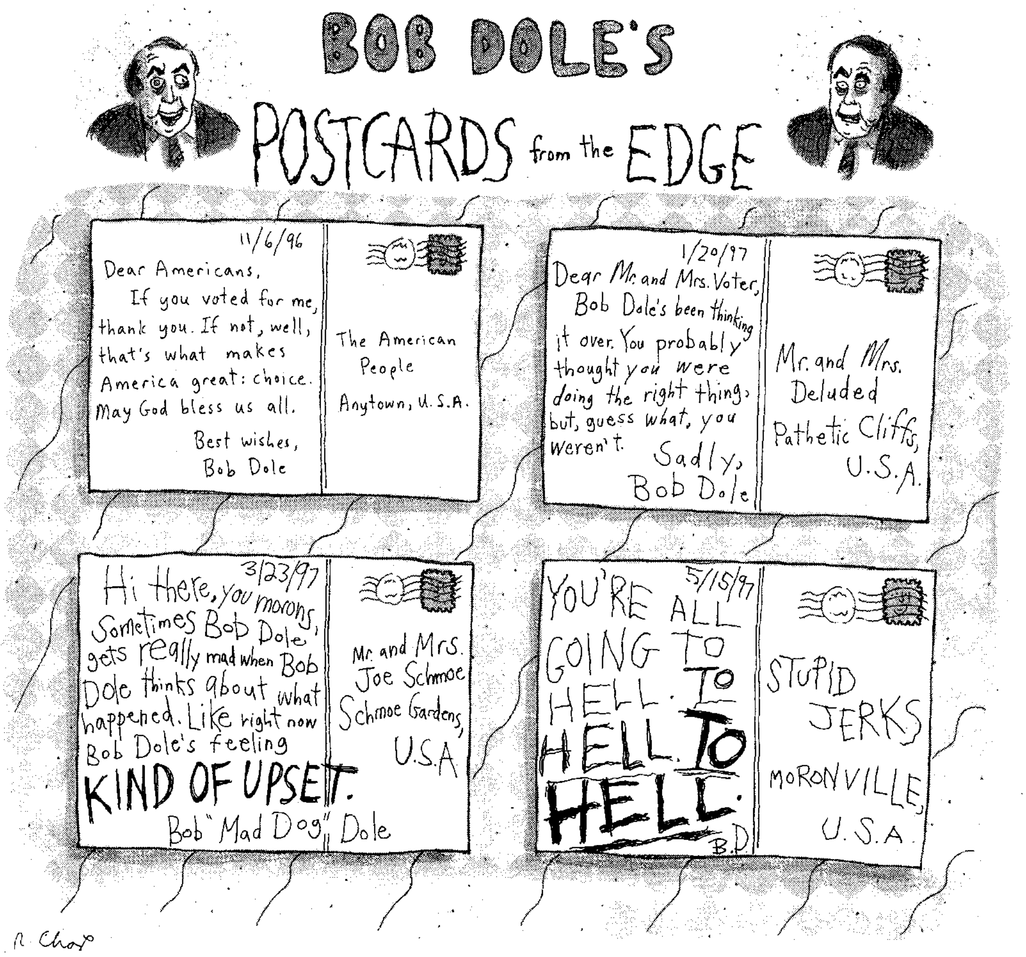
—CALVIN TOMKINS



"Lesende" (1994), by Gerhard Richter.

MARIAN GOODMAN GALLERY, N.Y.




BOB DOLE'S
POSTCARDS from the EDGE
11/6/96
Dear Americans,
If you voted for me, thank you. If not, well, that's what makes America great: choice. May God bless us all.
Best wishes,
Bob Dole
The American People
Anytown, U.S.A.
1/20/97
Dear Mr. and Mrs. Voter,
Bob Dole's been thinking it over. You probably thought you were doing the right thing, but, guess what, you weren't.
Sadly,
Bob Dole
Mr. and Mrs. Deluded
Pathetic Cliffs,
U.S.A.
3/23/97
Hi there, you morons, Sometimes Bob Dole gets really mad when Bob Dole thinks about what happened. Like right now Bob Dole's feeling KIND OF UPSET.
Bob "Mad Dog" Dole
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schmoe
Schmoe Gardens,
U.S.A.
5/15/97
YOU'RE ALL GOING TO HELL. TO HELL. TO HELL.
B.D.
STUPID JERKS
MORONVILLE
U.S.A.
R. Chast

Austria to meet with Ohga. Plainly under pressure to confront the problems at the studios, Schulhof told Ohga that Guber couldn't change his extravagant ways and it was time for Guber to leave.

On September 29, 1994, Sony held a press conference to announce that Guber had "decided to resign." Even by the disingenuous standards of such events, Schulhof's praise for Guber was fulsome: he called him a "builder" and a "visionary." Guber, in turn, told reporters that he was looking for something more creative and fulfilling than running Sony Pictures. Self-absorbed to the end, he said, "Are my interests, my passions and concerns with this kind of job? Clearly, right now, they are no longer. That's what motivated the change. . . . This is the third act of my life." Somewhat cryptically, he added that he wanted to "touch the cloth and hear the music." Levine assumed Guber's duties, but he was not given Guber's title of chairman.

Guber walked away with one of the most lucrative independent-producing deals ever. In keeping with his recent contract, he received a multimillion-dollar settlement, and a promise of a two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar investment in his production company, Mandalay. The financial aspects of the deal aroused criticism, but not as much as its nonfinancial provisions. The agreement provided for offices and other facilities on the Columbia lot, and Guber interpreted this provision as a blank check to take over an entire wing of a building and to renovate it in a Burmese theme, with imported teak, a cartographic mural of the Malay Peninsula, an exotic-fish tank, and a high-tech video-monitoring-and-reception center. The agreement allowed Guber to select projects in development at either Columbia or TriStar to co-produce himself while Sony provided much of the financing—a prerogative that Guber began to exercise almost immediately, demoralizing the studio executives who had already begun development of the projects.

That November, a little more than a month after Guber's ouster, Sony attempted to start over with its Hollywood investment. It announced that it was writing off $2.7 billion of its investment in Columbia and TriStar, and at the same time it reported accumulated operating losses of five hundred and ten million dollars connected with abandoned projects and lawsuit settlements. The announcement stunned the financial world, in part by its magnitude—the writeoff was one of the largest in Japanese corporate history—and also because it revealed that the performance of the studios had been much worse than even Sony's harshest critics had suspected. The writeoff was a public recognition that Sony had overpaid for the studios and then had spent extravagantly under Guber's regime. Awkward though it was, however, it paved the way for the more austere regime of Levine and, Sony hoped, future profits.

In an attempt to strengthen his management, Schulhof had brought in Jeff Sagansky, formerly of CBS, naming him to the Sony Pictures board. But the move only exacerbated internal divisions. An intense power struggle between Levine, who had been a lawyer for Guber's production company, and Sagansky began, with each man openly criticizing the other. And Canton, who had lost his mentor, Guber, tried to establish direct ties to the Japanese, offering at one point to spend a week in Tokyo. He was rebuffed. He asked to attend board meetings in New York, but after one trip he was again excluded.

SOME observers think that Sony might not have taken the writeoff if Morita had remained fully in command, but the legendary founder was suffering the ill effects of a stroke, and he formally retired just a few weeks later. He was replaced by Ohga. In March of 1995, Ohga resigned as president, to take the title of chairman. For his heir apparent and president, Ohga bypassed a half-dozen more obvious candidates and tapped Nobuyuki Idei, the managing director in charge of Sony's marketing and corporate communications.

Choosing Idei was a radical step: a break from the past reverence for everything connected to Morita, and, indeed, to Ohga himself. With Sony's core electronics operations suffering from a strong yen and shrinking profit margins, most had expected the appointment of someone who was an engineer, like Morita and Sony's other founders. Idei was a marketing expert and a cosmopolitan: he had had stints of living abroad; he was a frequent visitor to the United States; and he was fluent in English and French. In contrast to the grandfatherly Morita and the courtly Ohga, he was known as a tough businessman concerned less with appearances than with results. It was Idei who had pushed Sony's vexed but ultimately successful transition from its Betamax video format to the dominant VHS. He was also a movie buff, familiar with arcane Hollywood trivia.

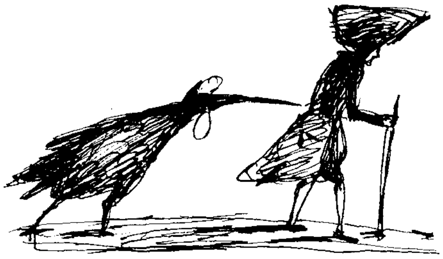
Ohga clearly recognized the depth of trouble at Sony's "software" operations, which is to say the entertainment businesses, including the studios. "I really feel that Mr. Idei has that software spirit," Ohga said at the news conference announcing his selection. "There are a number of people who can operate a hardware business. But someone who can operate a software business and raise the morale there, that is something that not everyone can do." Given Ohga's traditionally diplomatic and indirect way of speaking, the reference to a need to "raise the morale" should have been a warning to Schulhof and the studios. Idei himself, while skirting any direct reference to the problems in Hollywood, said, when his turn came, that "the most important thing is how we communicate from headquarters to the software group."

Idei didn't share the seemingly limitless patience of Morita and Ohga. Other people connected with Sony of America, and especially outside consultants, quickly noted the shift in tone and began a rearguard campaign against Schulhof. They praised his vision, but also conveyed the message that "you have to save him from himself." Meanwhile, the communications that Idei had referred to came fast and furious. Schulhof later told *Time*, "I received many, many written memoranda in the past six months from Mr. Idei outlining his views of how I should do things. Stylistically, it was not something I was used to dealing with."

Over a period of months, as his relationships with the Sony executives in Tokyo cooled, Schulhof explored various ways of making Sony's entertainment operations bring in money for the Japanese. One idea (never approved by Idei) was to sell a minority stake in the studios or the record division. Numerous potential suitors looked at the possibility and then, alarmed by the numbers, withdrew.

In characteristic Japanese fashion, Tokyo never told Schulhof that he was about to be fired. It simply showed less and less enthusiasm for his "visionary" projects. And then Idei informed Schulhof that he himself was assuming Schulhof's management responsibility for Sony's vast electronics operations in America. Not only were those operations a crucial part of Schulhof's responsibilities but their takeover by Idei was a devastating blow to the strategy he had promoted so heavily within Sony—the marriage of hardware and software. Schulhof pointed out that he considered the realignment a breach of his contract and that he wanted to speak to Ohga. He then flew to Tokyo, and told Ohga, "You are undoing everything that you and Morita expressed as a strategy. Is this what you want?" Ohga replied that he would not overrule Idei. On December 5, 1995, Sony announced Schulhof's resignation.

SCHULHOF'S ouster left the studios in turmoil. Was this the end of the bloodletting, or just a continuation of a purge of anyone linked to Guber? In April, 1996, Idei paid his ritual visit to the Hollywood operations, during which he pledged his support and endorsed Levine and Canton. Idei installed two lieutenants in New York: Masayuki Nozoe, as executive vice-president, and Ted Kawai, a former head of the Canadian division, as deputy president. Their arrival marked a dramatic change at Sony's New York offices. Dubbed "the Japanese spies" by some Americans, Nozoe and Kawai stood in sharp contrast to earlier emissaries from Sony. They were younger, were fluent in English, wore Armani suits, and showed a surprisingly good sense of humor—and they were often scathing about the studios. According to a participant in Sony of America board meetings, the new Japanese arrivals showed little respect for Schulhof's legacy. "They'd openly trash him," this person, who remains at Sony, says. "They felt that they"—Sony—"had been totally screwed by the Americans."



Idei also began making other trips to Hollywood, sometimes slipping into town without notifying his employees. He met with people like Michael Ovitz and Michael Eisner, of Disney; Rupert Murdoch, the press and television magnate; and the media entrepreneur Barry Diller. His aim was both to learn more about the business and to assess Levine's and Canton's leadership. What he heard wasn't encouraging: Levine and Canton were steadily losing credibility and respect within the creative community.

Idei had made it clear to Levine and Canton that he wanted all vestiges of the Guber era eliminated. One of Levine's first assignments was to renegotiate Guber's production agreement, which not only was costly but had been demoralizing to other executives—especially Mark Platt, the president of TriStar, and Lisa Henson, the president of Columbia. Henson, who was the Harvard-educated daughter of Jim Henson, the creator of the Muppets, cut a distinctly independent swath through Hollywood. In contrast to Canton, with his taste for action pictures and big stars, she was primarily responsible for two of Columbia's most critically acclaimed and, as it turned out, financially successful films—"Little Women," with Winona Ryder, and "Sense and Sensibility," with Emma Thompson. As for Platt, he had been president of TriStar under Mike Medavoy, and, though he had little rapport with either Guber or Canton, had been kept on largely because he had strong ties to the creative community. (His 1995 Christmas movie for TriStar, "Jumanji," starring Robin Williams, proved one of the few surprise hits of the season.)

Henson and Platt had some of the studios' most promising projects under way: "The People vs. Larry Flynt," at Columbia, and, at TriStar, "The Mirror Has Two Faces," a romantic comedy directed by and starring Barbra Streisand; "Jerry Maguire," a comedy starring Tom Cruise, to whom Canton had offered a twenty-million-dollar guarantee; and "Godzilla." But there were, inevitably, problems. For example, the cost of "Mirror" went from thirty-seven million dollars to forty-nine million because Streisand was a perfectionist, worked slowly, and, as both star and director, had the power to do things her way. And Canton did not ease the producers' burden. Canton "would never help on 'Mirror,'" one executive says. "He wouldn't look at footage. He wouldn't help the director. He wouldn't go near it. Then it previewed through the roof in mid-July. Now he loves it." (Others associated with the film say that Canton stayed away in accordance with Streisand's wishes.) Nevertheless, Platt and others at his studio were told that unnamed superiors were upset with them. This was particularly infuriating, an executive involved says, because it seemed so capricious: no one had ever talked about cost overruns on projects like "Money Train," another bomb, co-produced by Neil Canton and Jon Peters, which went twenty million dollars over budget, cost sixty-seven million, and made only thirty-five million in domestic box-office revenues. (Costs typically do not include prints and advertising, which can easily add twenty-five million dollars to a major film.)

It was an open secret that Platt and Henson would be sacrificed so that Canton and Levine could prove to Idei that they were exercising control at the studios. In July, Platt learned of his ouster in *Variety*, without having received so much as a phone call. Henson's contract was allowed to expire, and she accepted a production deal. Platt was immediately courted by other studios, and is now the president of Universal Pictures.

Levine's more cautious fiscal approach was soon made evident to filmmakers at the studios. Under Guber, Canton had had the authority to green light projects; now the green-light meetings were moved to Levine's office, and Levine attended them. At one such meeting, executives had considered "Independence Day," a special-effects thriller about an alien invasion. Columbia and TriStar were offered the first crack at the project by its producer, Dean Devlin, and director, Roland Emmerich, and everybody at the studios seemed to love the idea. But Canton, according to those present at the meeting, argued that "Independence Day" would be too expensive and required guarantees that the studio shouldn't make. Levine backed him, and Columbia and TriStar missed out on what would become the biggest hit of the summer of 1996.

At the time these decisions were being made, Levine's cautious approach seemed to be paying off, however. During the calendar year 1995, the results were encouraging—especially for some of the low- to mid-budget films, for which costs had been kept strictly under control. These included the departing Lisa Henson's "Little Women," which cost just nineteen million dollars but generated eighty-five million in total box-office sales. But by the time of Idei's visit in April the studio had suffered another setback. In a return to the big-budget, big-star approach favored by Canton, "Mary Reilly," starring Julia Roberts, was supposed to be a major Columbia Christmas release. The film—a retelling of the Jekyll and Hyde story from the point of view of Jekyll's maid—had been plagued by script and production problems. Its release was delayed until the following year. The movie ultimately cost fifty million dollars and performed dismally, generating just ten million dollars in domestic box-office revenues. Its failure gave a sense of urgency to Idei's command to "make a successful summer."

"The Cable Guy," a comedy about a cable repairman run amok, was seen to be foolproof. Canton was so keen to release the film in the summer of 1996 that the deadline was virtually the only condition he imposed on the movie's star and director. In essence, "The Cable Guy" reflected the hybrid approach of Levine and Canton to moviemaking: keep costs down (Levine) but package a major star, or a major director, or both (Canton). "The Cable Guy" had originally been budgeted as a small, twenty-million-dollar comedy, intended as a vehicle for Chris Farley, an up-and-coming but still inexpensive cast member of "Saturday

"Your Honor, we, the jury, find this one too close to call."

Night Live." Then it turned out that Farley couldn't start in time to meet the summer schedule. Canton suggested that the project be transformed into a vehicle for Carrey, and cemented the deal with the record-breaking guarantee to Carrey of twenty million dollars plus the use of Sony's private jet, the ultimate Hollywood bauble. Artistic control was ceded largely to Carrey. The screenwriter Lou Holtz, Jr., was replaced by Judd Apatow, and Ben Stiller was brought in to direct.

TAXI
D. Reilly

"And step on it. This restaurant may be over any minute."

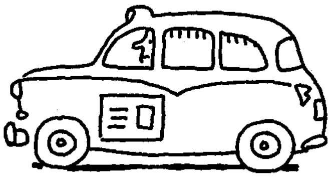
• •

One of the participants recalls the first dailies of the work in progress. "The minute Jim Carrey opened his mouth, and we heard that weird, lisping speech, I thought, Oh, my God. They did what I thought couldn't be done, which was to turn a funny script into a dark, art-house, 'auteur' film. It was an insane plot." At the first screening, when it was apparent to everyone that Carrey and Stiller had created, at best, an unpleasant comedy with narrow appeal, Canton said only that they needed to make it "a little lighter," and proclaimed it a hit. Some of the studio people complained that the film was bizarrely, and needlessly, misogynist and homophobic. Nonetheless, Canton said that he was proud of the film.

Under Levine's influence, however, "The Cable Guy" did not turn into another "Last Action Hero," for the budget, apart from Carrey's salary, stayed firmly in control. The total cost was forty-seven million dollars, considered frugal by the current standards of star vehicles. "It was out of control creatively, not financially," a former studio executive notes.

Given the hype for "The Cable Guy," Canton was essentially betting the entire summer season on a single film, and, given the cost controls and limited resources, he probably had little choice. Still, a surprise hit from the rest of the lineup might have made up for a disappointing performance from "The Cable Guy." For example, "Multiplicity" was a quirky comedy with a recognized star, Michael Keaton, and a proven director, Harold Ramis ("Groundhog Day") and cost forty-three million dollars. "Matilda" starred and was produced by Danny DeVito, whose production company was then housed on the Columbia-TriStar lot. On paper, it was hard to fault any of these projects. A former executive involved in them explains, " 'Cable Guy'—it came in as a very low-budget movie, then you could cast it with the biggest bonanza guy in the business. You say, 'I'll do it, the funniest man alive, all right.' It's a little dark, but you say yes. Canton did say yes. I would have. When Harold Ramis comes along—he did 'Groundhog Day,' he said it had the quirky tone of 'Groundhog'—you say yes. That was 'Multiplicity.' You see a script like 'Matilda'—the best script ever. Danny the director. You say yes."

But probably more emblematic of the upcoming season was "The Fan," a story of a deranged sports enthusiast who stalks a professional baseball player. Some executives at Columbia had reservations, but the project was being developed by Wendy Finerman, who was one of the producers of "Forrest Gump," at Paramount, and who is Canton's wife. "The Fan," like "The Cable Guy," was supposed to be a relatively low-budget production. But at Columbia it was selected by Guber under his production deal, along with "Seven Years in Tibet," with Brad Pitt, and "Donnie Brasco," with Al Pacino and Johnny Depp, neither of which has been completed. "The Fan" 's costs soon soared to fifty-five million dollars. Wesley Snipes and Robert De Niro were signed for the lead roles, giving the film the star power that Canton wanted. A former executive explains what happened: "It started out, when Wendy brought it in, as a twenty-million-dollar movie with no big stars. But then Canton gushed with enthusiasm for the project. He'd say, 'We got Wesley for seven million dollars. Isn't that great? De Niro did the same role in "Cape Fear" and "Taxi Driver." That was great. We got a Baltimore Oriole to consult. We'll kill 'em!' That's how Mark works. I didn't have the energy to pull him aside and say, 'I totally disbelieve in this.' " When "The Fan" was shown for an audience preview, Finerman and the other producers declined to release to the marketing department, or to anyone else at the studio, cards on which viewers had recorded their reactions. Canton insisted that the audience had loved it.



In the end, however, none of Canton's judgments—good or bad—seemed to matter. Every one of Sony's offerings for the summer of 1996 was a disappointment, if not an outright failure. "The Fan," like "The Cable Guy," was savaged by critics, and it generated only twenty million dollars in domestic revenues. Foreign results haven't been reported, but the film's overall loss may approach twenty million dollars. "Matilda" was critically praised, and was hailed as charming and funny in a summer filled with mind-numbing disaster films like "Twister" and "Independence Day." But it and "Multiplicity," too, sank at the box office.

ON September 9, 1996, Canton attended the first screening of his next star vehicle, "Jerry Maguire," the studios' big Christmas release. He loved "Jerry Maguire" (as he had loved virtually every movie he ever made), and he was in buoyant spirits around the studios. Then he read the September 30th issue of *Fortune*, which reported that he was about to be ousted by Sony executives. At lunch, Canton confronted Levine, and Levine was reassuring. "I think all that bad stuff is behind you," he told Canton.

Then, two days later, Canton read the *Variety* story reporting that Levine was about to name Rifkin to his job. He immediately called Levine, who was at Sony headquarters in New York. Canton was told that Levine was unavailable but would call back. Canton waited. Finally, that night—the eve of Idei's meeting with Rifkin—Levine returned Canton's call. Not surprisingly, he sounded ill at ease. "There's lots going on," he said. "Hang in there. I have to go. I'm in a meeting. It's like an est meeting—it never ends." As soon as they hung up, Canton called his lawyer.

Canton was left to dangle publicly while everyone else in Hollywood waited for the axe to fall. On Thursday, Levine, flying back to Los Angeles after the disastrous meeting with Idei, called Canton from the plane. He withheld any definite statement, saying only that the two needed to meet, and he invited Canton to breakfast the next day at his house. That same evening, both Canton and Levine attended a celebrity-packed fund-raiser for President Clinton. They arrived separately, Levine having come straight from the airport. They barely spoke to each other.

THERE had never been the slightest chance that Idei would approve Levine's choice for studio chairman. Rifkin's trip to New York had been little more than a charade. Even as Levine deceived Canton in order to recruit Rifkin, Idei was secretly recruiting another executive for Levine's job. John Calley had managed to turn around United Artists studio with the James Bond hit "GoldenEye" and with what became the surprise hit of the year—the Mike Nichols comedy "The Birdcage." His success had enabled the French bank Crédit Lyonnais to sell the studio back to a group of investors headed by the financier Kirk Kerkorian, for $1.3 billion. Talks between Idei and Calley had begun in late June—well before Levine approached Rifkin. By mid-July, Idei had decided that Calley would replace Levine. But Calley remained under contract to M-G-M/U.A. and wouldn't be available until Crédit Lyonnais completed the sale of the studio to Kerkorian, so Idei said nothing.

Calley's selection was welcomed in Hollywood and within Columbia Tri-Star, both because of his reputation and because his appointment was perceived as a final break with the tumultuous Guber era. Calley, at sixty-six, has a maturity and experience that are much needed at the Sony studios, and he seems uniquely qualified to assuage the Japanese. Unlike his predecessors—especially Guber, who resisted any Japanese interference with the studios—Calley seems comfortable with Idei's representative, Nozoe, as a full-time presence.

Calley now has a production schedule that is Canton's and Levine's legacy. In addition to "Jerry Maguire" this Christmas, "Godzilla," which Canton had touted as another "Batman," is a hoped-for second blockbuster, possibly for the summer of 1998. Advance word from within the studios is good for both projects, and not just from Canton's few remaining allies. It would be strange if Canton finally got the hit he craved only after he was gone.

Still, executives say that, even if these films are hits, it won't mean that Levine and Canton improved the studios' management or financial outlook. They say that another disaster is looming: the aptly titled "Devil's Own," starring Brad Pitt and Harrison Ford in a thriller about an Irish Republican Army terrorist in New York, directed by Alan J. Pakula. They note, incredulously, that filming began before a script was completed and then was halted while the script was rewritten. Even after that, the account goes on, the two stars would retreat to their trailers so each could rewrite his own lines, further delaying production. The budget has soared from an estimated sixty million dollars to ninety million—though "that's assuming there ever was a budget," one participant says. The opening of "Devil's Own," which was originally scheduled as another major Christmas movie, has been delayed at least until March.

A measure of Sony's displeasure with Levine's and Canton's performance came this month, when the company released earnings for the first six months of fiscal year 1997: it included strong profits from the Pictures Group, which includes not only the film but also the television operations. Sony went out of its way to praise the "continued strength in the television business" and video sales of "Jumanji" and "Sense and Sensibility," and added, "all of which more than offset the unfavorable performance of U.S. theatrical releases."

Neither Canton nor Levine was offered a production deal by Sony.

Nonetheless, Canton's established ties to stars like Jack Nicholson and others are expected to stand him in good stead. He is determined, he has told friends, to remain a "player." He is banking on the box-office success of his still-to-be-released films, and, if they are hits, he may well realize that ambition. Levine's reputation is primarily as a lawyer, and his future in movie production is less certain. He is still negotiating the terms of his departure from Sony. Rifkin, on the other hand, has signed a new long-term agreement with William Morris, and his reputation has soared. He was recently cited as one of Hollywood's top hundred power brokers by *Entertainment Weekly.* New additions to the William Morris talent list since the Sony episode include Jackie Chan and Drew Barrymore. Like Michael Ovitz before him, Rifkin has discovered that nothing enhances an agent's reputation so much as being courted by a studio.

HOWEVER much Guber and Peters set out to enrich themselves at the expense of Sony, it is hard to attribute Sony's embarrassing failure solely to the wrong managers. Absentee investors, foreign and American alike, have traditionally fared poorly in Hollywood. Sony's rival, Matsushita, for example, bailed out of its investment in the M.C.A. Corporation this spring, after five years; it had sustained a substantial loss even without indulging in the flagrant overspending that characterized Guber and Peters. Nor can Guber, let alone Peters, be blamed for the studios' hapless performance of the last few years, culminating in this fall's management purge. Levine was, after all, tapped by the Sony management to replace Guber in 1994, in order to rein in costs, and, by and large, he did so. Sony's experience, while it had no doubt been exacerbated by a clash of cultures, seems on the whole an object lesson for anyone seeking to manage a movie studio as part of a large conglomerate, and it is a lesson that has since been learned by studios ranging from Disney to Twentieth Century Fox and on to Paramount.

Sony needs to get rid of all or part of Sony Pictures, preferably at a face-saving price. At least three large investment banks have recently been approached by Sony about the possibility of serving as the company's strategic adviser. The marriage of "hardware" and "software" that motivated the deal in the first place, along with Matsushita's purchase of M.C.A., now seems a relic of the eighties, an investment-banker fantasy that foundered in practice. What is now driving the industry is not the relatively static world of hardware but the proliferation of distribution channels to get the software to TV sets, movie screens, cable systems, VCRs, and personal computers. It is Rupert Murdoch, Ted Turner, and Michael Eisner who have proved to be the visionaries, combining their movie properties with television networks and cable systems and other studios—and not Morita and Sony. Sony is particularly hobbled because, as a foreign company, it cannot own an American television station.

The Japanese are understandably bitter. Sony's experience with the Guber era has no doubt poisoned the Japanese view of American business in a way that will affect relations between the two trading partners for years. Idei said at a press conference earlier this year, "I used to be very emotional" about Sony's experience with Guber, "but now I'm more stable."

American fears of a Japanese cultural invasion of Hollywood, it's safe to say, can be laid to rest. The Japanese and other foreigners may have proved themselves masters of American manufacturing and marketing, from automobiles to appliances, but these are essentially commodity businesses. Moviemaking, television production, and book publishing—the "software" businesses that Sony coveted—are about as far from commodity operations as they can be. They are creative endeavors—almost entirely dependent on human capital and peculiarly rooted in American culture and an American sensibility—for which no one has devised a surefire formula for success. ♦

Nature of injury, insurance-company name and address, and your signature at the bottom.
THE PROVIDER WITH THE LAMP
Handelsman

THE ART WORLD

DUCHAMP AND NEW YORK

What did he find here? The things that made art modern.

BY CALVIN TOMKINS

It came as a great surprise to Marcel Duchamp that in New York, when he arrived here for the first time, in 1915, he was considered a famous person. His reputation "was equalled only by Napoleon and Sarah Bernhardt," according to his friend Henri-Pierre Roché. "He could have had his choice of heiresses, but he preferred to play chess and to live on the proceeds of the exclusive French lessons he gave for two dollars an hour. He was an enigma, contrary to all tradition, and he won everybody's heart."

That his fame derived from a single painting, exhibited two years earlier at the Armory Show, must have made it seem all the more astonishing. French newspapers had carried only brief and sketchy reports on that groundbreaking exhibition, and Duchamp, who was delighted that all four of the paintings he had sent to it were sold, did not fully comprehend the American reaction to his "Nude Descending a Staircase." The immense furor set off by this rather sombre Cubist composition is still hard to fathom. "Her room was mobbed every day," according to one account. "People formed queues, waiting for thirty, even forty minutes just to stand momentarily in her presence, venting their shocked gasps of disbelief, their rage, or their raucous laughter before giving way to the next in line." Newspaper reporters stumbled over one another trying to think up funny descriptions of it—Julian Street's "explosion in a shingle factory" was the one that many people remembered, along with J. F. Griswold's cartoon takeoff in the *Evening Sun*, called "The Rude Descending a Staircase (Rush Hour at the Subway)." *American Art News* offered a ten-dollar prize for the best explanation of the picture and awarded it to a poem called "It's Only a Man":

> You've tried to find her,
> And you've looked in vain
> Up the picture and down again,
> You've tried to fashion her of broken bits,
> And you've worked yourself into seventeen
> fits;
> The reason you've failed to tell you I can,
> It isn't a lady but only a man.

To a great many visitors, Duchamp's painting seemed to sum up everything that was arbitrary, irrational, and incomprehensible in the new art from Europe. The public response to it, though, was not really angry. Nobody wanted to burn Duchamp in effigy, as Chicago art students talked of doing to Matisse and Brancusi when the Armory Show came there. Matisse was the main villain in the eyes of established American artists and critics: the "Apostle of the Ugly," whose violent colors and distortions of the human figure (in particular, the "female form divine," as it was often referred to then in American art circles) were decried as "epileptic," "depraved," "coarse," "hideous," and "revolting." By comparison, the attacks on Duchamp seemed relatively good-natured. Duchamp always maintained that the reactions to his "Nude" had to do mainly with its title, and in the United States this certainly seems to have been the case. Nudes weren't supposed to come down stairs in art, and an artist who proposed to show one doing so (even if you couldn't see her doing it) must be kidding, right? Could Duchamp be making fun of Cubism, and not only of Cubism but of modern art in general? His famous "Nude" may have actually appealed to some of the same prejudices that found it so outrageous.

Duchamp's reasons for coming to New York in 1915, at any rate, had nothing to do with art. In January, he had been judged medically unfit for military service in the First World War, because of a slight rheumatic-heart condition, and his life in Paris had become increasingly unpleasant as a result. Patriotic citizens seeing an apparently healthy young man not in uniform would glare, or even spit, at him on the street, and one of his sisters-in-law—his two older brothers were both in the service, as were most of his artist friends—regularly reproached him for being behind the lines. "*I do not go to New York, I leave Paris*," he had written to his American friend Walter Pach, one of the principal organizers of the Armory Show, shortly before he boarded the S.S. Rochambeau, in June. New York nevertheless soon became his favorite city—the place where he felt freer and more at home than anywhere else, and to which he returned again and again in the years to come.

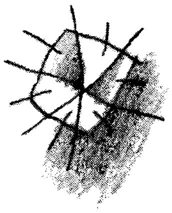
For the rest of his life, Duchamp carried happy memories of his first few months here. Although he barely spoke English when he arrived, he found New York and its inhabitants wonderfully congenial. "For a Frenchman, used to class distinctions, you had the feeling of what a real democracy, a one-class country, could be," he recalled years later. "People who could afford to have chauffeurs went to the theatre by subway, things like that." Pach introduced him to Greenwich Village, which struck Duchamp as "a real Bohemia. Delightful. Why, Greenwich Village was full of people doing absolutely *nothing*."

It took the press three months to discover that Duchamp was in New York. "THE NUDE-DESCENDING-A-STAIRCASE MAN SURVEYS US" was the headline over a Sunday feature story in the *Tribune* on September 12th—the first of several interviews published in newspapers and magazines during the fall of

MARK KAUFFMANN, LIFE MAGAZINE © TIME, INC.

Duchamp at his Greenwich Village home in the sixties. New York was the place where he felt freer than anywhere else.

1915. Most of the interviewers were surprised to find that the Armory Show's bête noire was so agreeable. "He neither talks, nor looks, nor acts like an artist," one reporter marvelled. The poet Alfred Kreymborg, writing in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, described him as "a young, decidedly boyish human with the quietest air and the most genial simplicity in the world." These early interviews contain a good deal of misinformation (one spells his name "Duchamps"; another reports that "he is away from the French front on a furlough"), and the writers can't seem to agree on what he looks like. *Arts & Decoration* gives him "red hair, blue eyes, freckles, a face . . . and a figure that would seem American even among Americans," while the *Tribune* reporter calls him "quite handsome, with blond, curly hair," and says he could be taken "for a well-groomed Englishman." (In a photograph that accompanied an unsigned article in *Vanity Fair*—it was made by Pach Brothers, the portrait studio run by Walter Pach's father and uncle—he looks very grave and indelibly French. The United States Immigration and Naturalization Service records for 1915 list Duchamp as five feet ten inches tall, with a fair complexion, brown hair, and "chestnut" eyes.) The interviewers were charmed by Duchamp, and Duchamp, in spite of his natural inclination to listen to them rather than to talk about himself (several reporters mentioned this), rewarded their curiosity with quotable remarks on the American woman ("Always knows what she wants, and therefore always gets it"), American art ("New York itself is a . . . complete work of art"), Cubism ("That word cubism means nothing at all"), and the war ("I admire the attitude of combatting invasion with folded arms").



The self-confident, ironic tone of his remarks—delivered in a language that still gave him plenty of trouble—makes you wonder what had become of the shy, somewhat withdrawn young man his friends had known in Paris. There is no doubt that New York had a liberating effect on Duchamp. He seemed to feel that for Americans the past—the cultural record—was somehow cancelled out. "In Paris, in Europe, the young men of any generation always act as the grandsons of some great man," he once told me. "Of Victor Hugo in France, and I suppose of Shakespeare in England. They can't help it. Even if they don't believe it, it goes into their system, and so, when they come to produce something of their own, there is a sort of traditionalism that is indestructible. This does not exist here. You don't give a damn about Shakespeare, do you? You're not his grandsons at all. So it is a perfect terrain for new developments."

EVER since 1912, when Duchamp started thinking about a "large-scale project" that would eventually become "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even," the masterpiece of his early career, his overriding ambition had been to invent a new means of expression that had nothing to do with Cubist theories or with what he called "retinal" art—art whose appeal was mainly or exclusively to the eye rather than to the mind. He wanted to discover something that neither he nor anyone else had seen or thought of before, and New York, with its bumptious and lighthearted iconoclasm, seemed like a fine place to do that.

Walter Pach had arranged for him to stay in Walter and Louise Arensberg's duplex apartment, at 33 West Sixty-seventh Street. The Arensbergs, who were spending the summer in a house in Pomfret, Connecticut, had started to collect modern art as a result of their exposure to it at the Armory Show. (Louise's family owned J. P. Stevens, the hundred-year-old New England textile firm.) They had heard a lot about Duchamp from Pach, who was now their main adviser on art, and when they met him for the first time the two men took to each other instantly. "Duchamp was the sparkplug that ignited him" is how one of Arensberg's friends put it; and Arensberg, as patron, admirer, and friend, would play a major role in Duchamp's subsequent career.

When the Arensbergs returned to town in September, Duchamp moved into a furnished room on Beekman Place and then into a one-room studio in the Lincoln Arcade Building, at 1947 Broadway, between Sixty-fifth and Sixty-sixth Streets. One of the first things he did after that second move was to buy two big sheets of heavy plate glass, set them up on sawhorses, and embark on the large-scale work that he had been planning for the last three years. It was to be a painting on glass, nine feet high and five and a half feet wide, on the theme of sexual desire—or, to be more precise, the machinery of sexual desire.

Virtually all the thinking and planning for "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even"—also known as the "Large Glass"—had been done in France, but the work itself was constructed entirely in New York. He began with the upper panel, on which he carefully outlined in lead wire the mysterious elements of the bride machine (a combination of mechanical and visceral forms), working from a drawing on paper attached to the underside of the glass. It was a slow, tedious process, and after two hours of it he was usually ready to quit for the day. "You see," he explained, "it interested me but not enough to be *eager* to finish it. I'm lazy, don't forget that. Besides, I didn't have any intention to show it or sell it at that time. I was just doing it—that was my life. And when I wanted to work on it I did, and other times I would go out and enjoy America. It was my first visit, remember, and I had to see America as much as I had to work on my 'Glass.' "

Although very far from being the most famous art work of our century, the "Large Glass" may well be the most prophetic. The "Glass," together with the "readymades" that were so closely associated with its development—common manufactured items that Duchamp promoted to the status of works of art simply by selecting and signing them—are primary sources for the conceptual approach that has come to dominate art in the second half of the twentieth century: an approach that defines art primarily as a mental act.

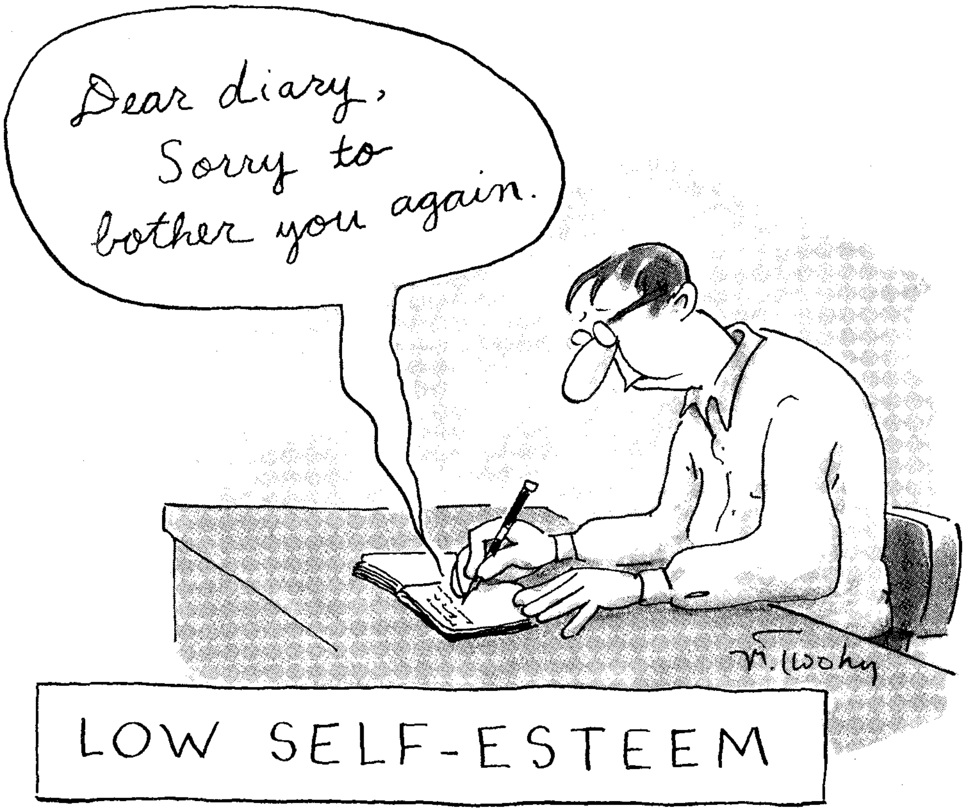
The readymade idea first came to full, conscious fruition one day in the winter of 1915-16, when Duchamp and his friend Jean Crotti, a Swiss artist who was sharing the Lincoln Arcade studio with him at the time, went into a hardware store on Columbus Avenue and bought a snow shovel. It was an ordinary snow shovel, with a flat galvanized-iron blade and a wooden handle; there were thousands just like it in hardware stores all over America, stacked up in advance of the winter storms—or, as Duchamp would say, in the title that he inscribed on the shovel's business end, "In Advance of the Broken Arm." Why did he choose this particular item? Neither he nor Crotti had ever seen a snow shovel before, he explained some years later—such things were not made in France. Duchamp recalled how pleased and proud Crotti had looked as he carried the purchase, slung like a rifle on his shoulder, the few blocks to their studio, where Duchamp, after painting the title on and signing it "*d'après* Marcel Duchamp" (to show that it was not "by" but simply "from" the artist), tied a wire to the handle and hung it from the ceiling.

Two years earlier, in his studio in Paris, Duchamp had mounted the front wheel of a bicycle, in its straight fork, upside down on an ordinary kitchen stool. He did that with no particular idea in mind, simply "as a pleasure," he said, "pleasant for the movement it gave." Another readymade-before-the-name had come into being in 1914—a cast-iron rack for drying wine bottles, which Duchamp picked up at the Bazar de l'Hôtel-de-Ville. He had bought it as "a sculpture already made," and he planned to write something on it—a phrase that would be "without normal meaning"—but he never got around to doing that. The bottle rack gathered dust in a corner. The readymade *idea* had not yet been born: only by receiving a title and an artist's signature could an object attain the odd and endlessly provocative status of a readymade, a work of art created not by the hand and skill but by the mind and decision of the artist.

In a letter mailed from New York to his sister Suzanne, in Paris, Duchamp described how he had bought a snow shovel and had written on it an English inscription that had nothing to do with it "in the Romantic or Impressionist or Cubist sense." He then asked her to help him make "a 'Readymade' from a distance." Suzanne was to take the iron bottle rack in his abandoned Paris studio and write on the base and on the inside of the bottom ring, "in small letters painted with an oil-painting brush, in silver white color, the inscription that I will give you after this, and you will sign it in the same hand as follows: from Marcel Duchamp." He was too late. In clearing out his studio, Suzanne had thrown away both the bottle rack and the bicycle wheel, which she must have decided were useless junk. A similar fate befell almost every one of the original readymades, including "In Advance of the Broken Arm." Even the phrase that Suzanne was supposed to write on the bottle rack has vanished; it may have been on a separate page of Duchamp's letter, which got lost. But that scarcely mattered: the readymade idea had now been loosed upon the world, with incalculable effects on twentieth-century art, art history, and critical discourse. As Duchamp said once, toward the end of his life, "I'm not at all sure that the concept of the readymade isn't the most important single idea to come out of my work."

Duchamp's own statements about the readymades cut right through the fog banks of commentary by others. Readymades were his antidote to retinal art, because "it was always the idea that came first, not the visual example." The readymades posed the question "What is art?" and suggested, quite disturbingly, that it could be anything at all; a readymade, in fact, was "a form of denying the possibility of defining art." Duchamp made a note to himself to "limit the no. of rdymades yearly," and he followed his own instructions, producing no more than twenty in his lifetime; only by limiting the output, he felt, could he avoid falling into the trap of his own taste, and taste—good or bad—was "the greatest enemy of art." Duchamp knew perfectly well that there was a contradiction here. Just by selecting one object rather than another, he was exercising taste, no matter how hard he tried to avoid it, and each of the readymades can be said to reflect Duchamp in its ironic, humorous, quietly diabolic ambiguity. "My intention was always to get away from myself, though I knew perfectly well that I was using myself," he said. "Call it a little game between 'I' and 'me.' "

WITHOUT any apparent effort on his part, Duchamp had become the star of the Arensberg circle. His mental agility and ironic wit set the tone for gatherings that took place three or four evenings a week on West Sixty-seventh Street, where paintings by Duchamp were starting to outnumber those by any other artist. Evenings at the Arensbergs' began around nine o'clock, after dinner, and did not break up until long past midnight. In addition to the American artists Charles Sheeler, Joseph Stella, Charles Demuth, Morton Schamberg, John Covert (who was Walter Arensberg's cousin), and Man Ray, all of whom had been strongly influenced by European modernism, the regulars included a lively group of poets and writers: William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, Alfred



Kreymborg, Walter Pach, Maxwell Bodenheim, Allen and Louise Norton, Carl Van Vechten and his pretty wife, the actress Fania Marinoff, and Arensberg's Harvard friend Dr. Elmer Ernest Southard, a psychiatrist, who was the director of the Boston Psychopathic Hospital. (Southard came whenever he was in New York, and encouraged guests to tell him their dreams.)

At the Arensbergs', however, it was the European visitors who provided most of the intellectual and behavioral fireworks. Francis Picabia and his wife, Gabrielle Buffet-Picabia, arrived in New York in 1915 and were brought into the Arensberg circle by Duchamp. In addition to being an extravagantly gifted artist, Picabia was rich, self-indulgent, and opposed on principle to every received opinion. "Whatever you said, he contradicted," according to Duchamp. Picabia and Duchamp liked to poke fun at Albert Gleizes, a somewhat humorless artist who argued the case for his own, "reasonable" Cubism (as opposed to the more unreasonable brand practiced by Picasso and Braque) with undue persistence. They were more respectful of Edgard Varèse, a young French composer, who joined the group early in 1916 and mesmerized everyone with his plans for "the liberation of sound" through the use of gongs, sirens, and electrically generated noises. There was also the Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven, a fortyish, once beautiful eccentric, who was described as leading a life "unhampered by sanity." She conceived a great passion for Duchamp. Although she insisted that it was fully reciprocated, Duchamp "would never even touch the hem of my red oilskin slicker," she explained, because "something of his dynamic warmth—electrically—would be dissipated by the contact."

Picabia's "machine style" had a powerful effect on several of the Americans in the Arensberg group. He told a reporter at the time, "Almost immediately upon coming to America it flashed on me that the genius of the modern world is in machinery, and that through machinery art ought to find a most vivid expression. . . . The machine has become more than a mere adjunct of life. It is really a part of human life—perhaps the very soul." The drawings and paintings that Picabia did in New York, with their machinelike forms and erotic titles ("Portrait of a Young American Girl in a State of Nudity," for example, is a precise rendering of an automobile sparkplug), addressed in cruder and more explicit fashion the same theme that animated Duchamp's "Large Glass." Machinery with human attributes soon turned up in works by Man Ray, John Covert, and Charles Sheeler. The Italian-born Joseph Stella, who was rarely absent from the Arensberg gatherings, did a group of paintings on glass after he saw the slowly developing masterwork in Duchamp's studio. Even Charles Demuth, whose delicate and incisive style seemed to owe nothing to Duchamp, said in 1923 that Duchamp had been his "strongest influence in recent years."

Not all the Americans in the Arensberg circle succumbed to Duchamp's spell. William Carlos Williams, in his autobiography, tells of an evening when he followed Duchamp around the Arensbergs' living room waiting for a chance to say something about a painting of his that hung on the wall:

> He had been drinking. I was sober. I finally came face to face with him as we walked about the room and I said, "I like your picture," pointing to the one I have mentioned.
>
> He looked at me and said, "Do you?"
>
> That was all.
>
> He had me beat all right, if that was the objective. I could have sunk through the floor, ground my teeth, turned my back on him and spat. . . . I realized then and there that there wasn't a possibility of my ever saying anything to anyone in that gang from that moment to eternity.

It is hard to imagine what was so devastating about Duchamp's "Do you?" Williams himself concedes, in the same passage, that he "bumped through these periods like a yokel." But, in spite of what must have seemed to him an oversophisticated atmosphere at the Arensbergs', where French was spoken almost as frequently as English, Williams came to their living room like a moth to the light. It was his main connection to the ideas that were shaping the new century's art and thought.

THE MYSTERIES OF CAESAR

Known to the boys in his Latin class as "Sir,"
Balding, cologned, mild-mannered Mr. Sypher
Defied his sentence as a high-school lifer
With a fresh, carefully chosen boutonnière

As daily he heard the Helvetians plead their cause
In chains while captives were brought face to face
With the impositions of the ablative case,
The torts and tortures of grammatic laws.

Gracelessly stalled by vast impediments
Of words and baggage as by a conqueror's shackles,
O'Rourke, his face a celestial sphere of freckles
(One Gaul brought down by the pluperfect tense),

Submitted to all the galls and agonies
Of pained sight-readings from the "Gallic Wars."
They all bore dark, dishonorable scars
From what their textbook called an "exercise"

At least as draining as the quarter mile.
But Mr. Sypher listened with superb
Imperial hauteur, with imperturb-
able patience, and a somewhat cryptic smile.

"Thompson," he'd murmur, "please instruct our class."
And Thompson would venture timidly, much rattled,
"Caesar did withhold his men from battle,
And he did have enough in presentness

To prohibit the enemy from further wastings,
From foragings and rapines." And through a long
Winter campaign of floundering, grief, and wrong,
That little army force-marched without resting.

"Please aid us, Jones," Mr. Sypher would beseech;
And Jones would tremulously undertake
To decipher the old Caesarian mystique
In the mixed medium of cracked parts of speech.

"Which things being known, when surest things accede,
He did deem enough of cause . . ." Jones volunteered.
Invariably it came out sounding weird,
The garbled utterance of some lesser breed

Without the law of common intercourse.
Long weeks of rain, followed by early frost
Had not improved morale, and yet the worst
Is not when there can always still be worse.

They rather liked Mr. Sypher, who was kind,
An easy grader. Was he a widower?
It was thought he had lost a child some years before.
Often they wondered what passed through his mind

As he calmly attended to their halt and crude
Efforts, not guessing one or another boy
Served as Antinous to that inward eye
Which is the pitiless bliss of solitude.

—ANTHONY HECHT

"There had been a break somewhere," he wrote, "we were streaming through, each thinking his own thoughts, driving his own designs toward his self's objectives. . . . I had never in my life before felt that way. I was tremendously stirred."

BEATRICE WOOD, a hundred and three years old and still going strong, remembers the day she met Marcel Duchamp. It was September 27, 1916. She had gone to visit Edgard Varèse in St. Vincent's Hospital, where the composer was lying with a broken leg in a cast, after being knocked down by a car while he was waiting for a Fifth Avenue bus. As she entered the room, "a cough made me turn to face a man sitting at the far side of the bed," she wrote in one of her many memoirs. "With a slight shock, I became aware of a truly extraordinary face. He did not exhibit the hardiness of a lifeguard flexing his muscles, but his personality was luminous. He had blue, penetrating eyes and finely chiselled features. Marcel Duchamp smiled. I smiled. Varèse faded away."

Intensely romantic and unconventionally pretty, her pale skin accentuated by a cloud of dark hair, Wood was twenty-three at the time and was in full rebellion against her domineering, socially prominent mother. She had lived in France for two years, closely chaperoned, and when she met Duchamp she was acting with a French repertory troupe in New York—something her mother had reluctantly agreed to, thinking "that my being an actress would not be so bad if I were acting in French." It was because of her French that she was visiting Varèse; a friend who knew him had asked her to go to see him in the hospital, because his English was so poor. This was her third visit. When the conversation that day turned to modern art, Wood showed her ignorance by saying that anybody could make such scrawls. "Why don't you try to make some?" Duchamp suggested. The gentle sarcasm was tempered by his use of the familiar "*tu*."

A week later, Wood and Duchamp had dinner together at the Dutch Oven, in Greenwich Village, chaperoned by Alissa Frank, a journalist friend of hers. There were several more meetings, some with others present and some with just the two of them. Wood brought him a drawing she had made. Why not try painting? he asked her. When she told him there was no place to do that in her parents' apartment, Duchamp said she could use his studio, and Wood, whose heart "lost a beat" at the invitation, accepted immediately. It was understood that she would always telephone beforehand. If Duchamp said not to come, she would assume he had "a lady" with him. Duchamp had many ladies, she had heard, most of them quite homely. He told her that unattractive women made love better than beautiful ones. Sex and love, he explained, were two very different things. Beatrice Wood didn't believe that. She was still a virgin, and Duchamp, whose French upbringing ruled out initiating *jeunes filles*, treated her with a respect that she longed to break down.

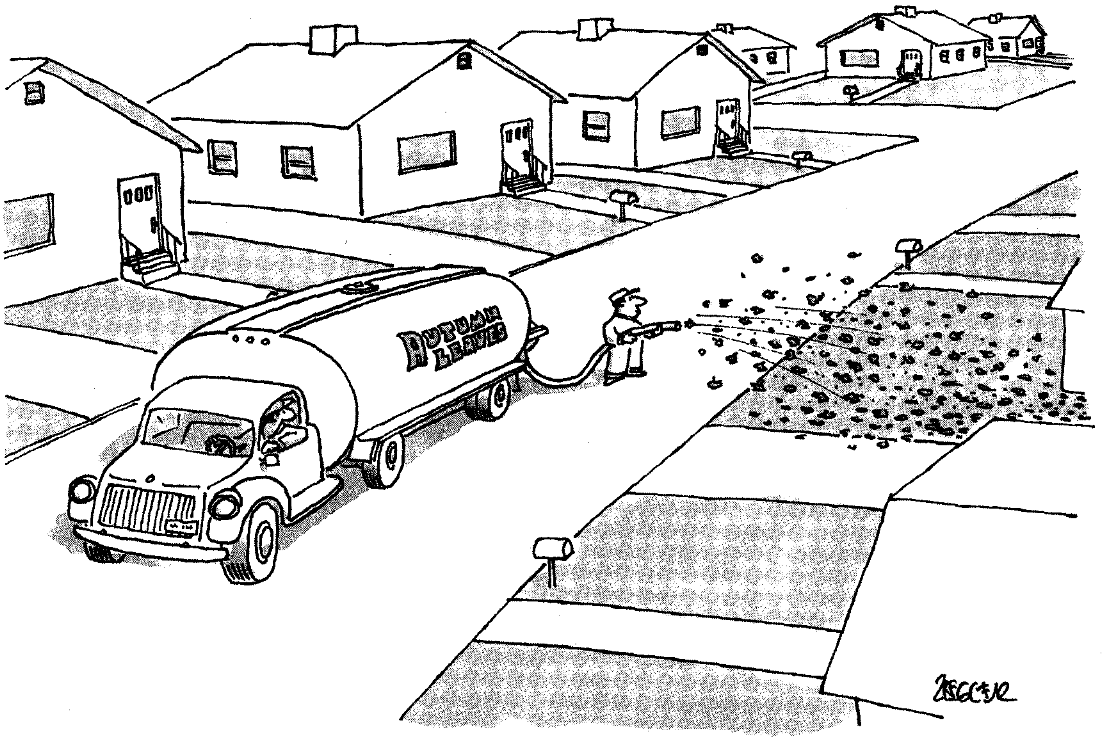
Several afternoons a week, she came to his studio, which by then was a one-room apartment in the Arensbergs' building, on West Sixty-seventh; Duchamp had moved there from the Lincoln Arcade Building in the fall of 1916. In her memory, it was a "typical bachelor's niche"—a square room on the back, with a Murphy bed, two chairs, one table, clothing in untidy piles, strange objects (readymades) lying around or hanging from the ceiling, and always a half-eaten box of crackers and Swiss chocolate on the windowsill. Wood sketched and painted, and Duchamp offered laconic criticisms, through which she began to understand a few things about modern art. "I felt an extraordinary harmony with him," she said. "We could spend hours together and not talk, and the silence was so potent. Marcel didn't seem to have any egotism." Often he would take her to a cheap restaurant for dinner. At night, she dreamed about him. "Except for the physical act," she wrote, "we were lovers."

DURING the early part of 1917, much of the conversation at the Arensbergs' apartment had to do with plans for a second great exhibition of modern art in New York. The coalition that put together the Armory Show had fallen apart soon after the show ended. Several groups of American artists were eager to strike another blow for modernism and against the restrictive policies of the National Academy of Design, however, and they had joined together in 1916 to form the Society of Independent Artists, whose main goal was to mount annual exhibitions modelled on those of the Paris Société des Artistes Indépendants, with a policy of "no jury, no prizes." Any artist who paid the five-dollar annual fee and a one-dollar initiation fee could become a member of the society and be entitled to show two works, and applications poured in from all parts of the country; within two weeks of the first announcement, the society had six hundred members. National pride and a sense of destiny were in the air. European art had been shut down by the war, Paris was under siege, and any number of artists and critics believed that America was ready to pick up the torch of modernism.

The 1917 Independents exhibition, which opened on April 10th at the Grand Central Palace, on Lexington Avenue, was nearly twice as large as the Armory Show. It was the biggest art exhibition that had ever been put on in America, in fact, with two thousand one hundred and twenty-five works of art by twelve hundred artists—more than two miles of art, Duchamp claimed. Every sort of art could be found there, from Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's "Titanic Memorial," an eighteen-foot-high granite statue of a Christlike young male, to Brancusi's "Portrait of Princess Bonaparte" (now known as "Princess X"), a polished-brass sculpture of a nearly abstract female that also suggested, unmistakably, the male genitalia. Most of the works on view, however, were by no means avant-garde. Thanks to Duchamp's hanging system, which followed the alphabetical order of the artists' last names, Cubist still-lifes cohabited with academic landscapes and also with amateur photographs, batiks, and artificial-flower arrangements. Beatrice Wood's entry, a painting of a nude female floating in a bathtub, with a cake of real soap glued (at Duchamp's suggestion) to her pubic area, attracted a lot of attention; several gentlemen tucked their calling cards into the frame. Although Duchamp was rumored to be sending in a Cubist canvas called "Tulip Hysteria Coördinating," no such work turned up either in the catalogue or in the exhibition. Indeed, Duchamp is not listed as having contributed anything at all to the 1917 Independents. He was responsible, nevertheless, for the show's most notorious artifact—a work the public never saw.

Walter Arensberg, Joseph Stella, and Marcel Duchamp went shopping for this item a week or so before the exhibition opened, following a spirited conversation at lunch. They went to the showroom of the J. L. Mott Ironworks, at 118 Fifth Avenue—a manufacturer of plumbing equipment—where Duchamp picked out and bought a flat-backed, Bedfordshire-model porcelain urinal. He carried it to his studio, turned it onto its back, and painted on the rim at the lower left, in large black letters, the name "R. MUTT" and the date "1917." Two days before the official opening, this object was delivered to the Grand Central Palace, together with an envelope bearing the fictitious Mr. Mutt's six-dollar fee and the work's title—"Fountain."

The story of "Fountain" 's rejection and the ensuing brouhaha has entered art history mainly through Beatrice Wood's eyewitness account. She describes walking into one of the exhibition's storerooms and finding Walter Arensberg and the artist George Bellows in the midst of a furious argument, with the "glistening white object" on the floor between them. "You mean to say," Bellows shouted, quivering with rage, "if a man sent in horse manure glued to a canvas we would have to accept it?" Arensberg, "with a touch of undertaker's sadness," replied, "I'm afraid we would." The issue was not resolved until an hour or so before the private opening, on April 9th, when ten members of the society's board of directors met and, according to an article in the *Herald*, "Mr. Mutt's defenders were voted down by a small margin." William Glackens, the society's president, in a statement to the press, voiced the immemorial cry of the artistic rear guard when under attack: the object, he said, was "by no definition a work of art." Duchamp and Arensberg immediately resigned from the board in protest.



What happened to "Fountain," which disappeared forever soon after the exhibition opened, has been obscured by the conflicting statements of several participants. Did Walter Arensberg make a great show of buying it and carrying it away in triumph, as Duchamp once reported? Since "Fountain" was never listed as part of the Arensberg collection and nobody ever saw it there, this story is

"What have you done with my life list?"

certainly apocryphal. Did Glackens "solve" the problem by lifting the object over his head and letting it smash on the exhibition floor, as his son, Ira Glackens, has written? We know that this didn't happen, because a week later the urinal was at Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession gallery, called "291," for its address on Fifth Avenue. Duchamp had taken it there himself, and Beatrice Wood tells us why: "At Marcel's request, he"—Stieglitz—"agreed to photograph the 'Fountain.' . . . He was greatly amused, but also felt it was important to fight bigotry in America. He took great pains with the lighting, and did it with such skill that a shadow fell across the urinal suggesting a veil." The best guess regarding "Fountain" 's disappearance is that it stayed on at "291" after Stieglitz photographed it, and that when Stieglitz closed his gallery for good, soon afterward, it met the same fate as the original bicycle wheel and the bottle rack: it was thrown out with the trash.

Not one of the newspaper accounts identified the controversial object as a urinal, decorum requiring that it be referred to as a "bathroom fixture." Not one reporter, moreover, seemed to connect R. Mutt with Duchamp. (The name, Duchamp later explained, was a play on Mott, the name of the ironworks, but it also referred to the comic strip "Mutt and Jeff.") A month later, in May, Stieglitz's photograph of "Fountain" appeared in an ephemeral little magazine called *The Blind Man*, which was put out by Duchamp, Beatrice Wood, and a new friend of Duchamp's—Henri-Pierre Roché, another French noncombatant, who had arrived in New York shortly before as an adviser to the American Industrial Commission to France. Opposite the photograph was an unsigned editorial on "The Richard Mutt Case," whose authorship has been attributed variously to Beatrice Wood, to Louise Norton, and to the "editors" of *The Blind Man*. The ideas in it, at any rate, are clearly Duchamp's. "Whether Mr. Mutt with his own hands made the fountain or not has no importance," the text read, in part. "He *chose* it. He took an ordinary article of life, placed it so that its useful significance disappeared under the new title and point of view—created a new thought for that object." As a definition of the readymade, this one has never been surpassed.

THE 1917 Independents exhibition and its attendant festivities constituted the high-water mark of New York's first artistic avant-garde. America had declared war on Germany a few days before the exhibition opened. Military needs and wartime restrictions would soon cut deeply into the freedom of thought, expression, and behavior that had made life in New York so agreeable for Duchamp and his friends, but for a while longer the war still seemed far away, and a hectic gaiety prevailed.

Love and sex were disrupting the Arensberg circle. Beatrice Wood, unable to break down Duchamp's reserve, had fallen in love with Henri-Pierre Roché, and he quickly relieved her of her troublesome virginity. (Roché, a connoisseur of ménages à trois, later wrote the novel "Jules et Jim," which François Truffaut made into the famous film.) Wood was devastated when she learned that Roché was also sleeping with her friend Alissa Frank. Wood went to Montreal to perform with a French theatre group, moved in with the manager, and eventually married him—a disastrous marriage. Before she left New York, though, she slept with Duchamp for the first time. "It just happened in the most natural way," she recalls, more than seventy years later. "He was as gentle in that as he was in everything else." Louise Arensberg, meanwhile—shy, self-effacing Lou—had fallen deeply in love with Roché, and he with her. Their affair required all sorts of clandestine arrangements. Although Walter was quite open about his own infidelities, he had made it clear that he could not tolerate an unfaithful wife, and when he did find out about Lou and Roché he threatened to kill himself.

Picabia was drinking more and more heavily, and working himself into a manic state that eventually led to a nervous breakdown. Insatiably priapic, he embarked on an affair with Isadora Duncan, who used to show up occasionally at the Arensberg gatherings. (One night, Isadora's overenthusiastic parting embrace of Walter Arensberg caused him to fall face down in the elevator, breaking his front teeth.) Gabrielle Buffet-Picabia left New

York in the fall of 1917. Her tolerance for Picabia's drinking and womanizing had finally run out, and she wanted to be with her two children, in Switzerland. A month later, Picabia pulled himself together and left to join her; he never again, in his long life, returned to the United States.

Duchamp told Roché he was thinking of leaving, too, but he stayed on almost a year longer—long enough to complete the last oil painting on canvas he would ever do. It had been commissioned by a well-to-do artist and collector named Katherine Dreier, to fill a long, narrow space over the bookshelves in her library, and the painting, which a good many people (including me) consider one of his three or four masterpieces, did not please him at all. Entitled "Tu m'," it is dominated by the cast shadows of three readymades: "Bicycle Wheel," "Hat Rack," and a corkscrew that may have been going to but never did become a readymade. Starting at the center and receding in perspective to the upper-left corner is a series of what look like diamond-shaped paint samples, which cover the spectrum from bright yellow to pale gray to crimson to black, and which Duchamp did not paint himself. He assigned that rather tedious task to Yvonne Chastel, the former Yvonne Crotti, who had returned to New York after her divorce from Jean Crotti and moved in with Duchamp.

A lot of Duchamp's earlier ideas are recapitulated in "Tu m'." Games of illusion and reality, new and personal forms of measurement, jokes that call into question the definition of art—all these were part of Duchamp's ongoing search for an art that moved beyond retinal effects to mental constructs, but apparently he felt that "Tu m' " did not push the search along in useful ways. "The painting was a form of résumé," he said, "which is never a very attractive form of activity. . . . I never liked that painting myself." The do-it-yourself title—the viewer is free to complete it with any French verb that begins with a vowel—is usually read as "*Tu m'emmerdes*," a "very coarse verb" (according to Cassell's French Dictionary) meaning "you bore me," and it may very well have summed up Duchamp's feelings at the time, not only about painting but toward Katherine Dreier, who would nevertheless become one of his greatest admirers and patrons.

Duchamp felt a lot better about "Sculpture for Traveling," a new readymade that appeared in his studio in July of 1918. He had bought some rubber bathing caps in various colors, cut them into strips, glued the strips together at random intervals, and attached the network with long strings to nails in his studio walls, making what he described in a letter to Jean Crotti, in Paris, as "a sort of multicolored cobweb." The new readymade was indeterminate in shape, because it could be hung any number of different ways. It may have reflected his recent decision to leave for Argentina, a popular haven then for draft dodgers. (Duchamp had been rejected for military service once again, by a French military board in New York, but after America entered the war, in April, 1917, he faced the possibility of being drafted into the United States Army.) In the same letter to Crotti he said that he "and probably Yvonne too" were going to Buenos Aires, because "everything here has changed, atmosphere and all," and he explained, "Constraints rule—I haven't worked on my glass since you came here and I have no desire to. A different country will probably allow me to have more energy."

In preparation for his departure, he moved the two panels of the "Large Glass" from his studio to a storage closet in the Arensbergs' apartment. Most of his other works had been given away or sold. He wrote a note to Picabia, who was recovering from his nervous breakdown in the Swiss resort spa of Bex, and urged him to come to Argentina, saying, "The advantage is that it's far away."

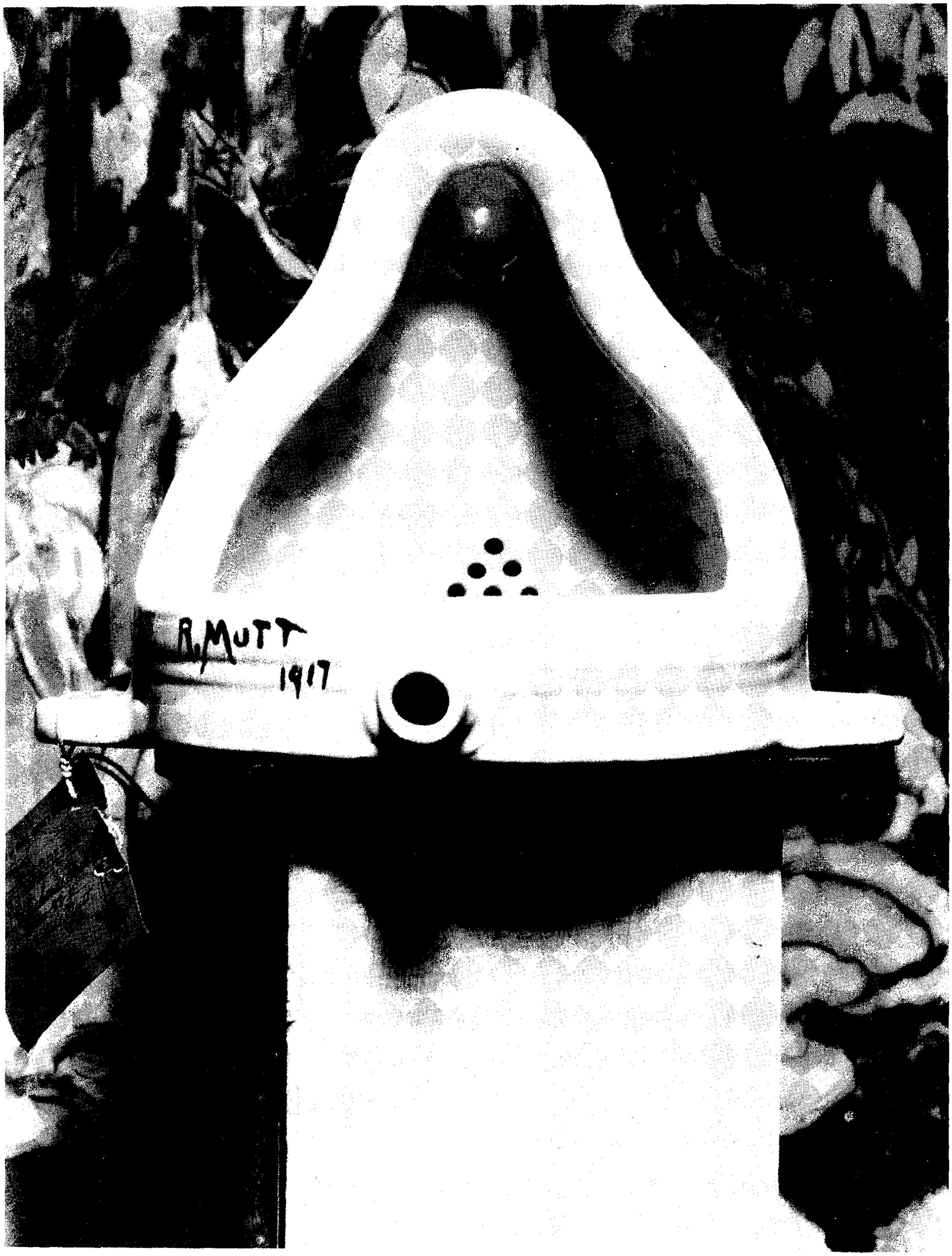
The French film director Léonce Perret was shooting a war movie in New York that summer, called "Lafayette, We Come!" Duchamp was hired for a single scene, in which he played one of a group of blinded soldiers being read to by the film's female star, Dolores Cassinelli. On August 14th, Duchamp and Yvonne Chastel boarded the S.S. Crofton Hall, a small, slow steamer, for a trip that would take thirty-six days to reach Buenos Aires. He had written to Jean Crotti, "I have a very vague intention of staying down there a long time; several years very likely—which is to say basically cutting completely with this part of the world."

The Armistice was signed two months after the ship reached Buenos Aires. Yvonne Chastel, bored with life in what struck her as a cultural backwater, left for Paris early in 1919, and Duchamp sailed home the following June. Six months later, he returned to New York, where he spent a good part of the next three years. Long before, Walter Arensberg had agreed to pay the rent on Duchamp's new studio. In exchange, Duchamp had promised to give him the "Large Glass" when it was finished. Early in 1923, Duchamp delivered the work, unfinished but complete enough to satisfy his own needs, to Katherine Dreier, who had bought it from the Arensbergs.

DUCHAMP never did cut his ties to New York. Although Paris had become the magnetic center of postwar culture—"the place where the twentieth century was," in Gertrude Stein's phrase—Duchamp seemed to prefer living in Manhattan. Although he went back to France in 1923 and lived there for the next twenty years, he kept in touch with Walter Arensberg, Beatrice Wood, Katherine Dreier, and other American friends, and he made several extended visits to the States. In 1942, with Europe engulfed in another world war, he came here for good. He married Alexina (Teeny) Sattler, an American woman who had previously been married to the dealer Pierre Matisse (Henri Matisse's son), and in 1955 he became an American citizen. It was in this country, moreover, that Duchamp became recognized as the most influential artist of the twentieth century. Not until at least two generations of American artists had claimed him as their benign yet enigmatic idol did the French wake up to the profound shift that Duchamp, more than anyone else, had brought about in contemporary art—the shift from art as the fabrication of "retinal" objects to art as a conceptual idea. "After Duchamp," the art historian Roger Shattuck wrote in 1972, "it is no longer possible to be an artist in the way it was before."

Duchamp was not a bit surprised that New York, in the postwar years, took over Paris's role as the vital center of modern art. "There is more freedom here, so it's a better terrain for new developments," he told me not long before his death, in 1968. "Also, people leave you alone. In my case, anyway, I've found in America a little better acceptance of my right to breathe." ♦

PRIVATE COLLECTION NY © 1996 ARS, NY/ADAGP, PARIS



The notorious "Fountain," which Duchamp entered in the Independents exhibition of 1917, photographed by Alfred Stieglitz.

FICTION

RAMONE

Everything is possible in Texas.

BY JUDY TROY

AT THE beginning of August, a week after my fourteenth birthday, my stepfather, McKinley, my mother, and I left Houston for Ramone, Texas. McKinley's dying father was our reason for going. He was eighty-three years old and sick with lung cancer and had only a few months left to live, and McKinley wanted us to care for him. He said that he and my mother could get jobs in Lubbock.

We left on a humid Friday morning before the sun came up. In the pale sky we could see Venus and a half moon. McKinley turned on the inside light to show me how Texas took up five pages in the road atlas. "We're driving six hundred miles without crossing a state line, Roberta," he said.

I was in the back seat, and my mother was driving. She was afraid that McKinley, talking about his father, or his sister, who also lived in Ramone, would start to cry. He hadn't been home in nine years—he'd been in the Army, and had married the wrong person before he married my mother—and he was an emotional person, just as my real father had been. My father, who my mother never talked about except sometimes after church, had died of a heart attack five years before.

The sun came up, and as we left refineries and oil wells behind we came upon empty flat fields, nowhere towns, and more historical markers than probably exist in any normal-sized state.

"Let's stop," McKinley said, each time we passed one. My mother stopped twice; each time, the marker was for a man who'd come from Alabama and tried to grow cotton.

"Isn't this interesting?" McKinley said to us.

"To be truthful, no," my mother said.

"I'd rather just get there," I said. "The sooner you start a new life the sooner it becomes an old life."

"What's your hurry to make it old?" McKinley asked.

"I don't know," I said. But I felt my heart speed up, which told me that the answer had to do with being afraid. My father had told me once that I was hooked up inside to a kind of lie detector.

"I like the travelling part," my mother said. "I'd just as soon never get anywhere."

"That's weird," I said.

"It's not," my mother said.

"You two argue because you're so much alike," McKinley told us.

IT took us all day to get there, even though we'd left so early—loading the car and U-Haul the night before, in darkness, because my mother was worried that we'd be robbed by somebody watching. The only person I saw was Roy Lee Hollis, standing under a stairway at our apartment complex, trying to apologize. He was my best friend—the only person I'd bothered to tell I would miss—and he had refused to kiss me. He proved for me something that my mother had always said—that it was foolish to like a boy more than he liked you. But it made moving away easier. I'd be in a tiny town in West Texas with a dying person I'd never met, but at least I would never again have to see Roy Lee Hollis.

I didn't expect him to show up at the last minute. I hardly let him speak. I walked away—in the stiff-legged way I'd seen high-heeled women in soap operas do—just as McKinley came down the stairs with a suitcase. "Why wouldn't you say goodbye to that boy?" he asked me later.

That question and Roy Lee's sad expression were on my mind as we drove into Ramone. The sky was darkening over a one-block street of one-story buildings. At the end of the block the pavement ended and the street became dirt. That's where our neighborhood began.

McKinley drove past three shabby houses, raising behind us a storm of dust, then stopped in front of a two-story, caved-in, paint-peeling dump.

"Jesus Christ," he said. He didn't move to get out. My mother put her hand over her mouth.

The door opened, and an ancient, smaller, yellow version of McKinley stepped onto the broken porch. He slowly lifted one hand in a wave.

"I guess that's Grandpa," I said.

My mother laughed.

"That's not funny," McKinley said to us.

MCKINLEY'S father had emphysema and liver disease in addition to cancer; he'd been sent home from the hospital to die.

"At least they came straight out and told him," my mother said later that night. "At least they didn't sugarcoat it."

"You wouldn't want any sympathy creeping in," McKinley said.

It was after ten. McKinley's father, Emerson, had gone to bed, and we'd investigated the house and the neighborhood and walked the short distance into town. We'd had dinner at Luigi's Lone Star Pizza, which was a convenience store and gas station as well as a restaurant. Now we were settled outside, in back, on the weedy lawn. We couldn't see each other in the hot darkness. Behind us in an empty field cica-

FILIP PAGOWSKI

das were buzzing. My mother and I were too depressed to talk, but for some reason, sick as Emerson was, McKinley had gotten happier being around his father. McKinley said he hoped his daddy would live long enough to see the house repaired.

"Repaired by who?" my mother said meanly. It was doubly mean, because both my mother and McKinley had been construction workers before they married. It was how they'd met.

"I know you're disappointed," he said, "but sniping at me won't make it better."

"What will, then?" she asked.

"Cheering up. Seeing the good things. Finding a little brightness in the dark corners."

My mother scratched her leg. "I'll tell you what's in this corner," she said. "Chiggers." She stood up and walked off toward the house. Overhead you couldn't see a single star.

"I think we'll end up liking it here," McKinley said.

I SLEPT in a tiny room upstairs. McKinley and my mother were next door, in the double bed McKinley's father had been born in. Sometime in the night I heard McKinley cry out in his sleep.

"It's no wonder you're having a nightmare," I heard my mother say.

I fell back to sleep and dreamed that my father wasn't dead but only in a room that I couldn't find the door to. Then I dreamed that Roy Lee chose me as his partner in biology class but couldn't remember my name.

McKinley woke me at seven.

"Your Aunt Mavis Jean used to sleep in that bed," he told me. "Wait till you meet her."

"She's not my aunt," I said.

"I forget that," McKinley said. "It seems to me you've always been mine."

"I've never been yours," I told him.

"Don't you get tired of being so tough?" he asked me.

Then he disappeared. A moment later I heard him downstairs, saying to Emerson, "Just hold on to me, Pop. I won't let you go."

Across the narrow hall, in the bathroom, I could hear my mother trying to get clean water out of the bathtub faucet. I'd tried the night before.

"I think it's sewage," I shouted through the wall.

"Goddam shit," my mother said. It was such a shock to hear her say those words that I went in and looked at her sitting on the floor in McKinley's boxer shorts and undershirt.

"Why are you wearing that?" I asked.

"Why shouldn't I wear it?"

"Well, it's not exactly attractive."

"Pardon me," my mother said. "Let me get on a negligee."

"Don't do it for my sake. I'm not married to you."

"So those are the words you choose to start the day with," she said. "Fine."

We stared at each other stubbornly. As usual, I looked away first.

WHEN my mother and I came downstairs, McKinley said, "Daddy was just asking about you two."

It was hard to tell if that was true. Emerson was partly deaf and looked confused. McKinley had fed him and got him into a lopsided chair on the broken porch. McKinley sat down next to him. I thought that the two of them, side by side, were like a before-and-after "Don't Smoke" advertisement.

"Hello," Emerson said.

"Hi," I said.

"Step out here into the yard," McKinley said.

My mother and I went to stand in the dandelion grass. Last night's clouds had blown off; the sky was bluer and wider than it had ever seemed in Houston. Wind was moving through the branches of the cottonwood trees and rippling the wheat field across the road.

"I told you it was pretty, didn't I?" McKinley said.

"Where did you get that thing on your head?" my mother asked. He was wearing a cowboy hat.

"Hello!" Emerson said again. He needed to shout.

"Hello!" I shouted back.

"I knew you two would have a lot to talk about!" McKinley said.

I was afraid he'd gone crazy. But he hadn't. He was just happy and sad at the same time.

A few minutes later, McKinley's sister, Mavis Jean, drove up with her husband in a boat-size Chevy. They were both large people. Mavis Jean was as tall as McKinley but not as skinny, and had reddish hair like his. She walked right over and hugged me; my mother moved herself out of range. Mavis Jean's husband was big and bald, and a tobacco chewer. I thought he might not know how to talk until I heard him say "Thank you" very quietly, in the dilapidated kitchen, when Mavis handed him a doughnut. She'd brought two boxes of them, plus a thermos of coffee. She'd brought orange juice for me.

"I have pictures of the both of you in my living room," she said, beaming down at my mother and me, where we stood side by side in front of the rusty refrigerator. "You're already family."

"Neither one of us takes a good picture," my mother said.

At the cluttered table, Mavis's husband and McKinley were writing up a list of tools and supplies they'd need to fix the house. After they left to get them, Mavis sat down with us and showed us Emerson's pills—which ones he needed to take when.

"He gets the pain pills whenever he wants them," she said. "Sometimes I give him one just when he looks real bad." Her eyes got wet, and she let tears run down her face. "I've seen Daddy almost every day for the past thirty years," she said. "It's like seeing the sun. You don't expect it to disappear."

My mother looked out the window. She tapped her nails on the table. "Is there a Presbyterian church around here?" she asked.

"The minister's already got your name," Mavis Jean said. "McKinley said you were religious."

"I don't like that word," my mother said. "I prefer 'churchgoing.' "

"I don't go myself," Mavis told her. "Maybe I should. But I feel I have God in my heart."

When my mother didn't respond, Mavis said gently, "Not everybody makes it personal like I do."

IN the afternoon, my mother and I shopped for supper groceries at the convenience store. The temperature was up to a hundred and six degrees, we heard on the radio, and on top of that there was a drought. We were

You may never see this jersey again. IT'S FROM a different time. It's from a time that's been folded and put away in the minds and hearts of all but a few; a time that was innocent of agents and endorsements and luxury suites; a time when the game was all; when the reason for playing was desire and the reward for playing was joy. It's from a time when a uniform was stitched together with materials like tradition and practicality and elegance and serendipity and love. This 1938 wool flannel shirt has dark blue piping outlined in orange, sewn-on wool felt lettering, three-quarter length sleeves and a sun collar. It's a jersey that not only covers the arms and chest and neck, but somehow touches the soul. To see it again, or for a free catalogue describing the historic jackets, caps and jerseys of other Minor, Latin and Negro League teams, please contact Ebbets Field Flannels, Box 19865, Seattle, WA. 98109, or 1 (800) 377-9777.

Name..

Address...

....

Laps of Luxury

Avoid endless headaches with the quality exercise pool preferred by health and sports professionals. Enjoy fitness in the comfort and privacy of your home. Easy installation and maintenance. 10 year warranty. No vinyl liner.

SwimEx®

For brochure and video call 800-877-7946 • Units start at $22,950

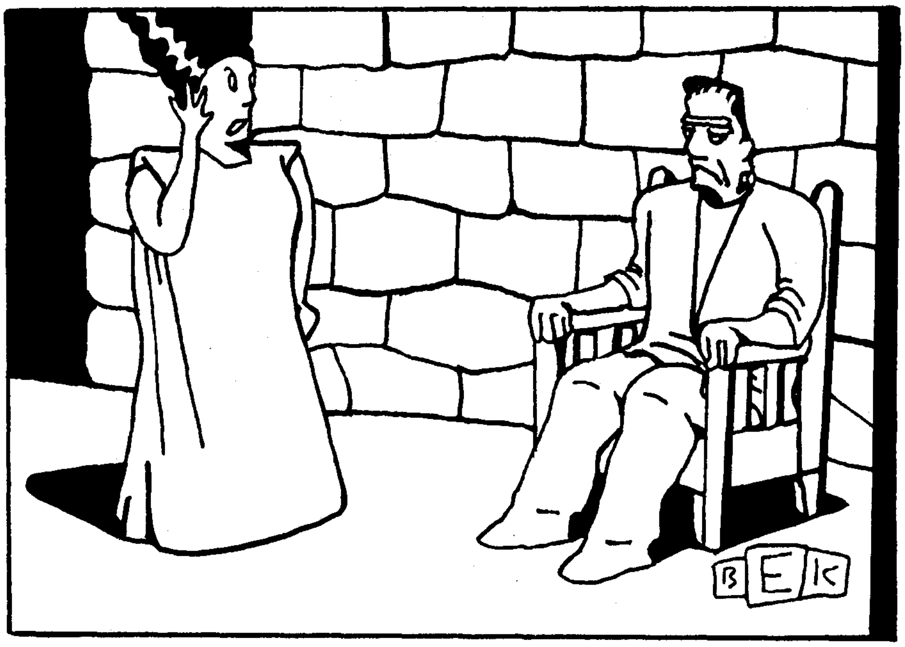
The Fountain Source™

Enjoy the soothing sounds of falling water

Request our free catalog of fine fountains for home and garden by many leading artists. A wide selection at the lowest prices. FREE DELIVERY

Ceramic Frog Pond for home or office. $89 with pump. 7"H.

(216) 247-2843
30799 Pinetree Rd. #120 - NY
Pepper Pike Ohio 44124



"Well, it works for Susan Sontag."

• •

both having trouble with our hair, which turned limp with no humidity.

"We look like dogs," my mother said as we got out of the car. "If we're lucky they'll put us in the pound."

Inside, she got a cold, quart-size beer and drank most of it as we walked around the store. On the way home, she pulled the car over and stepped out into an overgrown field and threw up.

"Don't mention that when we get home," she warned me.

"Why would I?"

We didn't talk after that, not even when we pulled up to the house and saw Mavis Jean in the yard, swinging a rug beater at the moldy gray living-room carpet she'd hung from a tree.

McKinley, on the porch, was carefully holding up a stained pea-colored plate. "Mama's china," he said reverently to my mother.

Inside, Emerson, positioned next to the window air-conditioner, was wheezing out some sort of song.

Just then my mother snapped. "Get the groceries in, Roberta!" she yelled at me.

She tore at the loose, rotten upholstery on the couch and the chair; ripped up a corner of the kitchen linoleum, which had half risen and curled; yanked down the bathroom wallpaper, which had a kind of yellow dampness seeping through.

We all got out of her way, including Emerson: Mavis Jean's husband came in and lifted up him and his chair and deposited them both in the back bedroom.

McKinley stood in the doorway and watched. He'd never seen my mother exercised like that, although I'd told him once how right after my father's funeral she went into their bedroom and boxed up all his things. "Helen, let that go for now," my grandmother had said. She and I had stood in the doorway—just as McKinley was now—watching my mother sort through mismatched socks. She'd wanted to pair them up, even though she was putting his clothes in boxes to give to the charity-drive ladies at our church.

It was almost dark by the time my mother stopped. We had all—except for Emerson—tried to stay on the outskirts but still help.

"Just think of us as worker bees," Mavis Jean had said lightheartedly to my mother, when Mavis got in her way for a second. My mother had been holding a putty knife, though, and for a moment none of us were sure what she might do next.

Finally, she collapsed on the front porch, where she'd been prying up boards. Her sweaty hair was sticking to the back of her neck. Her sleeveless shirt was so wet you could tell where her bra was held together with pins.

"Honey, you need some new underwear," Mavis Jean said quietly.

We had supper in the cramped kitchen and then sat in the cool dimness of the living room. I fell asleep and dreamed again about Roy Lee—he was kissing and touching me—and I woke afraid that I'd been making noises. But the noises I'd heard must have been Emerson's breathing. He'd seemed all right earlier, although he hadn't eaten any dinner. "Sometimes the only food you want is sweets," I'd told him—that was how my father used to tempt me to eat when I was sick. But Emerson hadn't wanted so much as a cookie.

"Daddy?" Mavis Jean said. "What's wrong? What do you need?" She was sitting close to him, holding a pair of his trousers in her lap; she was sewing up a ripped hem.

He opened his mouth to speak but all he did was take in air. McKinley got up and went to his side; my mother went into the kitchen and came back with a glass of water. We all, except my mother, crowded around him, watching his chest rise and fall, and the look in his eye, and the way his hands were clutching the arms of his chair.

"Give him some room!" my mother shouted in a high-pitched voice.

Mavis Jean was taking his pulse, her head bent down, her eyes on her watch. Her husband put his hand on her shoulder. McKinley was all but holding his daddy in his arms. I stood right next to McKinley, leaning against him even, although I hadn't meant to. I heard him tell his father he loved him.

Then it was over. Emerson's breathing grew regular; he looked less scared; and he didn't die—not for another six months, and it was in his bed, during the night, while he was asleep.

It was an hour before we trusted that he was O.K. During that time only my mother left the house; she went out to the porch and sat on the steps.

"Come help me get coffee and cake," Mavis Jean said to me.

I followed her into the kitchen, and when she picked up the coffeepot I saw that her hands were shaking.

"I can do that," I said.

She went over to the sloping counter under the window, looking off into the dark back yard. Then she turned around and looked at me.

"What was it like," she asked softly, "having your daddy die?"

"I only know what it was like afterward," I told her. "I wasn't there when it happened."

"Oh, no," she said. "You didn't get to say goodbye."

She came close and pushed back my straggly hair, and I saw that her own hair was more gray than red. I'd forgotten that she was older than McKinley.

" 'Cross at the light, Roberta,' " I said. "That was the last thing he said to me."

"That has some sweetness in it," she said. "Sweetness and good advice."

In the living room, Mavis Jean set the coffeepot down and put a blanket over Emerson's shoulders.

"You don't need a chill on top of everything else," she told him.

"It's ninety-seven degrees outside," my mother said, her voice still strange. She stood in the doorway, ignoring that she was letting in hot air and letting out cool.

"He seems most comfortable at a hundred and two," Mavis Jean said.

"Close the door, honey," McKinley said to my mother. "Come sit here by me."

My mother went outside instead. She left the door open, and her work boots were noisy on the broken boards and the cracked sidewalk. After a few minutes McKinley went out after her. Through the window I could see them standing in the road, my mother facing the empty field on the other side, and suddenly I knew how afraid she was—not of Emerson's dying but of how it made her feel, to feel too much. It was like loving a boy more than he loved you, I thought; you couldn't help it, and you couldn't stop it, and you made him love you in your dreams.

They stayed outside a long time. I sat down finally and ate a piece of cake, watching the way Mavis Jean double-rolled the hem of the pants leg before she sewed it.

Behind her, Emerson was eying me. He leaned forward to speak.

"Does that little girl belong to me?" he asked Mavis Jean.

She told him yes. ◆

MIS EN BOUTEILLE
MIS EN BOUTEILLE

VINTAGE
holiday gifts

Connoisseur Cuff Links. Corking coversation pieces. Stamped wine cork replicas backed by silver plated bars and chains. For people with champagne tastes. 1¼"L x ¾"W #3954, Wine Cork Cuff Links, $26.50 ($5.00)

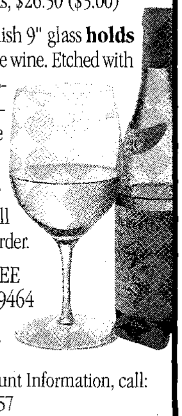
One Bottle Wine Glass. English 9" glass **holds an entire bottle** of your favorite wine. Etched with delightful British humour - "Alcohol is the answer–I can't remember the question." #3745. One Bottle Wine Glass. $55.50 ($5.50)

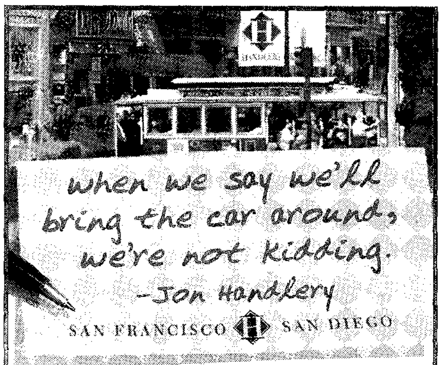
Call today for a FREE copy of our current Eximious Catalog. It will be sent automatically with your order.

CALL TO ORDER TOLL FREE
24 hours/7 days 1-800-221-9464
(operator 27)
All major credit cards are accepted

For Executive Gift/Quantity Discount Information, call:
1-800-418-3257

EXIMIOUS
201 Northfield Rd., Northfield, IL 60093 NYB



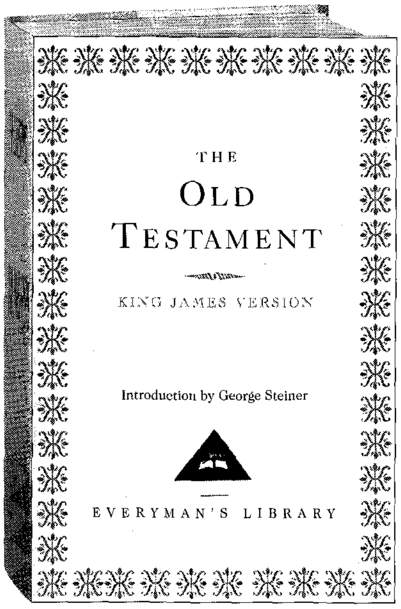


NewYorker Rate
$109
+TAX, MAIN BLDG
THE HANDLERY
UNION SQUARE
800.843.4343

Hands-Around-the-World
Beautifully handcrafted Sterling Silver
Bracelet $75, X-large $85 S/H $4.75
Guaranteed Christmas Delivery!
Order before
Dec. 20
1-800-643-1998
24 hrs. 7 days
VISA/MC • Free catalog
rainforest express
40 Fourth St., Suite 233
Petaluma, CA 94952

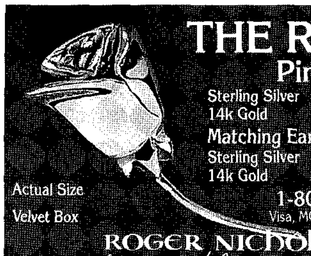
FOR THE HOLIDAYS TURN ON
THE THEATER OF THE MIND
PLATO'S DIALOGUES DRAMATIZED
GORGIAS; EUTHYPHRO, APOLOGY & CRITO
ON AUDIO CASSETTE
AGORA PUBLICATIONS, INC., 17 DEAN ST.,
MILLIS, MA 02054 FAX/TEL 508-376-1073

"It is not *a* book.
It is *the* book..."*

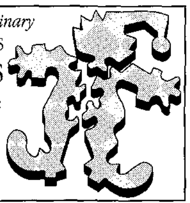


"It can command, seduce, enchant, and think aloud as never before or since..."
—*from the Introduction by George Steiner

Published by
EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY
Visit our web site at:
http://www.random house.com/everymans/

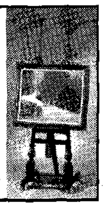


THE ROSE
Pin
Sterling Silver $45.00
14k Gold $220.00
Matching Earrings
Sterling Silver $75.00
14k Gold $440.00
Actual Size
Velvet Box
1-800-235-0471
Visa, MC, AMEX—S/H $5.75
ROGER NICHOLS
fine studios jewelry
17 NW Irving Avenue • Bend, OR 97701



Certain gifts must simply be extraordinary
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
Since 1974, the finest handcut personalized wooden jigsaw puzzles being made today. $75 - $2000. Call or write for free catalog. Stave Puzzles, Box 329A
Norwich, VT 05055 ☎ 802-295-5200
http://www.stave.com

Gods & Heroes of Ancient Greece
A family tree of Greek mythology
This stunning wallchart (48" x 36") is beautifully printed in Italy in red, black, and gold ink, $19.95 ppd.
To order, call (800) 848-6224
The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill



Display Your Artwork Like the Finest Galleries.
Never before have these hand-crafted easels been offered direct to the public. Whether you are a collector or an artist, our easels are the ultimate way to display and enhance your artwork.
Call today for a free brochure.
Sankey Design Group 1-888-213-2735

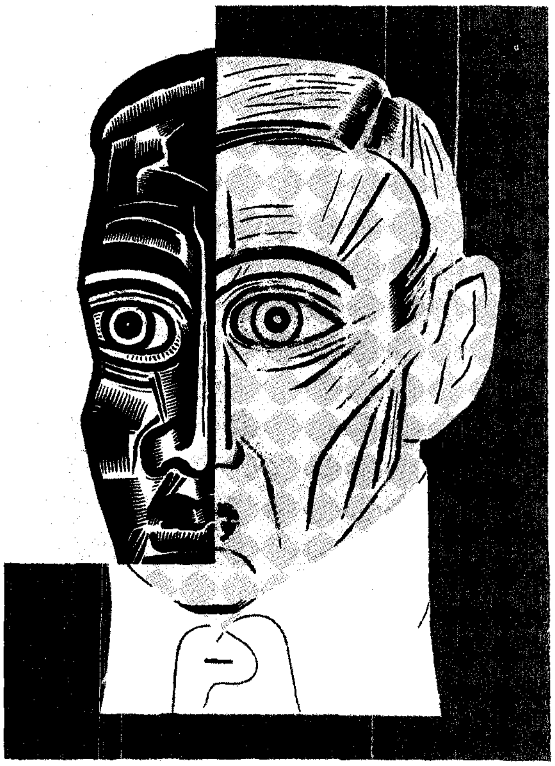
AFFIRMATIVE ACTION, INC.

Business has embraced racial preferences—and it's driving the ideologues crazy.

BY ALAN WOLFE

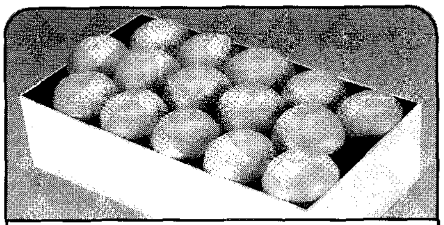
WHEN the 1996 political campaign began, race was going to be the theme, and affirmative action the policy, around which a new conservative coalition would solidify its majority. By the campaign's end, theme and policy had gone out with barely a whimper. Despite the Supreme Court's decision last year that race could not be the predominant factor in drawing congressional districts, two black Democrats from Georgia won reelection in redrawn districts, including Representative Cynthia McKinney, who had predicted "the ultimate bleaching of the U.S. Congress" as a result of the Court's decision. California voters approved a ballot initiative requiring state institutions to renounce what the initiative's major backer, Ward Connerly, called P's and Q's—preferences and quotas—and yet the wedge issue of affirmative action failed to divide the country at large. This was the election in which politicians from both parties went eyeball to eyeball with racial polarization and blinked. Americans are too moderate, and women (who are among the primary beneficiaries of such programs) too numerous, to make opposition to affirmative action a path to power.

The great debate that bypassed the electorate did take place among intellectuals, policy wonks, and social scientists, many of whom rushed their thoughts into print during the year. Their books make one thing clear: it's impossible to discuss affirmative action in the nineties without a theory about what happened in the sixties. Affirmative action, depending on which side is speaking, is either a culmination or a contradiction of the civil-rights movement and the legal upheavals inaugurated by the landmark Civil Rights Act of 1964.



The market, which corrodes everything, can be a good way of corroding white-male privilege.

Opponents of the act back then relied mainly on two tenets of the conservative faith. They invoked the doctrine of states' rights to argue that federal power should not overrule local customs, even when such customs treated black Americans as second-class citizens. And they held that the act, in prohibiting racial discrimination in public accommodations and in employment, was an unwarranted intervention of government power in private transactions between individuals. (Pass this law, conservatives warned, and poor old Mrs. Murphy would have federal bureaucrats telling her which customers she would have to accept in her boarding house.) In the end, a hundred and thirty members of the House voted against the



So easy to send... Always highly appreciated!

Finest Ruby Red Grapefruit From Florida's Indian River!

TREE RIPENED • BRIMMING WITH JUICE • ORCHARD SWEET
NO SUGAR EVER NEEDED • SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

6 ORCHARD SELECT GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 279	$14.95
15 ORCHARD SELECT GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 260	$21.95
6 GRAPEFRUIT & 6 ORANGES	Pack 205	$18.95
9 GRAPEFRUIT & 9 ORANGES	Pack 210	$22.95
18 GRAPEFRUIT & 18 ORANGES	Pack 215	$31.95
1/2 BU. GRAPEFRUIT & ORANGES IN A HANDWOVEN BASKET	Pack 248	$26.95
OLD-FASHIONED BASKET OF CITRUS & APPLES 11-LB TOTAL	Pack 249	$22.95

ALL PRICES INCLUDE DELIVERY!

SEND NO MONEY NOW

Send your gift list or Call Dept. 108 Toll Free:

1-800-285-8488

PAY OR CHARGE TO YOUR CREDIT CARD ONLY AFTER SHIPMENTS ARE MADE

Write or call for FREE Catalog offering other fine gifts!

HARRY'S CRESTVIEW GROVES

DEPT. 108 • 9030 17th PLACE • VERO BEACH, FL 32966

MEDICAL ? SCHOOL

Pruett Associates specializes in premedical counseling and placement programs for non-traditional applicants.

Pruett Associates, Inc.
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 19010
(610) 525-4607
Fax (610) 525-0544

Program limited to 40 candidates per year.

Dr. Patricia Pruett was Associate Dean and Premedical Advisor at Bryn Mawr College for 30 years.

Call or fax for information/application.

The Giggling Mona Lisa Pillow

Millions have pondered her expression, now it's finally clear: squeeze this full color pillow and Mona giggles. It'll make you smile. Machine washable. Spirited, sweet & sophisticated. **$24.00**

Many other silly/sophisticated gifts. Free Brochure
The Unemployed Philosopher's Guild
Credit Cards Accepted. **1-800-255-8371**

The Monthly

Cigar Club

Impressive as a gift and great to join for yourself. Enjoy different fine cigars each month with your membership, as well as exclusive discounts (well below retail prices) on future cigar orders.

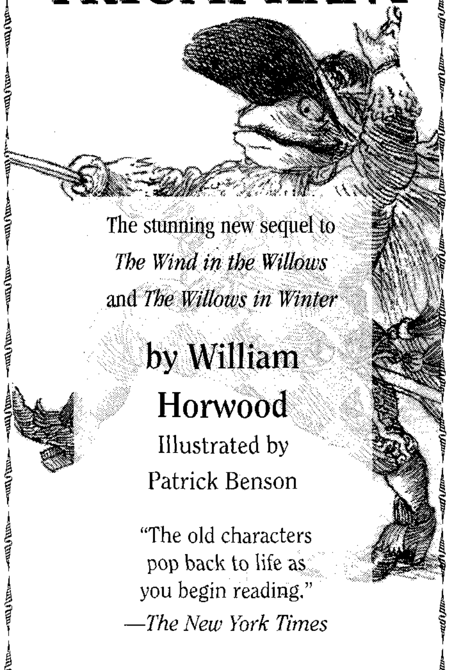
Join us Today!
Call (800)89-TASTE
AMEX, VISA, MC

act. So did twenty-seven senators, including such luminaries of American politics as Sam Ervin, of North Carolina, William Fulbright, of Arkansas, and Barry Goldwater, of Arizona.

Listen to the opponents of affirmative action now—thirty years after the police dogs and fire hoses—and you would think that the civil-rights movement had included even the most stalwart right-wingers. In "The New Color Line" (Regnery; $24.95) Paul Craig Roberts, an Assistant Treasury Secretary under Ronald Reagan, and Lawrence Stratton, a fellow at the Institute for Political Economy, criticize aspects of the Civil Rights Act but praise the civil-rights movement as "popular" and "democratic." "The civil rights movement captured the moral high ground in American politics," Terry Eastland, a former spokesman for the Reagan Justice Department, writes in "Ending Affirmative Action" (Basic; $23). He also calls the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 "the most dramatic movement"—indeed, "the triumph"—of our nation's long march toward color blindness.

What to make of this new Republican fealty to civil rights? Terry Eastland's former job, after all, involved defending Reagan's Justice Department, which retreated to pre-1964 days by supporting a tax exemption for segregated private schools. (So poisonous was the atmosphere that even Clarence Thomas, then the chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, publicly complained that the Justice Department had "set a negative rather than a positive agenda on civil rights.") But surely the sensible strategy for liberals is to welcome late converts to the ranks. Countries, like people, grow up in funny ways; if it takes the right wing to establish a consensus on principles that are traditionally identified with the left, so be it. In focussing on the obvious ways in which the affirmative-action debate divides us, we've failed to recognize the less obvious ways in which it unites us.

THE support of business for affirmative action is one of the better-kept secrets of the debate. Even before the Civil Rights Act was passed, President John F. Kennedy was urging businessmen to make the hiring of Negroes a priority, and many were eager to comply. The Reagan revolution finally left affir-



He's at it again!

TOAD TRIUMPHANT

The stunning new sequel to *The Wind in the Willows* and *The Willows in Winter*

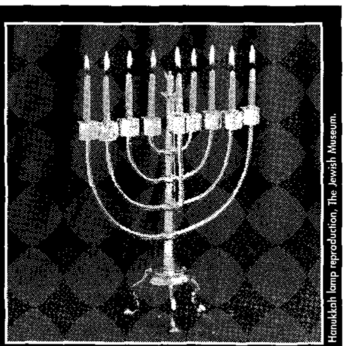
by William Horwood

Illustrated by Patrick Benson

"The old characters pop back to life as you begin reading."
—*The New York Times*

A Thomas Dunne Book

St. Martin's Press



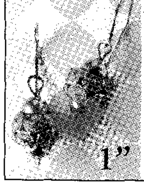
Hanukkah Gifts

Hanukkah lamp reproduction, The Jewish Museum.

The Cooper Shop at The Jewish Museum
1109 Fifth Ave., NY, NY (212) 423-3211

THE JEWISH MUSEUM

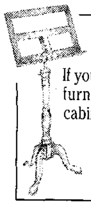
Under the auspices of The Jewish Theological Seminary of America



Mango Bay Trading Co.

Beautiful filigree earrings.
Entirely handcrafted in 18K Gold $285 or Sterling Silver $50.
(complimentary gift box & postage)
Please send Check or Money Order to:
Mango Bay Trading Co. P.O. Box 43
Tenafly, NJ 07670 Tel: (201) 569-2448

1"



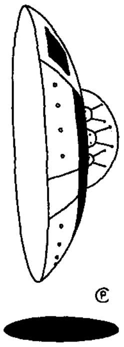
FREE CATALOG

Classic Music Furniture

If you love music, our new catalog of fine hardwood music furniture may delight you. Music stands, sheet music cabinets, instrument stands, musician's tables and more.

For FREE catalog call 1-800-324-5200
or write Alden Lee Co., Dept. NYRFZ
1215 Chrysler Drive, Menlo Park, CA 94025

mative action intact, in no small part because business liked things fine the way they were. When, early in Reagan's second term, Attorney General Edwin Meese tried to mobilize the Cabinet to end racial preferences in government contracting, he was stopped in his tracks by Labor Secretary Bill Brock. Being far more closely in touch with business sentiment than Meese, Brock knew that private employers, accustomed to counting everything, had no serious problems with counting by race. And in 1996, to the surprise of conservatives, a phalanx of corporate executives lined up to oppose the California Civil-Rights Initiative. In this context, the embittered badinage of some Texaco executives—which has prompted headlines and threats of a boycott—sounds very much like the ugly sniping of history's losers.



In "Backfire" (Regnery; $27.50) Bob Zelnick, a conservative ABC television correspondent, expresses dismay at the endorsement that affirmative action has received from the National Association of Manufacturers, the Equal Employment Advisory Council (which includes most of the Fortune 300 companies), and the chairmen of Procter & Gamble and Merck. American capitalists rarely act the way Milton Friedman or Karl Marx would have them do. If you want to see political correctness run rampant, forget the universities and visit the human-resources—formerly called personnel—departments of the big corporations. Behind closed doors, some corporate executives are no doubt as racist as those at Texaco seem to be, but not as many doors are closed. It's difficult these days to tell where Gilded Age ends and New Age begins: business support for affirmative action fits well into corporate cultures suffused with "empowerment," "holism," "wellness," and "win-win."

Conservative opponents of affirmative action, hoping that the capitalists they so deeply admire have not turned into mushy-headed idealists, emphasize the special circumstances that have pushed business into the arms of affirmative action. Most obvious is the effort to preëmpt expensive lawsuits by plaintiffs alleging discrimination. But there is also the desire to appeal to diverse markets, respond to political pressure, and even, in the case of very large companies, impose costs on smaller companies to gain a competitive edge. Still, if more African-Americans and women are hired by private companies, it hardly matters whether the reasons are self-interested or altruistic. When people *discuss* affirmative action, they talk in the language of priciple, invoking the need for color blindness (if they're against it) or the need for active measures to overcome racism and resistance (if they're for it). When companies *practice* affirmative action, they do so out of pragmatism, trying to meet particular corporate objectives. A lot of progress could be made in the debate if we all paid less attention to principle and more attention to prudence.

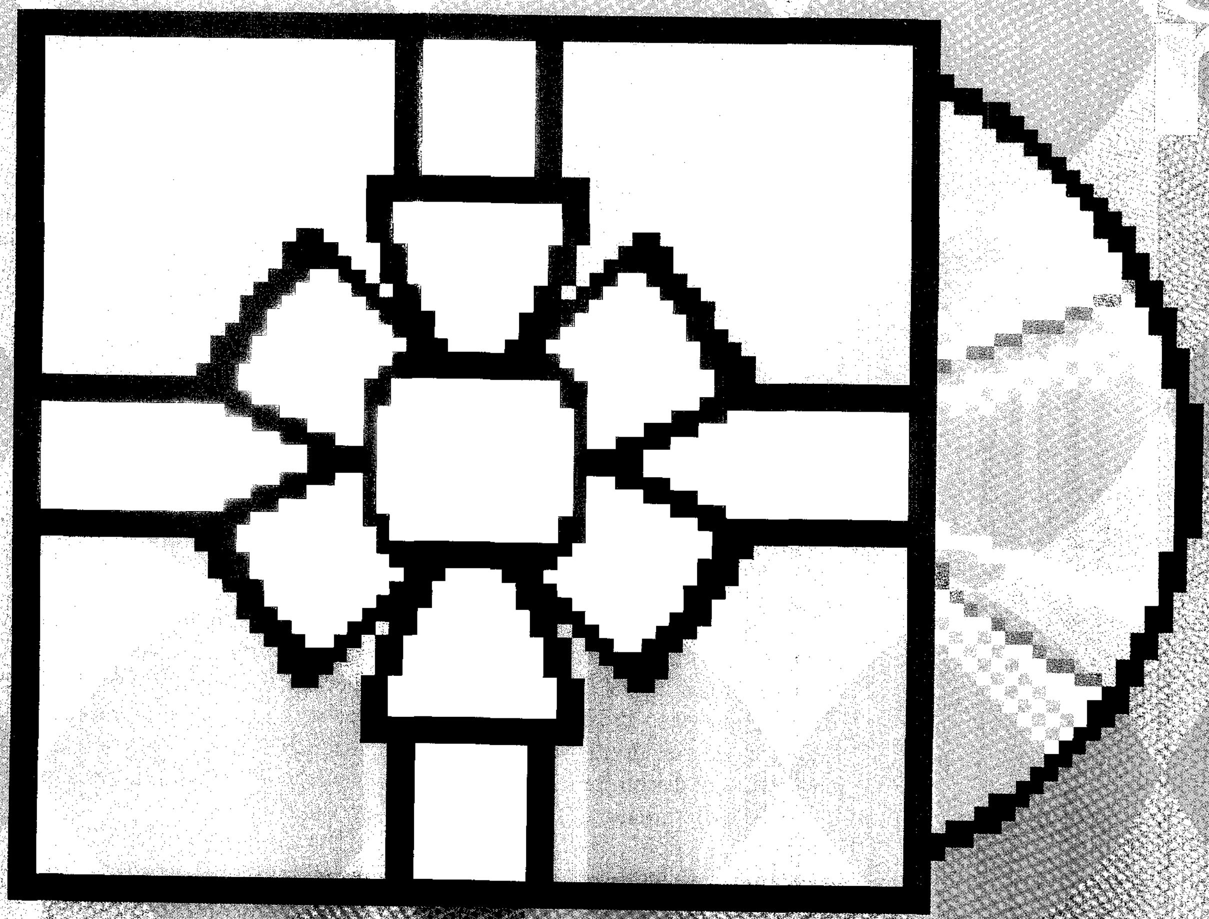
PRACTICAL, prudential types don't write books and articles, and so their voices have been lost in the debate. But, if they did, surely they would say that the point of diversifying isn't to end racism in one fell swoop but simply to avoid conflict—to keep peace in the house. That's not necessarily a bad thing. The reason businessmen seek out opportunities for growth isn't that they believe in creating jobs; they want to make money. Maybe the same thing applies to diversity: you do not have to believe in the ideal of a rainbow coalition in order to create one. Just as smart political bosses have wanted candidates of every significant ethnic group on their ticket, smart businessmen, in the words of A.T. & T.'s chairman and C.E.O., Robert E. Allen, view a "diversity strategy" as a "competitive advantage." The market, which corrodes everything, can be a good way of corroding white-male privilege.

Private-sector support for affirmative action puts ideological conservatives in a bind. If they celebrate when the courts step in and strike down voluntary programs, they are betraying one of their basic tenets—the Republican distrust of government—by demanding that private citizens be prevented from doing what they've decided is best for them. In fact, there are no conservative arguments against the most effective and prevalent forms of affirmative action in America, those implemented by companies. One of the few writers on the right who recognize this is Richard Epstein, of the University of Chicago Law School. In "Forbidden Grounds" (Harvard; $18.95) Epstein argues that private-sector discrimination ought to be lawful and the Civil Rights Act of 1964 ought to be repealed; but he also looks with libertarian equanimity upon corporate efforts to diversify the workplace. He writes, "Any organization can opt for a little bit of affirmative action or a lot"—a formula that, in this diverse world, is likely to lead to more rather than less.

Thoroughgoing opponents of affirmative action have had to fall back on such traditionally liberal ideals as individualism, equal opportunity, meritocracy, and universality. The prevalence of these arguments, which the left sees as a defeat, is anything but. America has never been so united behind liberalism as it is now. That's because conservatives have only two choices: to become liberals if they are to reject affirmative action in the private sector, or to accept such affirmative action if they are to remain conservatives. So why haven't more conservatives endorsed affirmative action? One answer is that a surprising number of them have—or, at least, did. Even the Reagan Administration, for all its professed opposition to affirmative action, adopted the practice of "race-norming"; that is, raising the scores of minorities on standardized tests to make them more comparable with the scores of whites. The right has long argued that the left, unable to get its out-of-touch ideas legislated, resorted to bureaucrats and judges to impose affirmative action on an unwilling society. But this isn't the whole story. John David Skrentny points out in "The Ironies of Affirmative Action" (Chicago; $16.95) that the "most radical civil-rights employment measure in American history," the Philadelphia Plan—which imposed quotas to integrate that city's construction unions—was resurrected in 1969 by the Nixon Administration. Republicans share the responsibility for a policy of counting and choosing by race, and their motive was perfectly cynical: to weaken the Democrats by driving a wedge between unions and minorities.

A CONSERVATIVE conversion to the civil-rights consensus would be cause for celebration, if it weren't that a surprising number of liberals, in their zeal for affirmative action, undermine the very consensus that conservatives want to join. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 was

Microsoft Network



the gift of MSN this holiday season

(and they can e-mail back their gratitude).

The Microsoft® Network makes it easy to give the gift of the Internet and e-mail for the holidays. Just call 1-800-795-2292 to purchase an MSN™ CD gift package already gift-wrapped. The lucky recipient will receive a one-year membership including three hours of access time a month, and new members will receive an additional free month with unlimited usage. They'll be forever grateful and you'll have only spent $49.95. Your holiday shopping dilemma solved. Note: Research shows people with Microsoft Windows 95, CD-ROM and a modem appreciate this gift 100% more than those without.

Just call 1-800-795-2292 to purchase an MSN CD gift package already gift-wrapped.

Microsoft®

Where do you want to go today?

[illegible] in the U.S. only. One month free trial is available to new MSN members [illegible] charges, access charges [illegible] may apply. Offer expires December 31, 1996. © 1996 Microsoft Corporation. [illegible] Microsoft, Windows and Where do you want to go today? [illegible]

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ON TAPE® #1
World's Largest Selection
Tom Clancy Executive Orders
• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
http://booksontape.com
(800) 626-3333
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?®
Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*
Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.
Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5
404 261-4009

TAOS SKI VALLEY TRAIL MAP
SHOWER CURTAIN
■ Rich, full color
■ High-quality fabric
■ Waterproof
UNIQUE GIFT $75 plus S&H
To order or for a full-color brochure, call toll free:
1-888-2 SKI MAP
A Downhill Shower Curtain™ by General Factotum™
all the lifts • all the trails • all the memories

World's Greatest Vacation
Port Yacht Charters Discover the world of private luxury yachts with crew. Golf, tennis, diving, all water sports. Superb cuisine/world class chefs. Better than a cruise ship—priced the same. Caribbean/Worldwide. 1-800-213-0465

GOOD USED BOOKS
Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too. History, literature, fiction, military, 80 other subjects. Send two dollars for listings of 25,000 titles & prices to EDITIONS, Desk Y, Boiceville, NY 12412...
There is also an associated bookshop with a large stock of books not in our lists. The Shop is located in Ashokan, NY on Rt 28, 9 miles west of NYS Thruway Exit 19. Open Sunday and Monday 8 AM to 6 PM.
EDITIONS, Desk Y, Boiceville, NY 12412

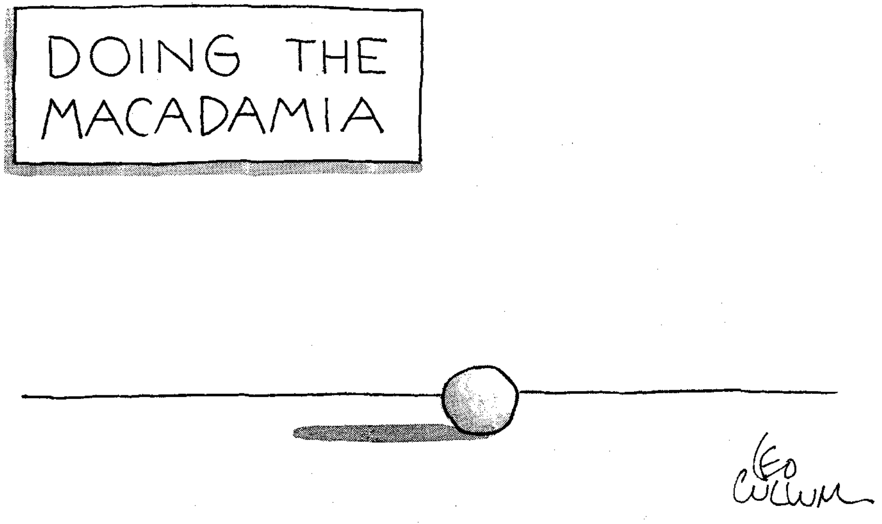
impeccably liberal in both the old and the new senses of that term. Like eighteenth-century liberalism, it gave preference to individuals as such rather than to the caste, stratum, or group to which they belonged. But, in accord with twentieth-century liberalism, it gave government the authority to impose public objectives on private economic transactions. Polemics in defense of affirmative action usually cut against both kinds of liberalism, either by assigning more importance to the group than to the person or by undermining the rationale for government intervention in the economy.

Affirmative action is by no means the first public policy in America to confer advantage on people as members of a particular group. Skrentny points to special benefits for veterans as an example of politically acceptable preferences. But, as Skrentny also notes, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, good liberal that he was, fought against veterans' benefits. "Able-bodied veterans should be accorded no treatment different from that accorded to other citizens who did not wear a uniform during the World War," Roosevelt stated in 1935. Public policy in America can give priority to groups, but never without discomfort.

Barbara Bergmann's "In Defense of Affirmative Action" (Basic; $23) provides an inadvertent illustration of what makes the rhetoric of group entitlements so troubling. Bergmann, in the spirit of concession, says that "when goals and timetables are implemented, some people are denied advantages they might otherwise have had because others are able to share in the advantages they previously monopolized." But the white person who gives up a job or a place in college so that a minority person will get it has not monopolized any advantage as an individual; the most that can be said is that members of the group he belongs to were given preference. Bergmann's language obscures what the debate is about. Everyone can agree that it's unfair for one individual to have a monopoly on goods. Disagreement enters when we consider whether it's fair to deny someone goods in the future because the group to which that person belongs was overindulged in the past.

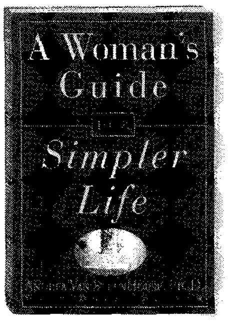
To understand how supporters of affirmative action weaken the case for government intervention in private transactions—the other liberal principle embodied in the Civil Rights Act of 1964—it helps to see how the nature of the debate has changed since the seventies. In those days, affirmative action was held to be necessary to rectify the consequences of past discrimination. These days, the favored desideratum is diversity. Conservatives argue that the former rationale at least had the advantage of being temporary: when past wrongs were finally corrected, future affirmative action could wind down. They say that the diversity rationale allows no such cap—that if we take it seriously affirmative action will be with us forever, since institutions will never diversify on their own.

But since institutions *are* diversifying on their own, and most affirmative-action programs, as Bergmann notes, are voluntary, the question is how successful they have been in promoting social and economic equity. Opponents, convinced that social engineering is dangerously utopian, believe that such programs must fail. "The dirty little secret is that affirmative action doesn't work," Bob Zelnick writes. You might think that sup-



20% SAVINGS

If your life is so full, why aren't you happier?



One of America's most compassionate psychologists shows you how to have the courage to "let go" of things that stand in your way—from household clutter and draining friendships to your own sense of guilt—to achieve a richer, happier, more fulfilling life. 240 pages. Hardcover. 5 x 7 ½".

To order, send your name and address with check or money order for $18.50* (20% off cover price of $23), plus $3.00 for S&H, to:

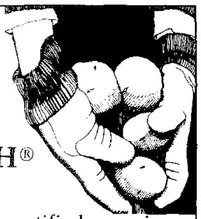
The Condé Nast Collection
P.O. Box 10214, Dept. 485128-148
Des Moines, IA 50336 or,
call toll-free: 1-800-426-9922

*Please add sales tax in CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery. All orders must be prepaid.

A New Gift Idea

POTATO OF THE MONTH®

postage paid



New Penny Farm offers certified organic potatoes in many of the old-fashioned, flavorful varieties — delivered to your door each month. For a free catalog, call: 1-800-827-7551. Or write: PO Box 448-N: Presque Isle, ME 04769. VISA/MasterCard accepted. Seed potatoes for gardeners also available.
http://www.mainerec.com/newpen.html

1997 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions

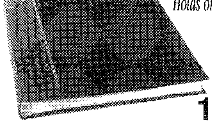
The perfect gift for art lovers who travel, and travelers who love art . . .

The **premier** annual guide to over 1,500 exhibitions in the U.S. and abroad ... **only $16!** (includes s/h)
RECOMMENDED BY NY TIMES, WASH. POST, VOGUE, GOURMET

CALL 1-800-2-LOVE-ART
MGP, INC., P.O. BOX 25369, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007

EUROPEAN PHOTO ALBUMS

Holds over 320 4x6 prints on cream archival pages



HAND MADE IN ENGLAND
AVAILABLE IN NAVY BLUE
OR HUNTER GREEN
$46.95 + $5.95 SHIPPING & HANDLING
1-800-322-5031
SIGNATURE STATIONERS 1800 MASS. AVE., LEXINGTON MA 02173

porters would rush to disagree with him. Yet in the pro-affirmative-action collection "Economic Perspectives on Affirmative Action" (Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies; $16.95), edited by Margaret Simms, we read that "the measurable benefits to individuals [are] quite small." The reason that supporters tend to agree with opponents here isn't far to seek: if most affirmative action is both voluntary and effective, we might not need as activist a government as liberals would like.

The agreement between right and left that affirmative action has failed is especially striking given that many of the economic studies that both sides draw upon actually show the opposite: that it worked, as long as governmental pressure for compliance was maintained. Yet even after that pressure was turned down, in the nineteen-eighties, American workplaces continued to diversify on their own. The most impressive data in the debate are those gathered by Barbara Bergmann, who lists the percentages of blacks and women in managerial positions at various companies. For African-Americans, those percentages are between ten and eleven per cent at A.T. & T., Southwestern Bell, Xerox, and General Motors, and around fifteen per cent at Federal Express, Potomac Electric, and McDonald's. All these corporations, in other words, have a percentage of black managers roughly equal to the proportion of blacks in the American population, or higher. Even when we recognize that "manager" is a loose term, which can include jobs far down in the hierarchy, the figures are significant, for these are national companies, which sell their products in national markets and have offices and outlets throughout the United States. Reviewing these numbers, you might conclude that affirmative action has been a great success. But Bergmann doggedly finds a way to call the record "bad," using for comparison the percentage of blacks "in the population in the areas where the companies have their facilities." For Bergmann, good news is no news. Defenders of affirmative action are ever on the lookout for criteria by which they can never proclaim victory.

Plainly, champions like Bergmann have just as much trouble with the love affair between business and diversity as foes like Eastland and Zelnick do. If the right doesn't want to admit that affirmative action has the blessing of the

Goose down robe

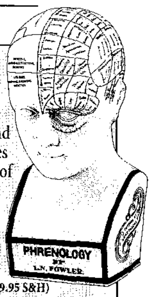
Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Superblend fabric for easy care. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, burgundy, peach, bluette, teal, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $160 **Sale $89** Shipping and handling, $6.95

Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, bluette, teal, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $38 **Sale $22** Shipping $4.95

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.
☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 7¼% tax

WARM THINGS
180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY /San Rafael, CA 94903
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 hrs. • MC/VISA

READ MY MIND



19th century Phrenology taught that a person's physiognomy showed his moral, intellectual and social status. This buste adorned every Victorian doctor's office. Intellectual, Energetical, Moral faculties and the Area of Love were some of 48 categories that were drawn on the Head. Our replica of the Phrenology Head is made in fine, crackle glazed porcelain. As an historical document, it's also a striking decorative accessory. With its 12" height, it easily doubles as a practical bookend.

The Phrenology Head 12" - $75.00 - (+9.95 S&H)

Brochure or Order: 1-800-895-3050

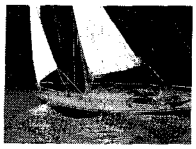
TRADING STORIES
P.O. Box 604 • Cottage Grove, OR 97424
ANTIQUE REPRODUCTIONS

The Cambridge House
Royal Smoked Salmon

For 50 years, *The Cambridge House* – under the careful direction of the Martin family – has been smoking prime Spey River Scottish salmon according to a secret recipe for such distinguished clients as the *QE2, Buckingham Palace,* and *Four Seasons hotels.* Now, for the first time, this extraordinary salmon – called "the best in the world" by the New York Times Syndicate – is being offered to the public. A 2-3 pound side of fresh salmon gently smoked over apple wood is priced at $59.95 plus $5 overnight shipping. A perfect corporate gift. We welcome inquiries from discriminating chefs and invite them to sample our smoked salmon.

Call (805) 684-2082 • Fax (805) 684-7198
Credit cards accepted.

1997 Calendar of Wooden Boats



Award-winning photography, spectacular boats.
The perfect gift. 12"× 24"
$14.50 + $3 S&H MC/Visa
1-800-848-9663
NOAH Publications,
Box 14N, Brooklin, ME 04616

Before
After

Important news for women with short, flat or thinning hair.

Hair Blending® - For Thicker, Fuller Hair.

Hair Blending® is an amazing process of adding one single real hair at a time to your natural growth. We distribute each hair throughout your own equally and undetectably. Our exclusive **Blending Strand®** allows you to run your fingers through your hair, feeling only hair and scalp. Join the more than 4000 women who are enjoying a fuller head of natural-looking hair.

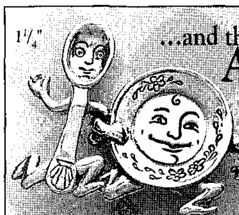
1-800-992-9976

SEQUENCE™ It's a good feeling! ext. 49

Great Jewish Stories

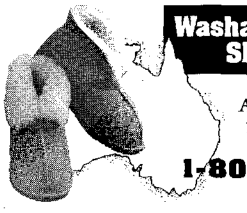
31 Stories
26 Actors
9 Tapes
80 Dollars

National Yiddish Book Center
1-800-524-2727



...and the Dish Ran Away With the Spoon Pin in sterling silver $40. 14k gold $340. Add $4 handling. Caralog available (800) 767-6411.

J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. NYDS, Newport, RI 02840



Washable Sheepskin Slippers & Boots

Write or Call:
Aussie Connection
135 NE Third Avenue
Hillsboro, OR 97124
1-800-950-2668
for a FREE Catalog

GRANDTRAVEL

Very Special Vacations for Grandparents and Grandchildren

Fun-filled, Fully Escorted Itineraries
The Continental USA • Alaska • Hawaiian Islands
France • England & Scotland • Ireland • Italy
Holland & Belgium • Spain • Fairytale Europe
London & Paris • Kenya Safari • Australia

Call 800-247-7651 for brochure.

GRANDTRAVEL • 6900 Wisconsin Avenue, Chevy Chase, MD 20815

marketplace, romantic leftists, who want to believe that affirmative action is "progressive," find its embrace by big business equally mortifying. The notion that more social change can be brought about through actions in the suites than through actions in the streets is simply not within their understanding.

THERE may be a way out of the impasse, but it won't come from clarifying our values or principles. That's a negative lesson we can take from "Not All Black and White: Affirmative Action, Race, and American Values" (Hill & Wang; $15), by Christopher Edley, Jr., who coördinated the White House's 1995 review of affirmative action. For Edley, public policy has to recognize a basic social fact: "the 'birds of a feather' tendency to prefer people like oneself." Because such a tendency can work to deprive African-Americans of opportunity, he argues, "we may need race-conscious decision making to lean against that tilt in the playing field that helps those who are familiar to us and hinders those who are different—even when there is no unlawful discrimination."

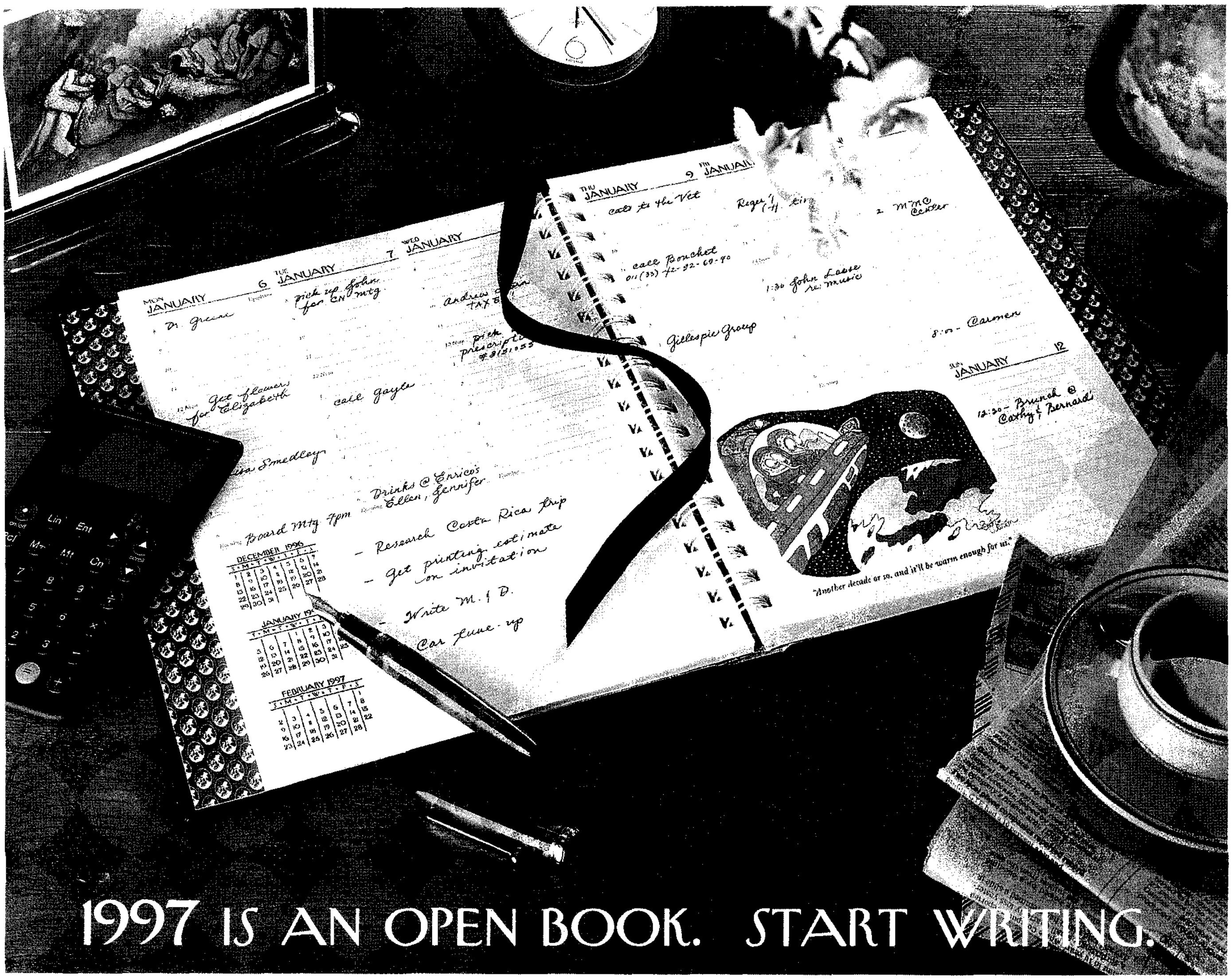
Edley wants more coherence—what he calls "a unified approach to myriad issues about race"—in the affirmative-action debate, because such consistency is "an undervalued commodity" in our society. But coherence is the enemy of consensus. Anyone who knows exactly where society ought to go is unlikely to stop and tarry so that people with a different goal can be brought along. That may be why Edley, for all his understanding of the importance of narrowing affirmative action's ambitions, winds up recommending the retention of just about every one of its tenets. And it may also explain why Edley finds himself "sick to tears" when he reads the opinions of Justice Clarence Thomas: principled people tend to be exasperated with those who hold different principles.

By the end of his book, Edley is proposing to move the debate forward through means more religious than political. Let's stop arguing about rights and instead explore " 'postliberal' efforts to emphasize communal values and goals," he urges, and he asks, "What secular experiences will have a transformative effect on people so that their racial thinking is redeemed—so that their values and sense of community, connections, and possibilities are transformed to make possible a different structure of race relations?" If there is a problem with elevating principle above prudence in the affirmative-action debate it is this: what begins as a narrow effort to tailor a program to specific goals ends as a call for a new kind of person.

Although Edley winds up conceding very little to affirmative action's critics, there are others on the left who spend considerable time imagining a world without affirmative action. Michael Tomasky, a former *Village Voice* staffer who now writes for *New York*, is one such: in his book "Left for Dead" (Free Press; $23) he calls affirmative action "an ambiguous enterprise, both practically and morally." Tomasky questions both rationales—reparations and diversity. On what ground, he wants to know, does past racism justify giving recent immigrants from Africa or Latin America preference over unemployed white workers? And—as Richard D. Kahlenberg points out in his immodestly titled "The Remedy" (Basic; $25)—diversity as an end in itself can easily turn against the interests of African-Americans, for whom affirmative action was originally designed. Should black Americans, who constitute twenty-eight per cent of the workforce of the government of Los Angeles County but only 10.5 per cent of the county's population, be laid off so that more Latinos can be hired?

If conservative opponents of affirmative action have discovered an allegiance to a civil-rights agenda they never supported, liberal supporters of affirmative action need to remember a commitment to justice they used to pride themselves on. So Kahlenberg concludes, anyway. Affirmative action, in his view, is a long detour from the class politics once espoused by both Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. At best, its time is up: sufficient numbers of African-Americans have been brought into the middle class to enable us to shift our attention back toward economic inequality, which would subsume concerns about racial inequality. At worst, affirmative action is a convenient way of ignoring injustice altogether, allowing Ivy League college presidents to feel that they have accomplished some important social goal by attracting tuition-paying suburbanites who happen to be black.

The arguments of leftists against affirmative action are generally cogent, but they are not without problems, too. "At-


1997 IS AN OPEN BOOK. START WRITING.
"Another decade or so, and it'll be warm enough for us."

THE NEW YORKER DESK DIARY could change your life. Or at least help you organize it. More than just a weekly planner, this handsome blue-covered volume is filled with practical information including a discriminating guide featuring listings of over 1,000 restaurants, hotels and places of interest in cities across the country and around the world. And of course, it's packed with the distinctive illustrations and witty cartoons that have been a *New Yorker* hallmark for over 70 years.

It's your future. Get planning.
With *The New Yorker Desk Diary.*

THE 1997 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY

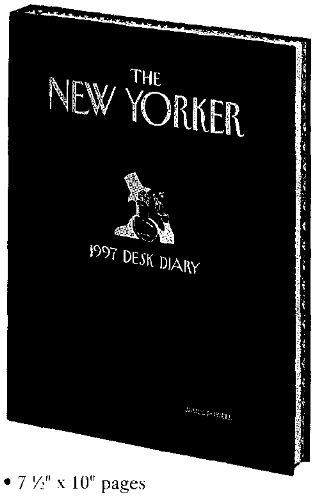
To order by credit card, call toll-free: 1·800·336·5510

OR *send a check or money order with your name and address to:*

THE NEW YORKER
BOX 10214, DEPT. 234385-023
DES MOINES, IA 50336-0214

Yours for only $25.95 for the standard diary or $28.95* for the personalized version, plus $3.50 in the US ($6.75 in Canada) for shipping and handling. For personalized diaries please specify the name(s) to be imprinted (limited to 22 letters/spaces).*

**Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH please add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Offer only available in US and Canada. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.*



- 7 ½" x 10" pages
- Gold-stamped personalization available.

1950's Woodcuts

"The Street" By World-Renowned Sculptor
Paul Aschenbach (1922—1994)

Never before published.

Hand-pulled prints on 22" x 17" handmade paper.

Edition limited to 850 plus artist proofs.

Certificate of authenticity.

Released posthumously, signed and initialed by artist's heir. Exceptional collector's value.

$187 Send check or money order to:
Aschenbach Limited Editions
140 Mink Hollow Road
East Fallowfield, PA 19320

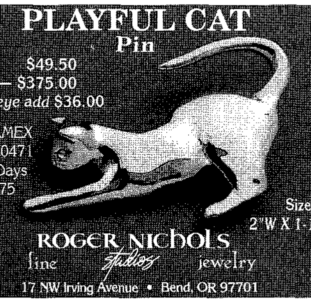
FREE CATALOG: 610-486-0404

DUKE

Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change. Personalized care from Duke physicians and health professionals.

Diet and Fitness Center

Duke University Medical Center
Durham, North Carolina 27701
HTTP://dmi-www.mc.duke.edu/dfc/home.html
800-362-8446



PLAYFUL CAT
Pin

Sterling — $49.50
14K Gold — $375.00
Diamond eye add $36.00

VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 Hrs. 7 Days
S/H $5.75

velvet box

Size
2"W X 1-1/4"H

ROGER NICHOLS
fine Studios jewelry
17 NW Irving Avenue • Bend, OR 97701

Publish Your Book

75-year tradition of quality. Subsidy book publisher offers publishing services for books of all types. For *Author's Guide* write or call Dorrance—YORK, 643 Smithfield, Pittsburgh, PA 15222 or 1-800-695-9599.

SCOTTISH SMOKED SALMON

Smoked by the river Spey with oak chips from vintage Scotch whisky barrels.

1 1/4 lb sliced $46.00 + $3.50 s/h

3 For 2 SPECIAL (same box)

Free brochure featuring many imported items.

1-800-331-3001 SCOTTISH CROWN, LTD.

tacking lack of access to capital and public education imbalances requires a program more radical than affirmative action, as does tackling the vast inequities and difficulties that millions of working people face," Tomasky writes. He, at least, recognizes that affirmative action is not "progressive." Let's not forget that it is the Fortune 500 companies, the historic enemy of the left, that so strongly support it. But maybe businessmen know something that the left has never learned: that taking quiet steps to deal with the smaller things can be preferable to flailing away noisily at the bigger ones. Affirmative action will never usher in socialism, or even an American version of social democracy. But it's already helping enlarge the black middle class, and that is no mean accomplishment.

The left is surprisingly like the right in failing to appreciate the prudential side of affirmative action; Kahlenberg, for example, is skeptical of arguments in favor of hiring minorities to serve minority constituencies, or to hold up as examples of minority accomplishment. Yet surely there are good, prudential reasons for wanting the racial composition of an urban police force to approximate the racial composition of the city, if only to make plainclothes assignments credible. Kahlenberg's book urges the left to turn away from a politics of symbolism in favor of a politics of substance. But that will be more costly than Kahlenberg acknowledges, for symbols matter. Affirmative action, by identifying race as a salient aspect of an individual with respect to eligibility for jobs and education, stood as a symbolic corrective to America's racist past. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 could not, in itself, achieve that objective, because, at least on its face, it made discrimination by blacks against whites no less illegal than discrimination by whites against blacks. Something like affirmative action was necessary to acknowledge the pain that so many white Americans had inflicted on so many black Americans. Moreover, by putting the power of the government behind the effort at racial redress, affirmative action proclaimed that this country would not be satisfied with mere words about equality: actions would have to follow. That's the context in which business has done its voluntary thing. The question often posed now is this: Has the time come for the law of the land to move beyond race?

One way to respond to that question

Blenheim Ginger Ale

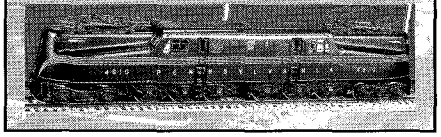
WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
SINCE 1903

NOW YOU CAN ORDER our famous Ginger Ale prepaid to any of the lower 48 states for just $24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.

Specify #3 HOT, #5 NOT AS HOT or #9 DIET (or will mix)

NOT FOR TIMID PALATES !

Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer, SC 29547
or call: 1-800-270-9344
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC



The Gallery of Transportation

Ten Minutes South of Miami's Airport
The World's Largest Collection of
Museum-Grade 1/32 Scale Replicas
of Classic "Orient Express Era"
Trains, Planes and Cars

The Gallery of Transportation
165 Aragon Avenue
Coral Gables, FL 33134
(305) 529-8599
Fax (305) 529-8577
http://galtran.com

3,200,000 Pieces
China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles

Discontinued & Active. Buy Or Sell.

Call for FREE listings of pieces available in your patterns.

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE
(1-800-737-5223)
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029,
Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept. YO

ENGLISH PUB GLASSES

IMPERIAL PINT OR HALF PINT
with etched Royal Measure Seal

4 FOR $24.95 Shipped Free !!
Mix or Match • Gift Box $4 • Additional Glasses $5 ea.

ROYAL MAIL 1-800-843-9078
CENTER VILLAGE, BOX 902, HARRISVILLE, NH 03450 • VS-MC-AX-DS

BAKERY MAIL ORDER

Bagels and other NY baked goods delivered to your door the very next day!

TRY OUR NY SURVIVAL KIT
800-624-8559

ZABAR'S BREAD-BASKET

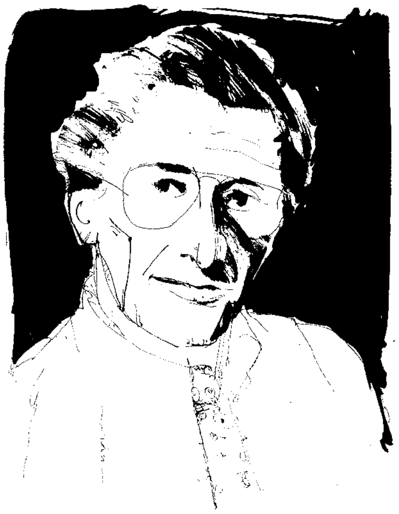
is to warn against any definitive answer. It may be that convincing justifications for or against affirmative action simply do not exist. Keep it, and advocates of liberal and meritocratic principles will never stop drumming up anecdotes and incidents to support their position. Drop it, and believers in racial justice can claim, not without reason, that America reneged on its commitment to diversity just as the going got tough. If these books represent the best thinking on the subject, neither side has found a winning argument.

Look at what we do about affirmative action rather than what we say, however, and you can discern the outlines of a future consensus. Prudential affirmative action is hardly perfect. Without governmental enforcement, some private companies may indeed drop their enthusiasm for diversity and retreat to "birds of a feather" hiring policies. And university admissions committees guided only by a vague desire to diversify their student bodies may find themselves less diverse when classes begin. Moving from principle to prudence will surely disappoint those for whom principle is what life is all about. But prudential affirmative action will also disappoint those to whom racial preferences of any kind are anathema. What does it matter, they will argue, if someone deserving of a job is passed over because the company or the university, not the government, chose to pass over that person? They will have to be told that it does matter: we do not yet live in a color-blind world, and, while it makes sense for government to aspire to color blindness in order to underscore the importance of universality, companies and private universities ought to be free to take race into account for reasons of pluralism. Out of mutual disappointments a new approach to affirmative action may emerge. A compromise between the two sides will start when both accept a simple dictum: a policy can be a bad idea in theory and a good one in practice. ♦

ANGELS IN HOLLAND

Strangely divine goings on among the Dutch.

BY JOHN UPDIKE



Harry Mulisch

"THE DISCOVERY OF HEAVEN," by the sixty-nine-year-old Dutch writer Harry Mulisch, is an old-fashioned magnum opus, weighing in at seven hundred and thirty pages in English, as translated by Paul Vincent (Viking; $34.95). It shares with Vladimir Nabokov's "Ada" the name of its heroine. Like Joyce's "Finnegans Wake," it is oneirically entangled with the entirety of European history; like Umberto Eco's "Foucault's Pendulum," it proposes a dark trickle of arcana running beneath the surface of that history, and gives us a thriller dénouement. Perhaps the great book it most resembles—in its genial ironical tone, in its hospitality to extended intellectual arguments, and in the metaphysical height of its sympathy with humanity's spiritual and erotic adventures—is Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain." Mulisch's Holland, like Mann's Swiss sanatorium, holds an articulate microcosm of European opinion, from revolutionary to reactionary, and with an unmistakable joke the Dutch writer salutes the German: Mann's Clavdia Chauchat completes her seduction of Hans Castorp with a request that he return her pencil to her, and Mulisch's Sophia Brons asks Max Delius to return her pencil sharpener.

The Dutch novel, huge in length, erudition, and wealth of incident, has a first-person narrator, a nameless angel reporting to his superior in Heaven on the success of his assigned mission to maneuver earthlings into returning the two tablets upon

THE WELL BRED WATCH CAP
The perfect lifetime gift.
Guaranteed. Forever.

Handcrafted in Prince Edward Island and sold throughout the world, our hats are worn from the Arctic to the South Pole. From the many breeds of sheep in Great Britain we have selected 3 of the finest and offer our hats in the undyed natural colour of the breed. The **Black Welsh Mountain** (dark brown), **The Jacob** (gray) and **The Cheviot** (natural). Each hat comes with a colour picture & history of the breed, the knitter's signature all packaged in a slide-cover wooden box.

Your Choice of breed only $34.
(all shipping & taxes included)
8:00am and 8:00pm - 7 DAYS A WEEK (EST).

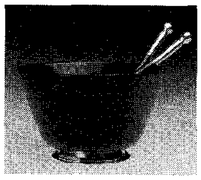
Call us at 1-800-565-WOOL (9665)
Fax us at 1-800-315-HATS (4287)
We accept Visa, Mastercard and American Express
Call for our free sweater catalogue.

Great Northern Knitters, Charlottetown
Prince Edward Island, Canada C1E 1B0

Can't Walk Far? Ride.
The new Roamer chair gives you the freedom to go where you like. Regain your independence and get back in the swing!
- lightweight
- portable
- easy to ride
- battery powered
- remarkably affordable!

ROAMER
Technologies, Inc.
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Call toll free
1-888-ROAMER-3
Visa, Mastercard, American Express accepted

THE PERFECT GIFT
Exquisite solid mahogany salad bowl on pewter base. Beautifully gift boxed. Available in 10" diam. $135, 12" diam. $175, 14" diam. $225, matching servers $75.
AMANDARI
Salisbury, CT.
To order or for a catalog
1-800-449-7844.



Introducing A New Board Game . . . where the beginning is half the whole, everything with a crooked neck is not a camel, & in the end it will be known who ate the figs.
Wise and Otherwise
the new game of old sayings
1-800-662-1088

PUZZLE ART
Heirloom quality, intricately handcut wood jigsaw puzzles personalized with silhouettes & messages.
$95 and up
Call or write for free catalog:
(612) 827-5757
Dept. N67, 4255 Garfield Ave. S.
Minneapolis, MN 55409-1858
Rainy Lake
PUZZLES

HOMES & ESTATES

SANIBEL & CAPTIVA
ISLANDS
There's a pair of sundrenched shell-laden islands off the Gulf coast of Florida where you can explore miles of natural sugar-sand beaches & vacation in a fully equipped condominium or private home. Sound tantalizing?
800-237-6008
Island Accommodations
PMR Priscilla Murphy Realty, Inc.
P.O. BOX 5 • SANIBEL, FL 33957

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
INTERNET: http://www.londonconn.com

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages.
Please write, call or come and see us.
VISIT OUR WEBSITE: http://www.fearrington.com
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 800-277-0130

Vacation Rentals
France, Italy, Spain & Portugal
We have a wonderful selection of personally inspected Country Homes, Villas and Apartments. Rentals available from a week to a year.
Call Vacances Provençales Vacations, 1-800-263-7152, FAX (416)322-0706. www.inforamp.net/~vpv

LONDON FLATS
personally selected by
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 • 423-652-2048

HOMES & ESTATES
is a biweekly advertising feature in
THE NEW YORKER
Please call Cristina Thais at (212) 536-5883 for information on advertising in this section.

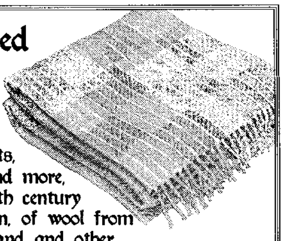
which the Ten Commandments were engraved. It was necessary, first, to generate a human being whose DNA conformation could receive the one Spark—a bit of divine light—capable of locating and appropriating the tablets, and this involved some delicate but lethal manipulation among the generations. The Spark receptacle's maternal grandparents met in the rubble after a museum was bombed in 1944, and the paternal set proved so little compatible that the husband, an Austrian, betrayed the wife, the daughter of German Jews, to the Nazi authorities; she was shipped to Auschwitz, and he was eventually executed as a war criminal. The offspring of these two couples are the beautiful cellist Ada Brons and the brilliant, promiscuous astronomer Max Delius. He deflowers her, and they live together for a time, but the crucial conception, for reasons that only angels can fully grasp, must occur in Cuba, subaqueously, when Ada is already engaged to Onno Quist, a big, slovenly, scatterbrained linguist whose aristocratic, strict-Calvinist father was a prewar Prime Minister of the Netherlands. By heavenly design, Onno and Max have become the dearest of friends before either meets Ada. When Quinten, Ada's uncanny, sapphire-eyed child, is born, Onno assumes that he is the father, but, as it happens, Ada has been put into a permanent coma months before parturition, and Max raises Quinten anyway, with the help of Ada's mother, Sophia, whose husband died—not accidentally, you may be sure—the same night that Ada was knocked comatose by a falling tree. That's life. Onno gives up trying to decipher an ancient disk and enters Dutch politics; Max supervises the construction of a synthetic radio telescope on the site of an old concentration camp near Westerbork and discovers behind a pulsar the portal of Heaven; Quinten grows up in an enchanting castle, Groot Rechteren, which has been divided into apartments conveniently populated by all the specialists he will need for his peculiar education.

Through the angelic point of view, the reader shares the manipulations that any writer must force upon the creatures of his plot. Part of the game is spotting when the angel is at work, creating coincidences and juggling circumstances. The cruelties visited on the characters to achieve heavenly ends raise questions of human purpose ruefully rather than with the angry satire of, say, Kurt Vonnegut's "The Sirens of Titan." Angelic intervention—an ancient and still active notion—is not easy, our narrator explains: "Reality is just like water; it's liquid and mobile, but it can only be compressed a little by using a great deal of force." His goal is to destroy the Decalogue—"the ultimate thing on earth: the Chief's contract with humankind, concluded with its deputy, the Jewish people." The Chief and His angels are calling it quits, pulling out, leaving "all those human things" to Lucifer. The Biblical era of direct messages and face-to-face meetings is long past. An angel puts the modern case against revealed truth tellingly:

> The last straw we cling to is people's belief; the moment our existence becomes a matter of knowledge, they'll abandon us completely. They'll shrug their shoulders and say "So what?"

Though the plot sounds hectic in the summary, in its unfolding it discloses many intellectually provocative turns and much depth of sympathy. Ada and Quinten are lovely conjurations, and Max and Onno mixed bags, as men are. The many minor characters are deftly stitched into an affectionate tapestry of twentieth-century Holland; the majestic European past is evoked in terms of its music and its architecture; astrophysics and biochemistry testify to the vast voids and intricacies of the universe as we know it. Written carefully and ingeniously by a novelist who is also a poet, the many pages speed by. As Ada and Max and Holland are left behind, there is a somewhat vitiating shift into travelogue and science fiction; Quinten, his angelic mission tightening around him, becomes a kind of robot, with, Onno observes, "a touch of interstellar coldness." Yet to the end the book manages some surprising twists in its running discourse on such human matters as heredity and belief, sex and loneliness.

Like Mulisch's two other novels in English, "The Assault" (1982; translated in 1985) and "Last Call" (1985; 1989), "The Discovery of Heaven" has its roots in the Second World War. Events then, under the compression of terror and atrocity, were naturally, practically portentous, and through decades of peace continue to assert their mysteries. Max, like Anton in "The Assault," is "always surrounded" by the war. One might fancy that Mulisch (who, like Max, had a victim and a collaborator for parents) has turned his old devils into angels—the dark presiding powers of occupied Holland into fussy bureaucratic fate-spinners. If so, this blithely big novel is a gallant gesture from a generous imagination. ♦



Endangered Breeds.

Limited edition blankets from $125, plus duvets, rugs, scarves and more, woven in the 19th century English tradition, of wool from Cotswold, Shetland and other endangered breeds. Purchase of these heirloom classics supports Kelmscott Rare Breeds Foundation, dedicated to rare breeds preservation. Award-winning catalogue: $ 5.00

Kelmscott Farm
Box 365, N96
Lincolnville, ME
04849-9626

1-800-545-9363
8am-5pm e.s.t.

fax: 207-763-4298

© 1996, KRBF

THE
SEX
BOX
MAN · SEX · WOMAN
An Elegant Boxed Anthology

CHRONICLE BOOKS
IN BOOKSTORES, OR CALL 800-722-6657 TO ORDER.

QUIET GOOD TASTE makes this highly personal name bracelet by Leonore Doskow a welcome accessory. Any name or message up to eight letters. Each letter is ¼" square.

Sterling Silver **$49.50**
14Kt. yellow gold **$396.**

Send your check or money order to:

N.Y. residents add sales tax

CrotonCrafts

Add $4.00 ea. for shipping and handling

P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521
Telephone 914-271-5981

AMERICAN WRITERS
Dickinson · Frost · Hemingway
Thoreau · O'Neill · Melville
Whitman · Twain · Poe · others
Hydrostone **BUSTS:** $49-$79
Sculptor Fred Blatt
607-547-9459; brochure
P.O. Box 206 · Fly Creek NY 13337

World's Best Premium Wines Without Alcohol

ARIĒL

For the retailer nearest you or to order direct, CALL **800/456-9472**

Ariel Vineyards,
P.O. Box 3437, Napa CA 94558

FOR THINKING DRINKING.

HIEROGLYPHS
PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE JEWELRY
Translate Anything into Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphs
SS Pendants from $40 • 18k from $150
Free Color Brochure includes Alphabet
Pendants • Rings • Bracelets • Earrings
1-800-237-3358

Call Toll Free or Write:
Discoveries
(est. 1980)
526 N. Fayette St.,
Alexandria,
Virginia 22314

Cartouche spells 'Joan'
HANDMADE IN EGYPT ©

BRIEFLY NOTED

THE COURTS OF LOVE, by Ellen Gilchrist (Little, Brown; $23.95). Read this book for the charming short novel that begins it—a satire, but a highly affectionate one, of Northern California culture. It's about Nora Jane and Freddy Harwood and their twin daughters; their best friend, Neiman Gluuk; Freddy's bookstore in Berkeley, which is threatened by terrorists; and meals at Chez Panisse. Utterly appealing, improbably articulate characters are united here; one is sorry to relinquish them to the stories that make up the balance of the volume.

ABOUT SCHMIDT, by Louis Begley (Knopf; $23). Schmidtie, an old-school anti-Semite (the sort who holds that a Jew makes a fine junior partner but a bad son-in-law), responds to his daughter's engagement to a Jewish bankruptcy lawyer in his firm with apparent largesse: he gives the couple his life interest in a house in the Hamptons. The gesture converts emotions and prejudices into negotiable points of law, and the author, a lawyer himself, neatly unmasks the psychodrama in the ensuing scramble for leverage. He also makes it hard not to root for his white-shoe antihero: Schmidt, for all his Episcopal rectitude, comes off as insidiously likable.

THE INHERITANCE, by Samuel G. Freedman (Simon & Schuster; $27.50). This book follows three immigrant families (Irish, Italian, and Polish) from the early years of the century to the present. During that time, two of the families produced Democratic activists and the third a union officer, but the representatives of the current generation are all dedicated Republicans. In a stunning feat of empathy, Freedman has transformed election statistics into human experience.

ALVIN AILEY: A LIFE IN DANCE, by Jennifer Dunning (Addison-Wesley; $30). Ailey's was a tortured life. He had a smash hit right away—the 1960 "Revelations," which has probably been performed more times than "Swan Lake"—and never matched it. He had vast ambitions and little confidence. His company was a huge success and was constantly broke. He also took drugs, liked rough trade, and got arrested several times. Dunning's book is distinguished by its big-heartedness, its atmospherics, its thorough reporting, and its treatment of Ailey as an artist, not a case history.

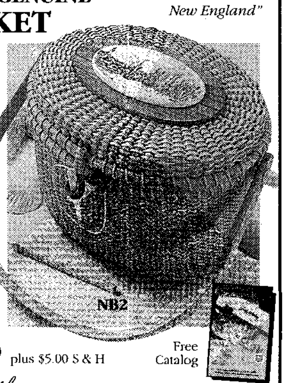
JULIUS KNIPL, REAL ESTATE PHOTOGRAPHER, by Ben Katchor (Little, Brown; $12.95). A Pickled-Tomato Lover who demands that her suitors steal enormous deli display jars of pickles to prove their devotion; a Layaway Planner who ties up six hundred pieces of merchandise with minimal money down; a Radiator Musician who plays a program of "steam lullabies": these are a few of the characters who, along with the ubiquitous Mr. Knipl, inhabit Katchor's weirdly familiar metropolis. The Kafkaesque setting is not, however, the backdrop of a novel; Katchor is a comic-strip artist—one of the best—whose striking ink-and-wash panels make you wax nostalgic for a place you'd never want to live in.

Poets & Writers

The national literary magazine for poets and fiction writers... interviews, essays, practical articles on the business of writing

"*Poets & Writers Magazine* is a storehouse of information about grants, awards, and fellowships... as well as a serious magazine about the writing life."
—*Chicago Sun-Times*

$19.95/year (6 issues), $3.95 sample copy
Poets & Writers, Inc., Dept. N
72 Spring Street, New York, New York 10012
(212) 226-3586 • PWSubs@pw.org • http://www.pw.org



By Stephen Barlow **GENUINE NANTUCKET BASKET**

"Harborside in New England"

Renowned for artwork of exceptional detail, lifelike quality, and classic composition. His original works come to life in an exquisite reproduction of an original new basket. These museum-quality reproductions are crafted in an environmentally safe medium.

8" oval basket lined with a calico fabric.

NB2

$179.00 plus $5.00 S & H

Free Catalog

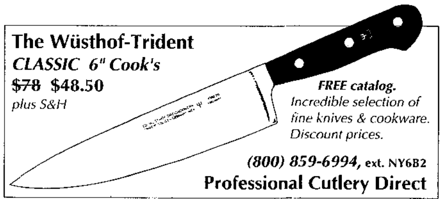
Gary Arthur ACCESSORIES, INC.

800-675-9762
MA residents add 5% tax

P.O. Box 1655, Attleboro, MA 02703-0028
Visa/MasterCard/American Express

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Pigs" Bracelet,
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165, Pin or Pendant 14K Gold $95, Sterling $40. Visa/MC/Amex Unconditionally Guaranteed. **1-800-477-1856**
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759



The Wüsthof-Trident
CLASSIC 6" Cook's
~~$78~~ **$48.50**
plus S&H

FREE catalog.
Incredible selection of fine knives & cookware. Discount prices.

(800) 859-6994, **ext. NY6B2**
Professional Cutlery Direct

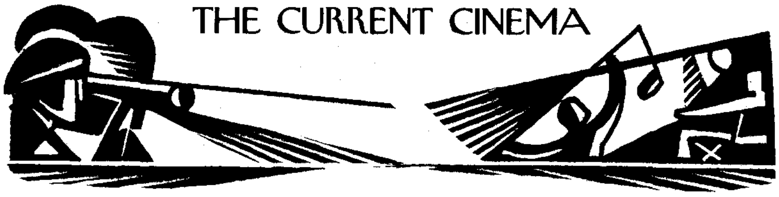
LOCATORS
INCORPORATED
Discontinued China • Crystal Sterling Silver
Shipped Immediately.
800-367-9690

- Umbria Tour Oct 5 - 15
- Medici Tour to Florence & Tuscany Oct 19-31
- Christmas in Provence Tour Dec 19-29
- Venice & the Veneto Tour **1997** Feb 1-11
- Henry the Navigator Tour to Portugal Feb 14-28
- Isabel Tour to Andalucia Mar 1-13
- Greater Gascony Tour Mar 16-29
- Provence Tour Mar 31-April 12
- Castile & Santiago de Compostela Tour Apr 14-28
- Cesare Borgia Tour to Emilia-Romagna May 3-16
- Eleanor Tour to Aquitaine May 18-30
- Historical Holland & Belgium Tour June 1-14

THE PLANTAGENET TOURS
A moveable feast of your mind

Call or Fax or Write to
Peter Graygaard,
85 The Grove Moordown,
Bournemouth, BH9 2TY England.
Tel & Fax: 011 44 1202 521895

THE CURRENT CINEMA



SWEPT AWAY

"The English Patient" revives the art of romantic obsession.

BY ANTHONY LANE

"WOULD you kiss me?" "No, I'll get you some tea." These are almost the first words that we hear in "The English Patient," but they offer a miniature version of the expansive pleasures to come. The man who wants kissing is a wounded Allied soldier. The bringer of tea is a French-Canadian nurse named Hana (Juliette Binoche), working on the Italian front near the end of the Second World War. The movie will travel high and wide, and its physical geography—caverns and churches, mountains of sand that rise overnight and cypresses that have stood forever—is almost as varied as its emotional scenery, but everything can be traced back to this early trade in tea and sympathy. Written and directed by Anthony Minghella, and based on the novel by Michael Ondaatje, the movie brims with people who have no option but to kiss each other, yet, unlike most love stories, it also shoulders the burden of a civilized life—the English patience—that determines when and why the kissing has to stop. It is, you might say, both storm and teacup.

It also has lots of plots, more than most directors would know what to do with. Two sappers, for instance, are seen checking a country road for hidden mines. A dazed Hana walks past, and they scream at her to stop. Since it's close to the start of the film, and we're still concentrating on Hana, we pay scant attention to the soldiers; much later, however, they will inch their way to the heart of the tale, as if combing it for any dusted-over treacheries. I tried to remember where I had encountered this odd rhythm of long-range surprise, and realized that it is in fact the pace at which most of us conduct our lives, or at which they annoyingly seem to conduct us. "The English Patient" is nothing if not dramatic, and yet the basic pulse of Minghella's work rids it of melodrama and draws it close to home.

With the end of the war in sight, Hana splits off from the other medics and retreats to an abandoned monastery on a Tuscan hillside. Her self-appointed mission is to take with her a single patient who needs constant care while his body, like the war that destroyed it, winds down. His skin was scorched and has now dried to a veined vellum; his lungs, or what remains of them, suck little gasps of air. Hana feeds him by chewing a morsel of plum and then slipping it into his mouth, where he champs it gently like a tortoise. He is, in his own whispered words, "a bit of toast"; he is said to be English, but he has no name, not much of a face, no past to speak of, and no hope for things to come. He has nothing, in fact, except a copy of Herodotus—one of the many books that Hana reads aloud in his bedroom to kill time. Gradually, in flashbacks, time stirs and returns to life. The English patient is, it turns out, a Hungarian count named Almásy (Ralph Fiennes), who in the late thirties was a member of the International Sand Club, a group of decent fellows who mapped the deserts of North Africa. Also in the club was Almásy's friend Madox (Julian Wadham). Madox knew a pilot called Geoffrey Clifton (Colin Firth), and asked him along. And Clifton brought a wife.

The love affair between Almásy and Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas) reminds us that movies are really pretty good at love affairs. I, for one, had forgotten; nothing in recent cinema or in Minghella's previous films—"Truly, Madly,

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE
Juliette Binoche, photographed in New York City.

WORLD'S HEALTHIEST BED

It isn't an innerspring mattress, a waterbed, futon, or piece of foam. It isn't a blow-up bed with a motor.

It's a wholly new, medically proven technology that restores body and mind with the deepest, most comforting, most restful sleep you've ever known. We guarantee that you and your bedmate will wake up feeling more alert, refreshed and rejuvenated — or your money back.

For full details without obligation, **call for our free brochure.**

1-800-882-4767

Natural form™ 2000

For the sleep your body craves.

P.O. Box 146, Hoosick Falls, NY 12090

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand
links 0.75"
"Turtles" Bracelet,
14K Gold $795, Sterling $165. Pin or Pendant,
14K Gold $98.00, Sterling $35.00Visa/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. **1-800-477-1856**
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

The Vein Treatment Center est.1982

Exclusively for
Varicose & Spider Veins
327 E. 65th St. NYC•212-249-6117

The Necklace...
Fifty strands of the finest sterling silver
Satisfaction guaranteed!
$200
24" length
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CONNECTIONS
Visa/MC
(800) 883-4870 Post Office Box 1263, Poulsbo, Washington 98370

Christmas at the University of Portland
Oregon's Catholic University

Chants, Renaissance Motets,
and carols from Austria,
England, France, Germany,
Ireland, Italy, and the Ukraine
CD: $15.95 Cassette: $8.95
1-800-227-4568

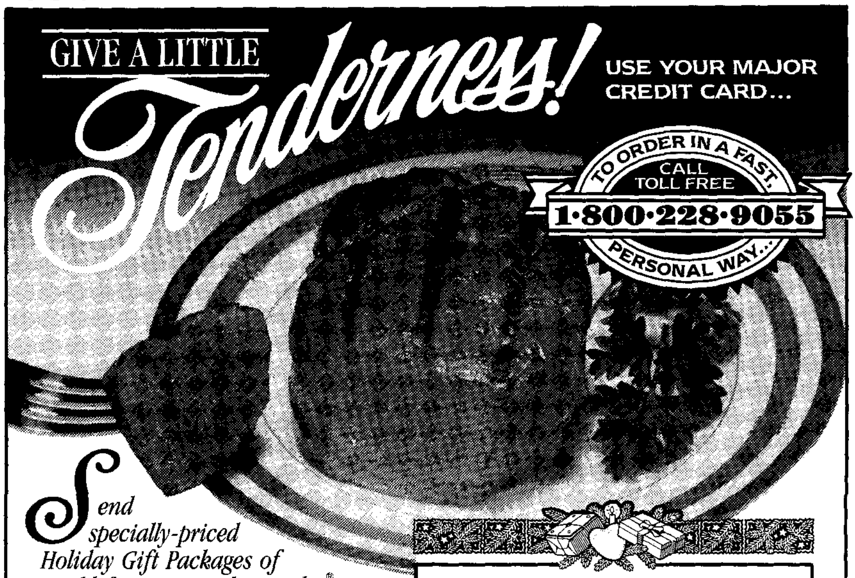
Deeply" and "Mr. Wonderful"—had prepared me for the palpitating shock of "The English Patient." It works on the same principle that fuelled "Now, Voyager" and "Casablanca": a true romantic movie knows in its bones that romance is fleshed with failure. Almásy and Katharine claw and cling to each other in the furious certainty that everything—the looming war, their betrayal of her husband, deserts of vast eternity—is destined to disentangle them. No wonder the movie feels so highly sexed; when they sneak away from a Christmas tea party at the British Ambassador's residence in Cairo, they have only minutes to make love against the wall. It's a marvellous scene: soldiers chanting carols in the thick, swooning heat, the dependable Geoffrey sweating away in a Santa Claus suit while indoors his wife, in cool, removable silk, is biting her knuckles to stifle her screams. The contrast is intensely comic, and yet Minghella is not in the business of sneering at the Geoffreys of this world; his passionate film shows a quiet, unfashionable respect for those whose sense of duty has blocked their access to passion. As Almásy says of Madox, who has guessed what is going on, "He keeps talking about 'Anna Karenina.' I think it's his idea of a man-to-man chat."

But that's only half of it, for we keep cutting from the desert to the Italian sickroom. The Herodotus is interleaved with notes jotted down by Katharine and Almásy; Hana reads these sibylline scraps, and somehow the flame of fixation is handed on to her. The bomb-disposal experts arrive at the monastery, and Hana falls in love with one of them, a Sikh named Kip (Naveen Andrews). Unlike Katharine and Almásy, they have nothing to thwart them, and yet their bond is equally frail. Kip, if he is not disposed of by a bomb, will return to India, and Hana has the itchy-footed look of a woman who will always veer away from happiness before the thought of losing it becomes unbearable. Binoche is quite extraordinary in this movie; her switchback moods have always kept audiences guessing, but here the tremors increase to the point where she seems to take *herself* by surprise. Even in the way she chops her hair or plays hopscotch in the dark, there is an arousing, pale-faced pride in her own volatility. If I were Kip, I wouldn't know whether to take Hana to bed or to clear the immediate area and defuse her.

WHEN did you last see a movie that offered two great roles for women? Hana and Katharine never meet; or, at any rate, they meet only in the mind of the patient, and you can imagine him mulling over the pair of them, tasting his impressions like wine. Hana, dark and desperate, speaks English with a French accent, whereas Katharine, who wears white to set off her tan, is the last word in English blondes, with an air of self-possession that is barely ruffled by a vicious sandstorm. She and Almásy spend a night in the front seat of a truck, while the desert drifts and mounts against the windows. They remain polite, but you can feel their fate being sealed by the sand. Almásy whiles away the hours by telling her about winds: "There is a whirlwind from southern Morocco, the *aajej*, against which the fellahin defend themselves with knives. And there is the *ghibli* from Tunis. . . ." Katharine stops him. "The *ghibli*," she repeats in her crisp tones. There is a flash of the famous Scott Thomas smile, and it relieves the solemnity of the moment. Almásy's learned speech, complete with *aajej* and *ghibli*, comes near the start of Ondaatje's novel, but there it lacks Katharine's interruption. What Scott Thomas shows is that the movie—unlike the book, which was so finely written that I found it, to all intents and purposes, unreadable—can allow itself a certain lightness of touch as it climbs with both intent and purpose in the direction of tragedy. The most touching aspect of Fiennes's performance, too, is the birth of good humor that accompanies the demise of his body. With Katharine he could barely contain his anguish, but after his baptism by fire he lies there, horribly amused by the ironies of the world, and talks to Hana like a sort of mummified Noël Coward.

It was Coward, of course, who emerged from "Lawrence of Arabia" and said that if Peter O'Toole had been any prettier the film would have been called "Florence of Arabia." I thought of that when I was watching Fiennes: he has the bright, avenging-angel eyes of O'Toole, but there is more meat and sternness to him, and, indeed, the whole of "The English Patient" proceeds with an inquisitive determination that is foreign to David Lean's glorious spectacle. Minghella burrows into his heat-struck characters, where the lordly Lean stood back and stared. What links the two movies is a willingness, almost a need, to be entranced by landscape, and Minghella summons his own scenes of uncluttered bliss—the Cliftons' bright-yellow plane appearing like a shock of sunlight against the thin blue air, and the view from the cockpit down to the creaminess of dunes. "The English Patient" is what you might call an International Sand Film; the characters materialize from all over, and the desert is their one common arena. Almásy is so elusive about where he comes from, and yet so direct about what he wants, that he sometimes appears to be spying on himself. Bismarck once said that you could trust any Englishman apart from one who spoke French, in which case the English patient is as slippery as they come; he's so English he isn't even English.

Minghella has not simply trimmed Ondaatje's book; he has reinvented the story with his eyes. There are a few lines that still sound a touch top-heavy, but, equally, there are scenes that revel in their own wordlessness. Kip takes Hana on his motorcycle to a local church, where he puts a flare in her hand and hoists her up on a pulley, so that distant frescoes are suddenly glowing in front of her nose. It's a rapturous sight, and the rapture hurts; breaking off so vividly from the war, slipping loose from gravity and gloom, only sharpens the pain of going back. To say that "The English Patient" is about the difficult relations between longing and belonging suggests the traditional terrain of the art movie, and yet there is nothing fogged or precious about Minghella's achievement. Together with the producer, Saul Zaentz, the composer, Gabriel Yared, and the director of photography, John Seale, he has made a clear and hard-edged epic, and the movie is splendidly unabashed by its old-style stirrings toward adventure. It runs for two hours and forty minutes and fills that time to overflowing; I have seen it twice now, and if I find myself rapidly growing obsessed with it that is because the people in the movie are infected with obsessions of their own. The chords that greet the lovers' final appearance—Almásy carrying Katharine in his arms, weeping in the middle of nowhere—are unmistakably Wagnerian, and for once the echo rings true. Man to man, this is awfully close to a masterpiece. ◆



GIVE A LITTLE Tenderness! USE YOUR MAJOR CREDIT CARD... TO ORDER IN A FAST, PERSONAL WAY... CALL TOLL FREE 1·800·228·9055

Send specially-priced Holiday Gift Packages of world-famous Omaha Steaks.® So tender and juicy. Delivered nationwide, unconditionally guaranteed! Hurry...your gift orders must be received by December 19th for delivery in time for Christmas!

Special Holiday Prices Expire 12/31/96
(EXTRA CHARGE FOR ALASKA/HAWAII/CANADA GIFTS)
Many other great specials available. Act now!

#1135 4 (5 oz.) Filet Mignons, Save $12.00 Regularly $41.99 NOW $29.99 (PLUS $8.99 SHIPPING)

#515 8 (6 oz.) Filet Mignons, Save $20.00 Regularly $79.99 NOW $59.99 (PLUS $8.99 SHIPPING)

PREMIUM HEARTLAND QUALITY OMAHA STEAKS SINCE 1917

Dept. AD6114
4400 S. 96th St. • Omaha, NE 68127

Merry Christmas to All, and to All a Good Wine!

Enrich the holiday season and beyond for friends and loved ones, with a monthly delivery of 2 award-winning wines chosen from California's finest boutique wineries. $32 for each month desired includes newsletter.

Deferred Billing
•
2-Day Delivery At No Additional Charge
•
Discounts Available

VISA•MC•AMEX•Call 24 HOURS
1-800-777-4443
http://www.cawineclub.com
Void where prohibited

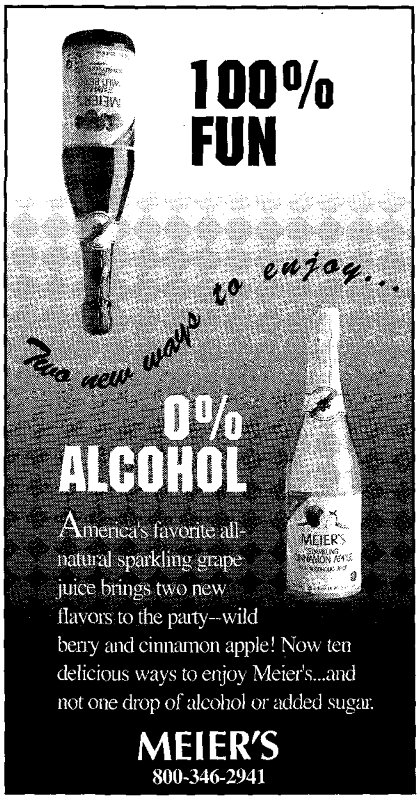
The California Wine Club

ORIGINAL CARTOON ART
One of a kind paintings and drawings by more than 100 of your favorite New Yorker and other magazine, comic strip and editorial cartoonists from Aragones to Ziegler. Catalog $5.00, refundable with purchase. V / MC / AE / Discover. Mark J. Cohen, P.O. Box 1892-N, Santa Rosa, California 95402-1892 (707)528-3440 http://www.markomics.com Email: markomics@aol.com

Hats for Women with Hair Loss
Many styles & colors.
Call or write JUST IN TIME for a FREE brochure.
INQUIRIES FROM RETAILERS WELCOME
P.O. Box 27693, Phila., PA 19118 • (215) 247-8777

MANAGE YOUR WEIGHT
The Thinking Woman's Weight Loss Program
Eating, Exercise & Behavioral Management Programs
800-448-8106
GREEN MOUNTAIN AT·FOX·RUN
Since 1973 In Beautiful Vermont
AH Wayler, PhD, Dir.

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295


100% FUN

Two new ways to enjoy...

0% ALCOHOL

America's favorite all-natural sparkling grape juice brings two new flavors to the party--wild berry and cinnamon apple! Now ten delicious ways to enjoy Meier's...and not one drop of alcohol or added sugar.

MEIER'S
800-346-2941

JIM COPP-ED BROWN RECORDS

As heard on NPR's Morning Edition.

These celebrated recordings "for small fry & sophisticated adults" are now available directly from

PLAYHOUSE RECORDS.

CD's, Tapes & some LP's

Playhouse Records, Box 36061, Los Angeles, CA 90036 • Phone orders: 800-613-6968
http://members.aol.com/playhytone

SEND A BIT OF THE VERMONT WOODS FOR CHRISTMAS

22 inch Balsam Wreath
w. red velvet bow, cones and berries, enclosed gift card . . . $25.00 ppd.

Cedar-Pine "indoor" wreaths & garlands. MC/VISA

FREE BROCHURE!

Northeast Kingdom Balsam
Dept. NY96, W. Glover, VT 05875

1-800-322-YULE

Limited Edition Toys!™

$545

Made in Germany
Tucher & Walther

Aquitania All tin. Live steam! 17" long
Edition: 250 Available: 29 w/numbered certificate and box
LILLIPUT 321 So. Main, Yerington NV 89447 800-TIN-TOYS

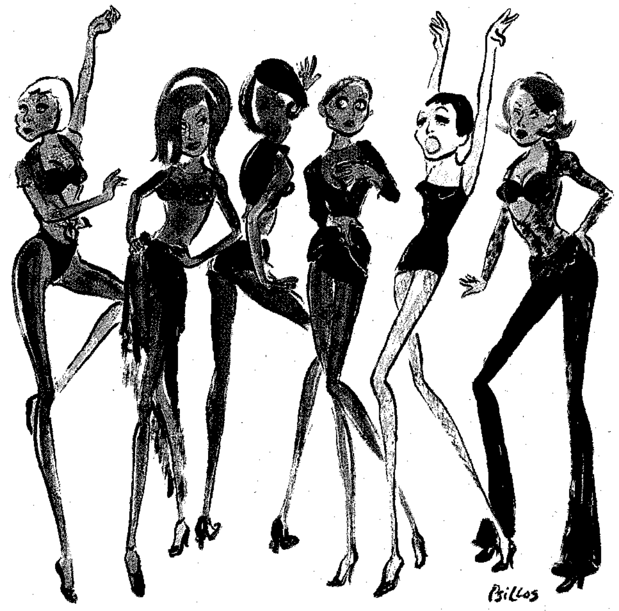
THE THEATRE

MR. PRODUCER, I'M TALKIN' TO YOU, SIR

"Chicago" revived as a song cycle, and "Present Laughter" as a bisexual romp.

BY JOHN LAHR

"CHICAGO," at the Richard Rodgers, is a musical about a woman who gets away with murder, and this pared-down concert posing as a full-dress musical revival will probably do the same. The producers Barry and Fran Weissler have taken a souped-up, bookless, setless song-cycle version of the 1975 Kander-Ebb-Fosse extravaganza of cynicism (which was mounted last spring at City Center's "Encores!" series of staged readings) and have transferred it to Broadway, charged Broadway's seventy-dollar top, and presented it as the real McCoy. In fact, it's the Big Bamboozler that the show sings about: a retrograde shuck that will not only make a killing but—in its skeletal musical storytelling—help to water down the already attenuated American musical. Even this bare-bones version cost some two and a half million dollars to stage: it may give other producers the idea that the easiest way to do a musical is to forget the narrative, forgo the complete fictional world, and just sing the songs. If it were a bad or unsuccessful evening, there would be no need to worry, but the production has enough razzle-dazzle and flashes of lucid sarcasm to get a disenchanted nineties audience cheering almost from the first song. Walter Bobbie, who also directed the City Center version, has an ingenious knack for crisp entrances and exits, and the angular chorus line, in skimpy black, is as stunning and hard-edged as Fosse's choreography.



Tina Paul, Denise Faye, Mamie Duncan-Gibbs, Ann Reinking, Bebe Neuwirth, and Caitlin Carter as "Chicago"'s vixens.

If this lean-cuisine version of "Chicago" isn't filling, then, it's still tasty. The star honors are shared by Ann Reinking, who did the choreography for the current production and at one point played the ingénue, Roxie Hart, in the original, and Bebe Neuwirth, who plays Velma Kelly, another man-killer and Roxie's sidekick. It's a slightly skewed pairing. Reinking is long-legged but also a bit long in the tooth for her role, which she turns into a kind of cartoon of chicanery. Bebe Neuwirth, who is as streamlined as she is sardonic, is another matter: she's a good actress, and she is all alabaster skin and ruby-red mouth—a mouth, in fact, that looks as if it could suck-start a Harley-Davidson. In the wonderful "Cell Block Tango"—staged elegantly, with the chorus straddling chairs and eying the audience—Neuwirth leads the vixens as they plead their innocence. In "When Velma Takes the Stand," the bump-and-grind in her imagined cross-examination is no less sensational and improbable than the recent courtroom drama that set O. J. Simpson free. But, inevitably, with this kind of staging, where the orchestra serves as the set, and the play happens around it, a certain sameness creeps into the production.

Most of the songs are instructional—explanations of the girls' defense of their murders, of the lawyer's defense of the girls, of the prison matron's bribery, and of their post-prison dream of show-biz celebrity. "Chicago" is Broadway's expression of post-Vietnam disillusion, and the boulevard's notion of barbarity rules: it's just free enterprise with attitude. The wit in Kander and Ebb's score is variable, but when it's good it's very good. As Matron (Mama) Morton, Marcia Lewis, with a voice like a brass band, gives the notion of networking a meaning all its own in "When You're Good to Mama." "Let's all stroke together / Like the Princeton crew," she sings. "When you're strokin' Mama / Mama's strokin' you." The show also gets a boost from the charming Joel Grey as Roxie's long-suffering invisible man, and from James Naughton, who has a field day as the silver-tongued, womanizing lawyer, Billy Flynn. The chorus even does a fan dance around him. "Let me see her standin' there / And honest, mister, I'm a millionaire," he sings, blowing his own horn. (Actually, the chorus girls disappear behind their ostrich feathers to blow it for him.) The show celebrates the vulgarity of its infamy. Neuwirth and Lewis, in their downmarket duet, "Class," tease it nicely:

Everybody you watch
'S got his brains in his crotch
Holy crap
Holy crap
What a shame
What a shame
What became of class?

THE issue of class brings me to another rogue revival—that of Noël Coward's "Present Laughter," at the Walter Kerr. The play, written in 1939, is one of Coward's enduring comedies of bad manners. As commercial vehicles go, it's as time-tested, as surefire, and, in its way, as elegant as a vintage Aston Martin. And, as with one of those old masterpieces of engineering, everything still works, but you have to know how to handle it. What drives the hilarity is the central character, a West End star called Garry Essendine—one of the biggest parts Coward ever wrote for himself. In Essendine's struggles to keep at bay both his own monumental ego and the swarm of fans who surround him, Coward sent up his vanity, his success, and the charm for which he rightly said he would be remembered. "I think he's more charming off the stage than on," says one of Essendine's admirers at the outset of the play, but the spellbinder can't stop weaving his spell. "I'm always watching myself go by," Essendine says of his histrionic self-consciousness. Within the parameters of its high spirits, the play and the character have a lot to say about the trap of dissimulation. Here Frank Langella, who has a big voice and a big sense of himself, keeps the core of the comedy alive with a vivacious, full-tilt assault on Essendine's outrageousness. Langella is a ham, but he moves quickly and gracefully onstage, and takes a lot of oxygen out of the air during his temperamental tirades. "Parasites! Parasites! Vultures waiting to claw the flesh from my bones," he declaims to his entourage in his last hilarious, manipulative aria before he collapses sensationally on the ground. "For twenty years I've given you everything. I gave you my youth. Where is my youth today? Sent whistling down the wind."

But in the director Scott Elliott's version it's the play itself that is blown away. Elliott, who is making his Broadway début, is considered something of a wunderkind; the real wonder is why he seems to think that by turning "Present Laughter" into a bisexual romp he's liberating Coward. "Remember who Noël Coward was?" Elliott said to the *Times*, referring to Coward's homosexuality, which was no news in Coward's day but seems to be news to Elliott. (He sends the audience out inappropriately to the strains of "Mad About the Boy," and even prints the song in the program, as if to defend his approach.) Whoever Coward was, it's clear from Elliott's reduction of the script that he hasn't a clue. Coward was a prolific writer; he was a social snob; he was politically and emotionally conservative. "Consider the public," Coward pleaded with the theatrical Young Turks of the day,

If the Nobel & Pulitzer escape you,
And the Academy forsakes you,
Don't cry out in despair…
Get your recognition from **Been There!**

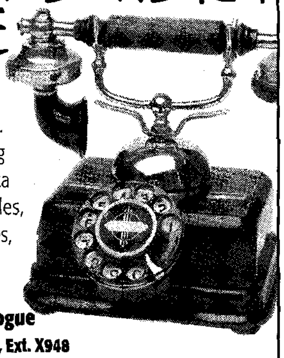
CURIOUS?

Clip this ad, then contact us for free information about our **Traveler Recognition Kits** with personalized certificates which display your global and domestic travel achievements.

For FREE INFO contact:
BEEN THERE!, *Inc.*
2888 Bluff Street • #300
Boulder, CO 80301
E-MAIL: JKDBT@aol.com
PHONE: 1-800-553-1837
FAX: 303-530-1849

SUPER GIFT IDEA!

ANTIQUE FRENCH PHONE



Refurbished, fully functioning rotary dial, from the 20's. Part of our exciting collection of replica sculptures, gargoyles, imported tapestries, armor, chess sets, more.

Free Color Catalogue
1-800-525-1733, Ext. X948

design TOSCANO
17 E. Campbell Street,
Dept. X948
Arlington Hgts, IL 60005

Your Weight Problem–
Pampered or Solved?

Since 1977 our long-term success rate for women and men has been the best in the nation. A full service program in a gracious environment.

STRUCTURE
• HOUSE •
Durham, North Carolina
1-800-553-0052

Kings and Queens of Europe
A Genealogical Chart of the Royal Houses of Great Britain and Europe

To order, call (800) 848-6224

This elegant, colorful wallchart traces ten centuries of royal lines, featuring 164 heraldic shields.
48" x 35" $19.95 pbd.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS CHAPEL HILL

Coach Farm

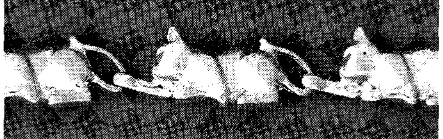
AUTHENTIC GOAT CHEESES
Delivered directly from our Hudson Valley farm to fine cheese shops and restaurants.
Pine Plains, NY 12567 (518) 398-5325

SHAKER FURNITURE
Discover the classic beauty and simplicity of Shaker furniture design. Our catalog features reproduction dining chairs, tables, rockers, bar stools, clocks, oval boxes, baskets, peg board and Shaker chair tape. Furniture available as precisely fashioned kits for easy finishing or custom finished.
FREE Catalog
SHAKER WORKSHOPS
Box 8001-NY7, Ashburnham, MA 01430
1-800-840-9121

the
Martini Hat
"keep it dry"

Very high quality • Black only • Adjustable cloth strap
$16.95 + 4.95 shipping and handling
312.943.4600 (9-5 CST) • Visa/MC only

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand



"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links,
14K Gold $595. Sterling $165. Visa/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

PRESERVATION
PLAN ON IT
Write:
National Trust
for Historic Preservation
Department PA
1785 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Fabulous Wooden
Jigsaw Puzzles
Breathtakingly beautiful, delightfully devious, filled with special shapes and surprises! Cut by hand and *personalized* just for you. Exceptional gifts! $150 and up.
Call or write for free literature
Lucretia's Pieces **(802) 436-3006**
RFD #1, Box 501 **Windsor, VT 05089**

PSV
A Romantic
Private Island Hideaway
Petit St. Vincent Resort ***800-654-9326***
Grenadines, West Indies ***Fax 513-242-6951***

in 1961. "Treat it with tact and courtesy. Never fear or despise it. . . . Never, never bore the living hell out of it." Here, in a disservice to both the public and Coward, Elliott tries to marry Coward and Joe Orton: this not only goes against reason but against the playwright's copyright. Coward lived and wrote by the code of another time; desire was not something to flaunt but something to mask and admit through the playful indirection of high camp. He believed in keeping secrets. Orton, on the other hand, believed that "there was no secret worth keeping in Western civilization." Orton let it all hang out, and Elliott, in his sex-bound interpretation of Coward, actually lets one character expose himself to Essendine. This willful misreading turns the emotional values of the play upside down. It's like hearing a Steinway with some of its strings missing: you get the idea but not the music.

Elliott has cleverly hired the café singer Steve Ross to play period songs to the audience during the entr'actes and before the show; he has commissioned a sumptuous period mahogany drawing-room set, by Derek McLane (albeit like none that ever existed in London); and he has decked his actors out in Ann Roth's well-judged period finery. Yet, for all these nods to period style, Elliott steadfastly refuses to examine the period. He doesn't trust Coward's laughter; he strives to turn light comedy into something vaguely reminiscent of screwball comedy. The cigarette-smoking Swedish maid (Margaret Sophie Stein) has her ciggie in a cigarette holder, like no English servant in history; similarly, the tuxedoed Steve Ross, who becomes the butler during the show, is playing the piano when his temperamental employer is asleep upstairs. And when Essendine first steps out of his bedroom his famous head is swathed in a contraption to reduce the wattle of his double chins. He looks like someone out of a Charles Addams cartoon. It's unfunny, uncalled for, and, given Essendine's ruthless self-regard, unlikely.

The play turns on two tests of Essendine's charm. The first is Roland Maule, whose transformation from rumpled bohemian playwright to adoring acolyte is one of the most delightful volte-faces in modern British theatre. The well-named Maule is boorish, charmless, and untalented. The impudence of his criticism pushes Essendine's civility to the limit: while appearing to challenge the actor's

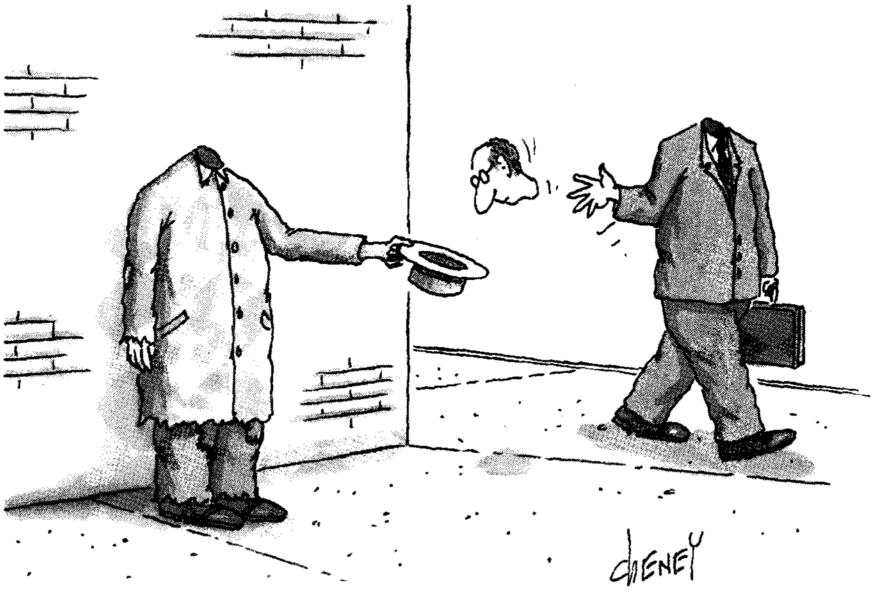
Celebrate July 4th & All Events
CARBIDE CANNON
BIG BANG! **$119.95**
Mammoth Cannons shoot with terrific BANG! Have a bang-up time at special events. Uses powdered carbide ammo. Hundreds of shots for few cents. All metal construction with large, rugged cast-iron wheels. Machined brass mechanism for easy loading and firing. Authentic turn-of-century design. Handsome decor when not in use. Made in USA to last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes: 9" cannon, **$49.95 postpaid;** 17" cannon, **$89.95 postpaid;** 25" cannon (shown here) with rapid firing and automatic loading, **$119.95 postpaid.** The larger the cannon the louder the bang! **Carbide ammo, about 100 shots, $6.00; 3 packs for $15.00.** Send check, money order or call. Visa, MasterCard accepted by mail or phone. Give card number & expiration. Money-back guarantee. Send for **FREE CATALOG!**
The Conestoga Co., Inc., Dept NY, PO Box 405, Bethlehem, PA 18016
★★ **Call 1-800-987-BANG (2264)** ★★

Last minute shopping?
No Problem!
Skullduggery's award winning educational kits make perfect gifts for the Holiday Season. Write or call for the catalog of unique Natural History gifts, outstanding fossil replicas and fun, creative educational kits for home & classroom.
Skullduggery
624 South B St
Dept YK6
Tustin, CA 92780
(800) 336-7745
http://skullduggery.com
Saber Tooth Cat

Little Things Can Make A Big Difference When You Have Arthritis
There are many small, inexpensive devices you can use to help keep your independence.
Contact the Arthritis Foundation.
Your Source for Help and Hope®
ARTHRITIS FOUNDATION®

Factory Direct • Handcrafted • Elegant
WOOL CAPES
Pure wool. 3 styles. 6 colors. People love the warmth - and the romance - of our capes.
Brochure and Free swatches.
1-800-788-9842 or write:
Casco Bay Fine Woolens, 34 Danforth St.
Box 25NY, Portland, Maine 04101

• A PERFECT GIFT •
The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$48/year, includes exclusive *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept. RC, PO Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 20153, 1-800-648-5168



• •

charm, he serves to vindicate it. "All you do with your talent is wear dressing gowns and make witty remarks when you might be really helping people, making them think! Making them feel!" he says, levelling the public's criticism of Coward against his simulacrum. But Elliott disregards the reality of the character and steers the excellent Tim Hopper down a blind alley. In the play, Maule is meant to fall under Essendine's spell. (The stage direction reads "hypnotized.") In the second act, he returns to follow Essendine to the ends of the earth. "You see," he explains, "every moment I'm near him I get smoother and smoother and smoother, my whole rhythm improves tremendously." Here, however, there's no reality or trajectory. At their first meeting, the shy Maule turns away from Essendine to sob, then turns back to heave cigarettes at the man he has asked to read his play, and ends up—quite extraordinarily—lying on Essendine's chest on the sofa. When Elliott has Maule open his well-cut overcoat to reveal that he's naked, Essendine is momentarily tempted—another of Elliott's intrusions, which, were Coward alive, might just push him over to the other sexual side. Hopper gets laughs, but they're the wrong kind: they don't illuminate his character or the true themes of the play.

Elliott's refusal to accept "Present Laughter" 's emotional stakes has a bigger effect on the character of Joanna, the femme fatale who is the second test for Essendine; she goes after him while she is married to his business manager and is also having an affair with his accountant. But Joanna is played by the miscast Caroline Seymour, a handsome British actress who is a stranger to Received Pronunciation and to the personal charm required to make Essendine's heterosexual magic believable. It's as if, in her body language, Seymour had been made to mock the era's notion of the feminine. The play's most bantering romantic moment is a seduction scene in which Essendine's vaunted charm is at work:

> GARRY (*taking her hand*): I love the Albert Hall much, much more.
> JOANNA (*leaning against him*): I wonder why. I always find it depressing.
> GARRY (*taking her in his arms*): Not when they're doing "Hiawatha," surely.
> JOANNA (*dreamily*): Even then.
> GARRY (*his mouth on hers*): I won't hear one word against the Albert Hall.

Required by the director to swing herself onto Langella's lap and hump him, Seymour plays the entire moment with her bare back to the audience. Joanna is rapacious but not remotely seductive, so her threat to the theatrical entourage is never clinched. The laughs are there, but the fizz has gone out of them.

I'm glad to report that when the astringent Lisa Emery (who plays Essendine's secretary) and the sophisticated Allison Janney (who plays his ex-wife) are onstage, the play has genuine comic liftoff. Elliott, too, has his moments, especially when he's orchestrating farce business around the sofa. He manages to keep the complicated plot clear and the traffic plan clean. On the night I saw "Present Laughter," the audience stood for Langella. But if Elliott had done his job properly it would have stood for the play. ♦

Sensual Products

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

Today, you know that fully exploring your sensuality is as healthy as it is fun. Look over the new Xandria Collector's Gold Edition catalogue and discover a wide array of sexual products for giving and receiving even greater pleasure.

Trust our experience. Men and women have delighted in the Xandria Collection for more than 20 years. We select only the finest products from around the world.

Rely on our 100%, three-way Guarantee. If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual products through the mail, consider this:

1. We guarantee your privacy. Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped with no clue to its contents. All transactions are confidential, and we *never* sell, rent, or trade names.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction. If a product is unsatisfactory, simply return it for replacement or refund within 60 days.

3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure. Should it malfunction, just return it to us for a replacement.

Order today and see. Send for your catalogue now. We'll apply its $4.00 price to your first order. You have nothing to lose and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. NY1196
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988
Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue.** Enclosed is a check or money order for $4.00, applied to my first purchase. ($5 Canada, £3 UK)
I am an adult over 21 years of age.

Signature required ____________________

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State/Zip ____________________

Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.

SHOUTS & MURMURS

AN INTERVIEW WITH WALTER MATTHAU

BY ELAINE MAY

I HAVE, once again, been asked to conduct an in-depth interview with a famous person. And, once again, I have accepted the challenge. Below is a startling glimpse of Walter Matthau, the beloved star of Herb Gardner's new movie, "I'm Not Rappaport," who has revealed his darkest secrets and innermost self in order to boost grosses.

Q: You and Jack Lemmon have often been compared to Tracy and Hepburn. In your mind, which of you is Tracy?

A: I am Hepburn and Lemmon is Tracy. Although when I asked Jack he told me he always thought I was Tracy and he was Hepburn. Oddly enough, I'm told that Tracy had the same problem.

Q: You play a crazy old Jewish Socialist in "I'm Not Rappaport," and, coincidentally, you *are* a crazy old Jewish Socialist. Did that have anything to do with your getting the part?

A: I'm not a Socialist. I'm a Vegetarian. I voted Vegetarian because—and this is true—my niece ran for Vice-President on the Vegetarian ticket. However, some of my best friends are crazy old Jewish Socialists. So don't think I'm being critical.

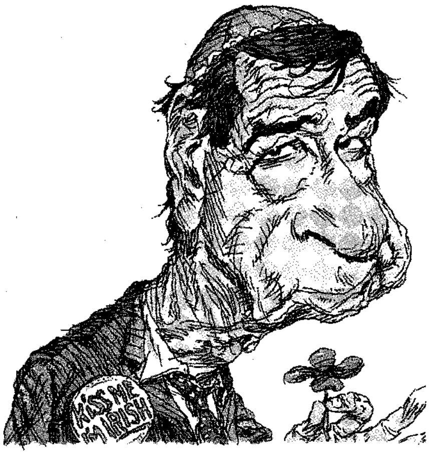
Q: You have said that you, occasionally, gamble. What was your longest long shot?

A: A horse called Jimmy Cannon, named after the legendary sportswriter at the old New York *Post*, which paid 43 to 1. And Herb Gardner.

Q: I am told that Sophia Loren, your recent costar, said, "If only Walter Matthau wasn't married . . ." I have heard other beautiful women, and a few men, say the same thing. What do you think the end of that sentence is?

A: ". . . I would understand his wife better."

Q: In order to make this an in-depth interview it would be helpful if you told me something shocking about yourself that you've never told anyone else; otherwise I will have to make it up. It doesn't have to be true, it just has to be shocking.



A: Many years ago my mother told me that we were actually Irish. But since we lived in an all-Jewish neighborhood and looked Jewish and had vaguely Jewish accents, my father felt that it would be just as easy to let people think what they wanted. At that time our last name was McMatthau, but as my father became more involved with the local synagogue (he eventually became a rabbi) he got nervous about the "Mc" and dropped it. We never actually converted, though, and on St. Patrick's Day I still wear something green to Mincha and Mariv.

Q: In "I'm Not Rappaport" you display a certain expertise in the pot-smoking scenes. Have you ever taken illegal substances?

A: Yes. But I never exhaled.

Q: You have often said, "I love and honor Epaminondas, but I do not wish to be Epaminondas." What did you mean?

A: It's impossible to explain unless you've seen him pitch.

Q: You used to complain that neither your wife, Carol, a beautiful and accomplished actress, nor your son, Charlie, a talented director, would work with you. Has that changed?

A: Yes. I cut my price in half. Almost immediately my son Charlie agreed to direct me in "The Grass Harp." But Carol will only work in small, dark movies that a lot of people don't go to see. Like the one she did with you.

Q: If you had to do it all over again, knowing then what you know now, would you still bet on the same team in the World Series?

A: No. I would bet on Epaminondas. But then he would lose, too. It doesn't make any difference who I bet on. I will invariably bet on a loser. It's like John O'Hara's "Appointment in Samarra."

Q: In what way?

A: Don't start.

Q: I've recently read that you directed yourself in a movie called "Gangster Story." What were you like to work with?

A: Heaven.

Q: Is there a question you'd like to answer that I haven't asked?

A: Yes. Tell me I've been an actor for fifty years and ask me where the time has gone.

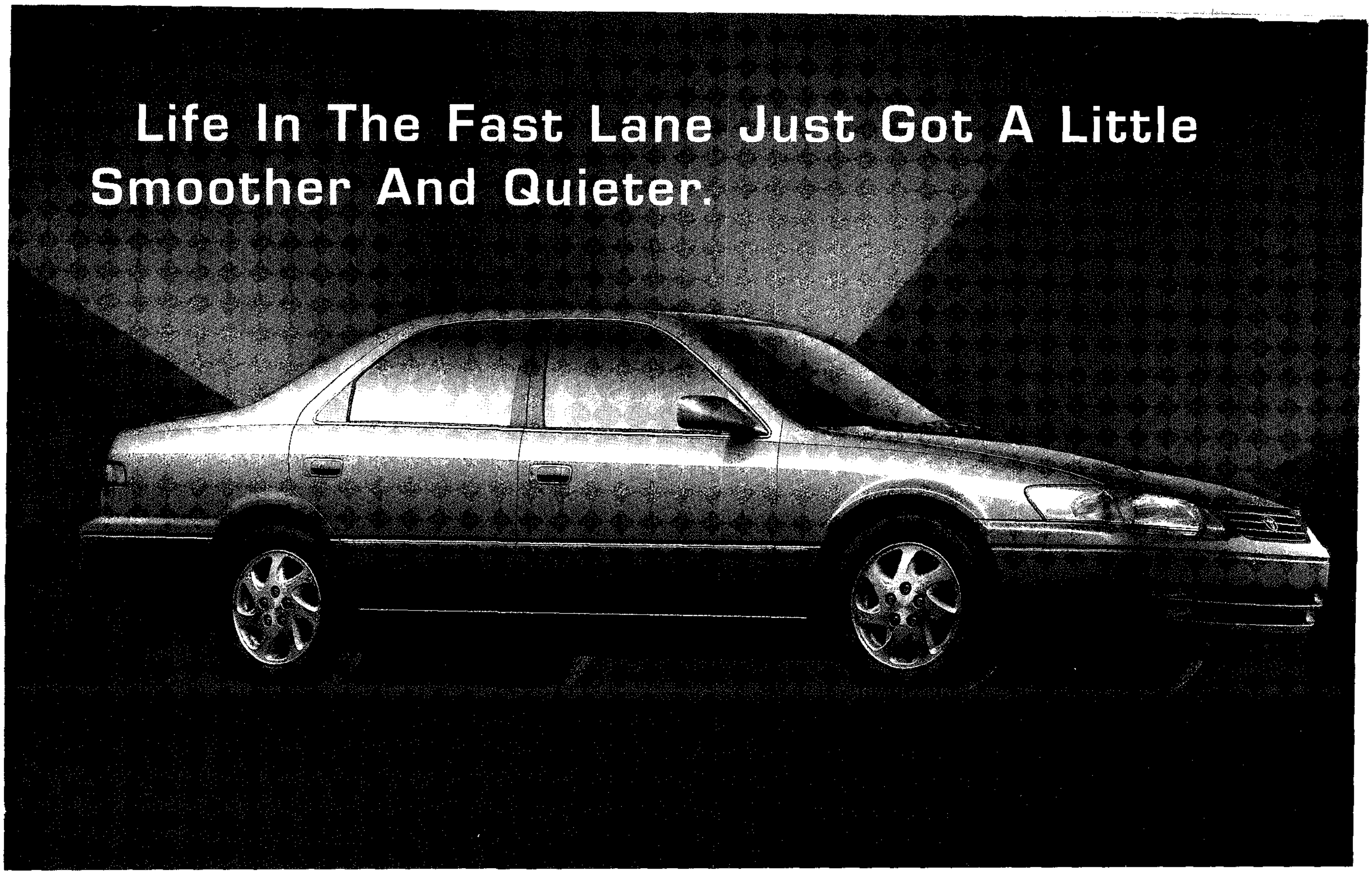
Q: You've been an actor for fifty years. Where has the time gone?

A: Don't ask. ♦

ONLY
THE FINEST
RUMS
COME
FROM
PUERTO RICO

*Aging has given our rums a smoothness, whether straight or mixed, that has made them preferred over all others.
And only in Puerto Rico, with its heritage of fine rums, is aging guaranteed by law.*

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO ONLY THE FINEST


Life In The Fast Lane Just Got A Little Smoother And Quieter.

Why start with a clean sheet of paper when you can have what *Automobile Magazine* called "The best car built in America"* as your inspiration. That's why the design of the all-new Toyota Camry was dedicated to a very simple proposition. In a car, performance is the greatest luxury of all. No amount of leather and wood trim can compensate for too little power or poor handling. Which is why the new Camry offers a choice of more powerful engines. And why a refined suspension package, strengthened chassis, available traction control and standard Anti-lock Brake System** are all designed as part of a single unit intended to optimize driver input and control. Camry's chassis and suspension refinements also make it one of the most comfortable cars in the fast — or any other — lane. *The* **NEW** *Camry* **Better Than Ever.**

TOYOTA
I love what you do for me

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA or visit our website at: http://www.toyota.com for a brochure, video or full-line CD-ROM plus the location of your nearest dealer. *Camry XLE V6. *Automobile Magazine*, March 1993. Most Camrys are built in America. **Standard equipment on all Camry models except CE 4-cyl. ©1996 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you.